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SIR GEORGE BURNS,

BART.

HIS TIMES AND FRIENDS.

BY

EDWIN HODDER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.,"
"THE LIFE OF SAMUEL MORLEY," ETC.

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INTRODUCTION.

THOUSANDS of persons, every year, and from every part of the civilized world, visit the Highlands of Scotland. They wander among the romantic beauties of the Trossachs and Loch Lomond; they gaze upon the wild Pass of Glencoe; they stand amid the ruins of Iona; they explore the wonderful recesses of Staffa; they sail along the magnificent line of lakes to Inverness; they penetrate into the wildernesses and picturesque glens of the mainland; lake and river, moor and forest, sea and island—all are known to them. But, perhaps, when after a lapse of time they recall their "impressions," there are few things that stand out with more vivid distinctness in their memories than the steam voyage down the Clyde.

Let us take that journey, in imagination, now. We leave the rush and roar of mercantile life at the Broomielaw of Glasgow — the focus of the commerce, wealth, and enterprise of Scotland—and amid ships and shipping and beside crowded

wharves we steam along until, after a few miles, we find ourselves in the country with villages and parks and handsome mansions on either hand.

It is the early summer, when the rich foliage is wearing its garb of tenderest green, and the first faint blush of the heather is colouring the distant hills.

As the river widens into the Firth, we pass the isolated rock of Dumbarton, with its emerald slopes casting their shadows into the sea; while in the far background rise the blue ranges of high-peaked mountains which encircle Ben Lomond. We see the red and purple hills where Holy Loch and Loch Long cut their way in among the statelier mountains, and follow with our eyes the long line of shore on our right hand where the sunbeams light up the white houses of Dunoon and Innellan, set in their framework of woods and gardens and backed by gently sloping hills. Passing the spectral Cloch Lighthouse and the charming little village of Inverkip embowered in luxuriant foliage on our left, we round the promontory on which, beautiful for situation, stands Castle Wemyss, and then there is spread before us one of the finest panoramas in Scotland. Behind the coast-line of Bute rise the glorious Alpine ranges of Arran; the Great and Little Cumbrae, lying low on the horizon, are before us; to our right stretches the coast of Argyleshire down to Toward, and on our left is the coast of Ayrshire down to Largs and the reaches beyond.

We are in Wemyss Bay, and here let us tarry awhile.

Near to the shore is a handsome house, standing in the midst of lawns and shrubberies, and backed by a cliff of exquisite beauty, with winding walks leading to terraced gardens.

Upon the lawn in front of the house, there sits an old man of ninety-four, singularly handsome, with finely-cut features, clear, penetrating eyes, a massive head, and beautiful snow-white hair. No covering is on his head, and he is accustomed to sit thus in the open air in all kinds of weather; he wears no spectacles; his sight, which a few years ago had become dim, has grown strong and vigorous again. A book is in his hand, for he is still a diligent reader, and enjoys, with a keen relish, the best literature of the day.

But he is not reading now; he is meditating. It has been a life-long habit that has helped his judgment, wisdom, and faith. Many an hour of holy solitude has he spent in that garden overlooking the sea, but rarely has he passed an hour of loneliness there. Every spot within the range of his vision is peopled with memories. As he gazes on that wondrous panorama of sea and mountain, there is another panorama unrolled before him which no other eyes than his can see, and there are voices around him which no other ears than his can hear.

Old age has been called "the holy place of life," and he is in a vast sanctuary where he holds

communion with the living and the dead, and with the Spirit of the Lord.

From childhood to old age he has been more or less a "dweller by the sea," and it has never lost its charm for him. He was familiar with it when, as a child, "he laid his hand upon its mane," and through life it has had the power to "stir his soul with thoughts profound." Now, in the evening time, as he gazes upon the broad bosom of the Firth, stirred only by a gentle ripple, his thoughts go back to early times, to the day of small things, to his boyish pastimes and the labour of his manhood on the banks of the Clyde. Life to him has been like a river, always in motion, always gliding along to its destiny, sometimes through bowers of beauty and in the midst of delectable mountains, sometimes through weary wastes and dull, monotonous tracks; never rushing into roaring cataracts or plunging into abysmal depths, but always widening as it flowed. And now, in the broad expanse before him, he sees the emblem of that wide ocean upon which, under the pilotage of the Great Captain, he is soon to set sail.

As he gazes, ships pass to and from Glasgow—the city of which he has been one of the "Makers"—and they carry his memory back to the time when he was engaged in mighty shipping enterprises, which helped to revolutionise the trade of the whole country and its relations with other countries. A splendid man of business has he

been in his day! He has trodden the pathway which all must take who acquire affluence and position. A "son of the Manse," by industry and frugality and the right use of his talents, he has lived to amass wealth and to become the centre of a wide-spreading and beneficent influence. In the midst of the strife and fierce competition of business, he has never forgotten that he is a servant of God, and has never soiled his hands or his garments by contact with anything that could defile. Nor in his most hard-working days have the commercial activities in which he has engaged ever made him neglect the wider claims of life.

A man of cultivated taste, he has always loved and cherished everything that is elegant and refined—the companionship of nature, the beautiful in art, in literature, and in all the products of genius.

A lover of home, he has been wont to throw open all the casements to let in the light and everything bright and beautiful and winsome, so that wife and children and friends might find there the mirth and gladness of earth, as well as the peace and the sweetness of heaven.

Gentleness and affability have been the very spirit of his social life—kindliness and cheerfulness its natural outgrowths. He has retained through life that grand old-fashioned courtesy that will neither hurt another man's character nor injure his interests, nor give pain to his feelings, and that has

caused him to treat rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen who have dined at his board, with equal kindness and consideration.

There is not a goodlier sight in the world than a bright, cheerful, and beautiful old age—the hoary head found in the way of righteousness; and while we gaze upon this patriarch of Wemyss Bay, children and grandchildren and friends break into his meditations to sit beside him and enjoy his society. There is no quiver in his voice, no tremor in his hand, no dimness in his eye. His conversation is bright and sprightly; the world is still full of interest to him; he loves its social joys, and has never found that life is less earnest and solemn, or less full of glorious purpose because it has had its proper and apportioned place for innocent and healthful recreation. A merry peal of laughter rings from the little group upon the lawn as they hear him tell, in his own inimitable way, one of the stories of long ago.

No wonder that he is a man of many friends. Never in his life has he known anything of the theory that the heart has room for only one true friend; his has been large enough for hundreds—not mere acquaintances, but faithful, true, and intimate friends, who have instinctively turned to him in their hours of special joy or sorrow, certain that he would weep with them real tears, or rejoice with them with real joy. The "communion of saints" never meant to him simply the Lord's

Supper; it included that wider and grander meaning of holy, human fellowship.

A multitude of friends has he had, and still has—men and women of all ranks and conditions, who have left their mark in the world's history, and not in one department only, but in many; whose actions have been the basis of action in others, and whose words he has treasured up in letters, as well as in memory, that they may still be transmitted from soul to soul, and perchance become centres of ever-unfolding thought.

* * * * *

Echoes of many voices long since hushed ring in the old man's ears as he sits upon the lawn in the calm of life's evening.

The shadows are lengthening; the bells of the church near at hand—built as a memorial of one who was the sharer of his life for much more than half a century — ring out their peal. A thousand memories flash through his mind, but there is no sign of sadness upon his face. He has passed through many sore trials in his life, but he looks back upon them now, not to weep again, but to see in them landmarks around which, long since, sweet flowers have grown. His faith has always been strong enough to trust God in the dark, and if now we see his lips move, and his head bow, it is not that he is repining for the past, but that with great thankfulness he is giving praise for the

mercies of the present, for praise has ever been the spirit of his life.

He comes of a long race of God-fearing men, and the energy of moral suasion, the silent beauty of holiness, the eloquence of holy living, have been handed down from generation to generation — a priceless legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations.

There is nothing better to express the religion of this venerable man than the grand old phrase of Scripture, "He walked with God"—not in fear, but as a child with his parent, with a heart ready to find all enjoyment in Him, with a reverence which made submission to His will easy, with a pride which made him feel that everything else was poor and insufficient compared with this honour and supreme joy.

He has drunk deep at the fountain-head of spiritual things; he has had an all-absorbing personal affection for the Master of his life, while the Word of God, which he has read without cavil or suspicion, has ever been to him one of the sources of his keenest enjoyment.

* * * * *

The sun is hovering upon the verge of the horizon, the islands are gilded by his farewell beams, the ships sail on like aërial things over the sea which gleams like polished silver, the birds in their umbrageous homes upon the terraces sing

their evening hymn, the light clouds in the western sky are tinged with purple and gold. The day is passing away, but the morrow will dawn. In the calm of the twilight hour, and in the calm of life's eventide, that aged man enters his house, and, as he retires to rest, places his life back in the hands of God, to take it again in the morning, it may be, as a fresh gift from Him.

* * * * *

This patriarch of Wemyss Bay is he whose life-story will be told in these pages. He never kept a diary, for he was far too self-forgetful for that, but he treasured up the letters of friends, and preserved records of his business, social, family, and religious associations; moreover his memory was as reliable as that of a man in the fullest vigour, and from these, and contemporaneous sources, there is ample material to construct his biography.

I can never be sufficiently thankful that it was my privilege to know and love George Burns, and it is no exaggeration to say that I never knew one who took a fuller share in the commercial, social, controversial, and philanthropic movements of his times with greater honour than he; or who more completely embodied the ideal of Christian living.

EDWIN HODDER.

St. Aubyns, Shortlands, Kent.

CHAPTER I.

THE BURNS FAMILY.

GEORGE BURNS was born on the 10th of December, 1795. He came of an old and long-lived family, which for many generations had occupied an honourable position in the West of Scotland. The life of his grandfather carries us back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and that is far enough in history for us to travel in this narrative.

Old John Burn has left on record, among his early remembrances, the fact that he saw from his father's house the soldiers crowding past with their wounded from the battle of "Shirra Muir" * in the Jacobite rising of 1715.

The family was originally named Burn, and John Burn, the grandfather of the subject of our narrative, was a Stirling man, where he owned the little property of Corntown. He was an author, a man of considerable learning, and of deep piety.

There lies before the present writer "the contract of marriage betwixt Mr. John Burn, of Stirth, and

* Sheriff Muir.

Janet Young, youngest daughter of the deceas[t] William Young, of Risk, and Jean White, his relict spouse—at St. Ninians, February 9, 1741."

Janet Young had been a staunch adherent of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, of Stirling, one of the four "outed ministers" of 1733, and she continued a Seceder for some time after her marriage to John Burn, who was an Established Churchman, although in course of time she, like many others, seceded from the Secession.

An episode of this period is furnished by Dr. William Blair in a letter to George Burns, dated February 13, 1888.

"I am writing a sketch of the U. P. Church, and among other interesting things I find that Ebenezer Erskine, of Stirling, to whom we look up, as the Jews of old did when they said, 'We have Abraham to our father,' was so loyal to the Hanoverian dynasty, that in 1745 he formed a regiment of Seceders to defend Stirling against the rebels. 'One night,' as the story goes, 'when the rebels were expected to make an attack on the town, Ebenezer Erskine presented himself in the guard-room fully accoutred in the military garb of the times. Dr. John Anderson, late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and Mr. John Burn, father of the Rev. Dr. Burns, Barony parish, in that city, happened to be on guard the same night, and, surprised to see the venerable clergyman in this attire, recommended him to go home to

his prayers, as more suitable to his vocation. "I am determined," was his reply, "to take the hazard of the night along with you, for the present crisis requires the arms as well as the prayers of all good subjects."' I am pleased to think that your grandfather, now 143 years ago, was on the same watch-tower with my ecclesiastical father."

John Burn was a simple, God-fearing man, and when he had got "a grip o' the truth," he did what people of that day were wont to do—he sat down one Sabbath afternoon and wrote out "a covenant" in accordance with the theological notion that the promises of God, as recorded in the Scriptures, are conditional on certain terms on the part of man. It need not be said that the first bond, or oath, drawn up by the Scottish Reformers, and signed in 1557, was a covenant; that the "Confession of Faith," drawn up in 1581, was also a covenant, the subscription to which was renewed from time to time; and that when the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland contracted with the Commissioners of the English Parliament in 1643 for uniformity of doctrine, worship, and discipline throughout Scotland, England, and Ireland, "according to the Word of God, and the example of the best reformed churches," the instrument was "the Solemn League and Covenant."

The idea of a covenant, as distinct from a contract (the former having no civil penalty necessarily following the infraction of it), being ingrained in

the Scottish mind, it is not surprising that when a man found himself in an attitude to "accept salvation on God's own terms," as the phrase went, he should, taking the written Word of God as the first part of the covenant, enter into a written engagement to fulfil the second part — namely, his own moral and religious obligations. And as subscription to the "Confession of Faith" was renewed from time to time, so with these "covenants with God,"—or dedications as they were in later times called—it was customary to keep them constantly in remembrance, and at recurring intervals, or at great crises in the history of those who made them, to officially "recognise" the covenant. It may interest those who are not familiar with this quaint old notion in religion to read the covenant of John Burn.

LUSS, *June* 25, 1738, Sabbath afternoon.

O Lord God Almighty, I would in Thy presence humbly confess that iniquities greatly prevail against me, the power of conquering which, O Lord, Thou knowest is far beyond my feeble strength; but in Thee alone is my sufficiency. O perfect Thy strength in my weakness, and deliver me from the love, the power, the stain, and the guilt of all sin, original and actual. Alas! with what aggravated transgressions of Thy Holy Law do I stand chargeable! How I have indulged Atheism, hatred of Thee, despising Thy people, disregarding the institutions of Thy Word, impurity of heart and life, lasciviousness, variance, strife, hatred, malice, and perjury, inasmuch as I have not lived up to the baptismal engagements and vows undertaken for me by my parents, in which I have been instructed, nor have I lived up to the present vows which I have, at sundry times, solemnly come under to renounce the devil, the world,

and the lust of the flesh. The breach of all these vows and resolutions to forsake all sin and unrighteousness is heinously aggravated by breaking them so often against light and knowledge. To these I have added unbelief of the truths of the glorious Gospel of Thy well-beloved and ever blessed Son, have indulged pride, self-seeking, self-esteem, and self-exaltation. Besides, I have, times and ways, O Lord, without number, broken all Thy Commandments, for which I deserve Thy wrath and fury to be poured out upon my soul and body to all eternity! But now, O most merciful God, I desire this afternoon to renounce the love and practice of every wicked way, and in Thy name and strength to devote myself, soul and body, to Thee, that I may be Thine in prosperity or adversity, in health or sickness, in time and through eternity! I desire to believe in God the Father, who sent the Son into the world on the gracious errand of man's redemption, as my God and Father, and in Jesus Christ as my only Lord and Redeemer, whom I desire to embrace as the Lord my righteousness; and in the Holy Ghost as my sanctifier, and the applier of all Christ's purchase to my defiled and polluted soul, and whose quickening influences and Divine illumination I beseech Thee, Holy Father, to shed abroad into my soul, through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, Thine only and well-beloved Son, in whom Thou art ever well pleased. Thou hast said, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Good Lord, in obedience to Thy gracious invitation, *I desire to come to Thee* for rest to my weary soul. I am polluted. I desire to fly to the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, that I may be made a fit temple for the Holy Spirit. O let the peace-speaking blood of Christ cleanse me from the filth and stain of sin—give me freedom from the power of it, and save me from the curse due to me on account of it. Blessed Jesus! Thou art every way qualified to save such a vile, guilty wretch as I am. O love me freely, receive me graciously, notwithstanding my great vileness by nature and practice. I am a sinner, but Thou, Lord Jesus, camest not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; for sinners Thou hast procured redemption by the shedding

of Thy precious blood. O give me faith in Thy blood, give me an interest in Thy perfect righteousness. Let the blessing of my soul, ready to perish, come upon Thee, almighty Saviour, who art the Prophet, Priest, and King of Thy Church. Be Thou from this moment my Prophet, Priest, and King, to teach me, to intercede for me, and to rule over me and in me, that henceforth I may have no will but Thine. O make me willing in a day of Thy power to be entirely governed by Thy will. O Heavenly Father, I humbly implore the continual supplies of Thy grace and Spirit to enable me to stand stedfast in the faith of Jesus Christ as the Lord my righteousness, wisdom, and everlasting strength. O perfect a work of sanctification on my defiled and polluted soul, and keep me, O keep me, by Thy mighty power, through faith in Jesus Christ unto eternal life; for without Thee this, like all my former resolutions and engagements, will become as the morning cloud and early dew, which soon passeth away. O Lord, renouncing all my own righteousness, all I have done or ever can do, I desire to embrace Thee in all Thy mediatory character, and henceforth desire to walk in Thy strength, making mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only. JOHN BURN.

Recognized at Stirling, *May* 12, 1750.

Again, *July* 25, 1760.—O Lord, with shame and confusion of face I must confess the obligations which I had bound upon my own soul many years ago have been often totally neglected or forgotten. Cast me not off in Thine anger. Let not Thy wrath burn against me for ever. O let the blood of Jesus wash out these deeper stains of guilt. Be, O most merciful Father and exalted Redeemer, reconciled to my guilty soul, or rather O reconcile my heart unto Thyself and to Thy blessed will. JOHN BURN.

GLASGOW, *April* 11, 1767.—O Lord, wash me with clean water and I shall be clean from all my filthiness and from all my idols; in the multitude of Thy tender mercies do Thou cleanse me. A new heart (according to Thy promise, Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26, 27) do Thou also give unto me, and a right spirit put within me. And take away the stony heart out of my flesh, and give me a heart of flesh. Put Thy Spirit within me, and cause me to walk in Thy statutes; *then* shall I keep Thy judgments and do them. All I ask is in the name of Christ, to whom with Thee, Holy Father and ever blessed Spirit, be all glory, honour, dominion, power, and praise, ascribed now and for evermore. Amen. JOHN BURN.

GLASGOW, *April* 8, 1780.—O Lord, turn me and I shall be turned, draw me and I will run after Thee, for I have gone astray like a lost sheep. O seek and find me. In the midst of deserved wrath remember me with rich, undeserved mercy and free grace. Say unto me, Live, and I shall live; for nothing can resist Thy command. I desire to account it a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief. Upon Thy infinite merits I desire to cast myself for grace to help me in every time of need while here, and for complete deliverance from all sin hereafter. Not unto me, not unto me, but to Thee be all the glory. Amen. JOHN BURN.

In 1744, there was born to John Burn and Janet, his wife, an only child, who afterwards became Dr. Burns of the Barony Church, and the father of George Burns.

In course of time John Burn sold the property of Corntown in the county of Stirling—which had been long in the family, Thomas Burne having held it in 1538, by Crown Charter—and came to reside in Glasgow, probably in 1767, one of the dates on which his covenant is "recognized." Here he wrote an English Grammar, which bore his name and was highly popular as a school-book in the West of Scotland. He was also the author

of a good English Dictionary, and of several other educational works of considerable repute in their day. On October the 20th, 1768, he was admitted Burgess and Guild Brother of Glasgow, and on September 1, 1781, Burgess of Kilmarnock. In both the burgess tickets he is described as "John Burn." Some years prior to the date of this latter document, however, viz., in 1774, his son was "created a free Burgess of the Burgh of Paisley," and his name is inserted therein as John Burns.

The exact date of the alteration in the surname is not known; the occasion for it was, that certain property had been left to John Burn, who, in the legal documents transferring it to him, had been incorrectly described as Burns. To save the complications and expenses of the law, that name was henceforth adopted by him, and in the first Glasgow directory, published in 1783, he is described as "John Burns." He died at the age of eighty-four, at his house in Duncan's Land, High Street, Glasgow, but not until he had seen his own piety, virtue, and diligence reproduced in his only son.

Of that son, the father of the subject of this narrative, we shall have much to tell hereafter, but some account of his earlier life and of his family may be introduced appropriately in this place.

He was born at Stirling on the 13th of February, 1744 (old style), and remembered having seen the Hessians encamped on Corntown, when a rising was expected. They were dressed in blue

uniforms, and impressed the people by their quiet manners and sobriety.

Early in life he developed great earnestness of character, and gave evidence of considerable talent; more than this, he worshipped the God of his fathers with a deep sincerity, and chose as his lot in life the work of His ministry. At the age of twenty-two he made his written covenant, as his father had done before him—a singularly thoughtful and spiritual dedication of himself to God. We will not quote it, as there is a certain family likeness in all such documents; but on the same evening that he signed it, viz., the 6th of April, 1766, he wrote the following prayer, which shows the attitude of his mind and the tendency of his theology:—

O Heavenly Father, Thou knowest the instability of my heart, and how ready I am to draw back. Therefore, O Thou who settest bounds unto the spacious sea, and who art the Absolute Governor of the whole universe, of all things and creatures in heaven and on earth, I beseech Thee, in the prevailing name of Jesus, keep me from drawing back, keep me steadfast in Thy covenant, keep me after vows from making inquiry how I may elude the obligation of them. Of Thine infinite mercy give me strength to persevere unto the end in the righteous ways of God, without wearying or distraction, that I may receive the end of my faith, even the salvation of my soul. O Lord, I renounce everything that I have done, or can do, as the ground, or procuring cause, of my salvation, but desire only to seek eternal life and salvation through Jesus Christ, and the merits of His blood, death and sufferings, and intercession.

O Lord most holy, just, and righteous, bring up my heart to comply willingly with the scheme of salvation in the new covenant upon Thine own terms. Ratify in heaven, O God, what I have

this evening been essaying in Thy name and strength on earth, and grant at all times, and in all circumstances, heart-establishing grace, that I may abide in Christ, as the branch abideth in the vine, and may bring forth much of the fruits of holiness in my life and conversation to the praise of Thy free grace and mercy. Let the engagements which I have this day entered into be as a standing bar against prevailing sin, through the Divine operations and benign influences of the Holy Ghost. Enable me by Thy grace to be fervent and diligent in the use of those means Thou hast appointed for bringing men off from a state of sin and misery to a state of holiness and happiness, that I may be found in Christ Jesus in the day when Thou makest up Thy jewels, restored to more than a state of primitive rectitude of heart and nature. O Lord, my waiting eyes are toward Thee. Let me never be put to shame. Say to my soul, 'I am thy salvation,' and to Thine adorable name, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God, be the glory and praise of all, both now and throughout the endless ages of eternity. Amen and Amen.

In course of time John Burns was appointed assistant to the Rev. Laurence Hill, minister of the Barony Church. He died on the 3rd of October, 1773, and John Burns was chosen as his successor.

At the Ordination of "the Rev. Mister John Burns," Minister of the Barony, the sermon was preached in the High Church Yard, Glasgow, on the 26th of May, 1774, the subject being "Sober and Religious Conference Considered and Recommended." In the charge, delivered by the Rev. William Thom, M.A., minister of Govan, Mr. Burns was congratulated that in his settlement he had "been presented by the patron, the Crown, and had also been the choice of the congregation, and that all of them had had

experience of his gift of prayer and talents in preaching."

It was not a brilliant appointment from a worldly point of view, for, in a letter written many years later, Mr. Burns says that "from the death of Mr. Hill, in October, 1773, till Candlemas, 1775, several months after my induction, I did not receive a shilling of salary or stipend." From that time, and for many years afterwards, his stipend averaged only £111, besides which he had an allowance of £30 in lieu of a manse, and he let the glebe to a gardener, one Duncan McArthur, for £25; so that for the first nineteen or twenty years of his ministry his income amounted to only £166 per annum. He should have received the stipend of a bishop if his work could have been measured by any sordid calculations, for it was carried on in what we of to-day must regard as a most unpromising sphere.

In the course of this narrative we shall have to refer many times to the Barony Church, and it will assist the imagination of the reader if we give a short account of it here.

The Presbyterian form of Church government, as everybody knows, was established in Scotland soon after the Reformation, but it gave place occasionally to the Episcopal mode, and it was not until 1688, at the Revolution, that it became formally and finally fixed.

The Cathedral or High Church of Glasgow, named in honour of its founder, St. Kentigern, or Mungo

("The Beloved"), was made to accommodate the congregations of three separate parishes, and was divided into the High Kirk, the Laigh Kirk, and the Crypt. The latter, a weird, uncanny place, was the spiritual home of the parishioners of the Barony parish, and here John Burns ministered for twenty-eight years.

It might have been that the Barony parishioners would not have had even the Crypt to worship in if the attempt, made in 1578 with the sanction of the magistrates, to demolish the Cathedral and build little churches with the materials had been carried into effect. The attempt was made, and "a number of quarriers, masons, and other workmen were conduced," but the crafts of the city rose in tumult and vowed that he who would cast down the first stone should be buried under it. But why attempt to describe the incident when Sir Walter Scott has given it in "Rob Roy"?

"Ah, it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries, and curliewurlies, and opensteek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed masonwark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd doun the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry, and image worship, and surplices, and sic like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane wasna braid eneugh for her auld hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nick-nackets. But the tounsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year (and a gude mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld biggin'), and the trades assembled and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luve o' Papery—na', na'!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow. Sae they sune came to an agreement to tak' a' the idolatrous statues of saints (sorrow be on them) out o' their neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar Burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased."

Thus the Cathedral was preserved, and in 1596 the Synod appointed Mr. Alexander Rowatt "to minister to the parishioners without the burgh."

"Joceline's Crypt," in which Dr. Burns (as we shall call him, although he did not receive his degree for many years afterwards) ministered, though the finest in the three kingdoms and the lightsomest, could not make a very cheerful church. But it is a

fairy bower now to what it used to be. In old Barony days the damp floor was packed below with recent heritors; scutcheons mouldered on the dripping walls, the columns were smeared with lamp-black, and the roof was covered with death-emblems. The pulpit stood near the south door, with a great pillar to intercept what light the narrow windows might have given it; the Elders were dimly seen on a raised platform round Ebenezer Allen, the precentor; and great box-pews stretched in the gloom from column to column. Once a year at the "Preachings" (or annual communion time) the Barony folk emerged from their gloomy fane into the light of day. On the preaching Sunday "the tent" (or covered wooden pulpit) made its appearance for use on the great day of the feast. It was set up in the corner of the High Kirk yard, on the right as one enters the gate, and the people stood about or "sat on the through-stanes, or on chairs an' stools." The communion itself ("*the* Sacrament"), and the services specially connected with it, were held in the crypt, but the tent was used for simultaneous overflow services of sermons, addresses, prayer and praise. The whole work of the day, in the crypt and at the tent—including "Action Sermon," "Debarrings" (or "Fencing of the Tables"), "Table Addresses" before and after each Table, singing between each two Tables, "Evening Directions," Evening Sermon—lasted from nine in the morning till nine at night without a break. As these Sunday

services were preceded by two full services on the Thursday, a sermon on the Friday evening for young communicants, and a service on the Saturday afternoon of two sermons and the address oddly known as "pirliecuing," and were followed on the Monday by one or, it might be, two sermons at one diet, it is easy to see how the Scottish *Rétraite* was called "the preachings." *

It was at the Barony, not long before the time when Dr. Burns was minister, that Frank Osbaldistone, when about to meet Rob Roy, according to the fiction of Sir Walter Scott, dropped in upon the worshippers. This is the scene he is represented as having witnessed:—

"We entered a small, low-arched door, secured by a wicket which a grave-looking person seemed on the point of closing, and descended several steps, as if into the funeral vaults beneath the church. It was even so; for in these subterranean precincts—why chosen for such a purpose I know not—was established a very singular place of worship. Conceive an extensive range of low-browed, dark and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other countries, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews and used as a church. The part of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore

* Note affixed to an article on "James Burns," by J. O. Mitchell, in "Memoirs and Portraits of One Hundred Glasgow Men."

a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In those waste regions of oblivion, dusky banners and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were doubtless 'princes in Israel.' . . . Surrounded by these receptacles of the last remains of mortality, I found a numerous congregation engaged in the act of prayer."

We must try and picture to ourselves what good Dr. Burns was like, because he will pass before us many times in the course of this narrative.

His portrait hangs in the Library of the University of Glasgow, and we see him there depicted with a broad, open, genial face, a quick penetrating eye, a massive forehead, an intellectual brow, a commanding figure, and—a wig; and thereby hangs a tale.

In February, 1888, a complimentary banquet was given to the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Cathcart, on the completion of the sixtieth year of his ministry in the Church of Scotland. George Burns (who has only been dimly introduced to the reader as yet) was unable to be present, but he sent a letter of congratulation and apology, in the course of which he said :—

> Many a time I have heard my father speak of you when you met at the Presbytery dinners in the Black Bull Inn. He used to tell of a custom the reverend brethren practised on one another in the way of a fine of a bottle of wine, got up by any plausible pretext, such as their discovering that my father had got a new wig, or some other equally important event. You, as Clerk to the Presbytery, no doubt would consider it your duty to insert the incident in the minutes of proceedings.

In acknowledging the letter on the following day, Dr. Smith, who, after the Disruption, was Clerk to the Presbytery, said :—

> I do not find the anecdote of your venerable father's change of wig, and its penal consequences, recorded in our minutes—through some criminal negligence of the clerk. But I find much recorded there which gives proof of *unchangeable* qualities *within* that reverend head—devotion to the Master whom he so long, so faithfully, and so successfully served.

Even the wig was a new-fangled fashion. When Dr. Burns was assistant to Mr. Hill, he had occasion to preach in the "tent," and when forcing himself through the crowd he heard one woman say to another, "Did ye ever see sic a head for a Fast-day!" It was at that time the custom for ministers to have their heads powdered!

The years rolled by, and the heritors of the Barony parish, taking into consideration the ruinous condition of the seating and the deficiency of accommodation in their church, resolved to abandon the crypt of the High Kirk as a place of worship. Dr. Burns was the last minister who preached in the old Barony, and one of the last, if not *the* last, Glasgow minister who kept up the old "Tent-preaching."

When an official inspection of the old Barony was made, the Surveyor in his report gravely wrote that "very little light came from the pulpit!" Literally

this was true, but metaphorically it was not. Dr. Burns was considerably in advance of his times, and when men were lifting up their hands in holy horror at that wonderful innovation "The British and Foreign Bible Society"; when ministers deprecated from the pulpit the "extravagant notion" of converting the Heathen by missionary agency; when they even held aloof from the Anti-Slavery Society, using in support of their position arguments which shock the moral sense of to-day, he stood forth, almost alone in the Presbytery, as an advocate of these institutions. His preaching was of the Evangelical stamp; his living was of that simple and earnest type which distinguished the men who were reckoned as "sound in faith," and by this dual ministry he was as a light shining in a dark place and in a dark day.

We have said he was in advance of his times: the assertion may be further proved by an illustration.

There are many claimants to the honour of originating Sunday schools. Ludwig Hacker is said to have commenced one between 1740 and 1747 at Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, among the German Seventh-day Baptists. It is stated that a Sunday school existed at Catterick, in Yorkshire, in 1763. Certain it is that Robert Raikes, conjointly with the Rev. Thomas Stock, planned and instituted Sunday schools in Gloucester in 1780–82; but it is equally certain that in 1775, the year after entering upon his ministry, Dr. Burns was successfully working Sunday schools at Calton, in Glasgow, which was included in

his parish. These, so far as is known, were the first Sunday schools instituted in Scotland, and they were in a vigorous condition, under the personal superintendence of Dr. Burns, five years before that memorable Sunday in July 1780, when, at the house of Mr. King, in St. Catherine's Street, Gloucester, the so-called *first* Sunday school met under the superintendence of Mrs. King, who was engaged as the first teacher "at a salary of one shilling and sixpence per Sunday, of which sum Mr. Raikes contributed a shilling and Mr. Stock sixpence."

In that same year, 1775, Dr. Burns married Elizabeth Stevenson, daughter of John Stevenson—of the family now represented by Stevenson Hamilton of Fairholm and Braidwood. Seven sons and two daughters were the fruit of this marriage, the youngest of the family being George, of whose life and times and friends we now proceed to write.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD—SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL DAYS.

1795—1812.

GEORGE BURNS was born on the 10th of December, 1795, in the "Holy Land"—not in Palestine, but in a part of Glasgow which had been so named from the fact that a number of notable and godly ministers had congregated in one locality — a piece of land on the north side of George Street, a little west of North Portland Street. These good men were Dr. Burns of the Barony and Dr. Balfour of the Outer Church, Mr. Macleod of the Chapel of Ease, Mr. Williamson his colleague, and Mr. Mushet of Shettleston.

What George thought of being born in the midst of such overpowering surroundings there is no evidence to show, but that they had no depressing effect, and that he took very kindly to life, there is abundant proof. He grew up to be a bright, happy, thoughtless boy—as every boy should—and, being the youngest of the family, he came in for his full share of affection and regard. As far as possible, we shall allow him to tell his own story in his own words, and it will interest the reader to know that the autobiographical fragments scattered throughout these pages are the reminiscences of a nonogenarian, and that the incidents recorded are the floating memories of a man in his ninety-fourth year, related without the assistance of any notes or diaries. Sometimes these flashes of memory start from a foundation in the present and reach to a period at the very beginning of the century, and *vice versâ;* sometimes they touch pier after pier of this bridge over the Gulf of Time; but they are singularly clear, and are given in the exact words of the speaker.

My first school was a private one, under a tutor named Angus, who was held in the highest repute as a teacher of grammar in preparation for a full classical education. No girls attended his school, but boys and girls went together to the writing-school, under the conduct of Mr. Adam Stevenson. In the writing-class there were with me two girls of the name of Mac Nab; their father was a well-known merchant in Glasgow, of the Clan Mac Nab; they were on most friendly family terms with Dr. Cleland, the father of my wife, and the intimacy was kept up as long as life was spared to us all. The last of the Mac Nabs had a pretty house in Dunblane, where, when passing through to Crieff to visit my son James Cleland, who lived at Ferntower, which was the residence at the beginning of the century of the famous warrior, Sir David Baird, I always went to see my old school-fellow. She told a friend of mine that I was a great talker as a boy; but she did not tell the other side of the question, how for talkativeness I was punished by the writing-master, who took me by the ear and paraded me down the long room into the coal-hole!

Angling, from the days of Izaak Walton downwards,

has always been the "contemplative man's recreation," and it has had not a little to do with the formation of character in boys before they have become contemplative men.

In my very early days I was fond of catching flounders in the Clyde in a shallow part of the river where now large steamers—to wit, the Cunarders of upwards of 8,000 tons—float easily. All down the banks of the river were huts beside the "runs" that were let out to fishermen. I well remember the fishers' huts along the banks of the Clyde at Govan, below the Broomielaw, the harbour of Glasgow. Salmon was in those days abundant, and was an important source of revenue, but paper mills, chemical works, and other things have long since banished it. When I was a boy there were myriads of small fish in the shallow pools of the river opposite Mauldslie Castle, formerly belonging to the Earls of Hyndford, now the property of Colonel Hozier. These small fish were generally called "parrs" by the boys of my time, and also by scientific writers. But there has been a long dispute about them, and some have said that they were salmon fry. In my father's early days, in his native town of Stirling, it was a customary stipulation by servants that they should not be fed on salmon more than twice in the week.

Among the earliest family recollections of George Burns was the removal of the Barony congregation, in 1801, from the crypt of the cathedral to the Barony Church. It must have been a relief to the worshippers, no less than to the minister, to leave that dark, damp crypt—which was again converted into a burying-place, as it had originally been—and to worship God in the light of day.

In that same year, too, his eldest brother, John,

was married to Isabella, daughter of the Rev. John Duncan, of Alva, near Stirling.

Another of his earliest recollections was the funeral, in 1806, of the "Benevolent Magistrate of Glasgow," as he was called—David Dale, of Rosebank, on the Clyde, the founder of the New Lanark Cotton Mills, and one of the most well-known men in the city. He was buried in the churchyard of the Ramshorn—of which, and of David Dale, we shall have more to tell hereafter—and it was a grand and impressive funeral. Enormous crowds followed in the procession to witness the interment, and all the magistrates and town officers were there, with their halberds and insignia of office.

Little did George Burns think, as he mingled among the crowd that day, that he, "the poorly-endowed minister's son," would make his start in life in the office of the New Lanark Cotton Mills; and still less did he think that some day he would have Rosebank—one of the loveliest places on the Clyde—as his summer residence.

George did not know the benevolent magistrate personally, but, in after life, he used to tell some good stories of him. Here is one:—

David Dale was a short, thick-set man. He had an assistant named David Black. One day when the High Street was slippery with ice, David Dale fell; and when he entered his office he said to Black, "I've fallen all my length on the ice!" "No great length to fall," said Black. "Ah! but

I've hurt the small of my back," said Dale. "And whar's that?" asked the imperturbable Black.

In the years 1805–6 there was great excitement in the minister's house. His second son, Allan, who was fourteen years the senior of George, had at an early age developed an ardent passion for a medical career, as his brother John had done before him. When a mere boy he entered the medical classes, where his diligence and proficiency were so remarkable that at the age of sixteen he was able to undertake the entire direction of the dissecting-rooms of his brother John, who was then giving lectures on anatomy and surgery in a room at the head of Virginia Street, on property belonging to Dr. Cleland, behind the present Union Bank. He was the first private teacher of anatomy in Glasgow, and at a time, too, when, and for many years afterwards, subjects for dissection could only be obtained by violating the repose of the dead. Opportunities of extending and perfecting his knowledge were abundant; and in a short time Allan Burns, though still a youth, enjoyed a high reputation among the practical anatomists of his day. Among his intimate friends was Sir Astley Cooper, the celebrated surgeon, who entertained a very high opinion of his abilities.

Allan had been advised to turn his attention to medical practice in the army, and in 1804 he went to London for the purpose of obtaining a commission; but his plans were altogether set aside by an offer to repair to St. Petersburg to undertake the charge of a

hospital which the Empress was desirous of establishing in her capital upon the English system, and which it was proposed should be called the Empress-Dowager Hospital. Sir Astley Cooper recommended Allan Burns to organize it; and Dr. Crichton,* who had much influence at the Russian Court, promised to exert it to the full in his favour, and proposed that the surgical department of the hospital should be committed to his charge. It was arranged that he might make a six months' trial before finally closing with the offer.

Great, therefore, was the interest excited in the home circle when Allan announced his intention of going to St. Petersburg; and George, the youngest boy—then ten years of age—entered into the subject with all a boy's eagerness. Allan went on board at Leith, on the 27th of September, 1805. In a farewell letter, written just before sailing, he says:—

"We, my dear father, have parted for a time, and I assure you that it cost me much exertion to bring myself to leave all my friends, but it was a necessity which I had to submit to, and I did it with the best grace I could assume; but, had you seen what passed in my mind, you would have perceived a very bad agreement between my appearance and my sentiments. I forbear to add more, as it will only be a source of mental aggravation of the separation which I sincerely hope may not be of long continuance."

* Afterwards Sir Alexander Crichton, M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Emperor of Russia, &c.

Anxiously the members of the home circle waited to hear of his movements. He was a diligent and faithful correspondent, and a few extracts from his letters will be of interest. Arrived at St. Petersburg, Allan Burns, until he should acquire the language, became the guest of Dr. Crichton, whose sister, Miss Crichton, is described as, "without exception, the most accomplished lady in St. Petersburg: she speaks four languages fluently, and is possessed of a most extensive knowledge." "The Doctor," he adds, "was highly pleased with my 'preparations,' and carried two of them to the Empress, who examined them, and has promised to accept them. Her Imperial Majesty is very solicitous to improve the state of medicine in this country, and for that purpose has founded a superb hospital for instructing candidates. By the advice of Dr. Crichton she has ordered a dissecting-room, thirty feet by about twenty, to be built instantly, for making 'preparations' in. We have already made two, and have soon the prospect of working upon a larger scale."

Within a fortnight, however, it was found desirable to go more slowly. In his next letter he says: "Already I have been in a scrape with regard to dissection, and so has Dr. C., who had requested H. I. M. to permit me to dissect the bodies of such as were come-at-able in the Imperial Hospital, which was at once granted. In consequence of that permission, I went along with Dr. C. to the hospital, and at different times removed parts from three

subjects—decapitating one of them, who unfortunately turned out to be a Russ. I had it brought home, where I injected and prepared it. All this went on very well; but, in the course of a few days afterwards, a German died, and Mr. Beverley, one of the surgeons to the hospital, not knowing that the person had friends, very deliberately set to work upon him. His relations instantly made a bustle about it, and were only quieted by the Empress, who herself gave them twenty-five roubles, and forbad for the future the removal of any external part of any body except Tartars and Jews, who are here looked upon as fair game, and their dissection authorized by Government wherever they can be found. . . . Dr. C. expects that H. I. M. will establish a complete anatomical school in her own hospital, which she visits almost daily in person, and the appointment he intends to request for me. . . . With a view to that, I am studying Latin and Russ, and devote from six to eight hours daily to this pursuit."

He asks for "English books, for none are to be had in this city, give what you please for them." He says, "The Empress is very fond of anything which tends to improve the knowledge of science in this country, which is by no means so destitute of good surgeons as was reported in Scotland. . . . There are many difficulties to encounter here, none more powerful than the envy of one's competitors."

No arrangement had been made as to the re-

muneration he was to receive for his services. He was far from rich, and his expenses were heavy. He had not been a month in Russia before he discovered that "the salary of surgeons is here very trifling—the pay of Government surgeons is not more than £90, or, if they hold two situations, it amounts to about £145. You will naturally inquire how they live, and I will readily reply that they depend upon private practice — which is not much more easily procured here than in Britain: there are many competitors, and there is much jealousy."

Allan Burns had no intention of running into financial difficulties for the sake of securing high Court patronage; and when he found that there was little hope of his obtaining a satisfactory emolument, he laid his case before Count Strogonoff, in order that he might know exactly his position before committing himself finally after the six months' trial.

The result was unsatisfactory, and before the expiration of the six months he was on his way to Scotland. On the eve of his departure he was aroused at one in the morning by a special messenger from the Empress, who sent him her parting thanks and a singularly large and handsome ring—a topaz in the centre, encircled with diamonds. On his return, he prosecuted his profession with great success, and became a highly popular lecturer on anatomy. He always wore the ring, presented to him by the Empress, when delivering the introductory lecture of

a course, but not on other occasions, as it was too large to be convenient.*

In one of his letters home, while resident in Russia, he refers to a great historical event:—

"ST. PETERSBURG, *Nov.* 28, 1805.

"We have, a few days ago, received an account of the brilliant victory obtained over the combined fleets, but the death of Nelson has cast a gloom over the pleasure; and his loss is, I will venture to say, as sincerely lamented in this distant clime as it is at home—so much so, that the English here go into mourning for him, and a sermon is to be preached on the occasion by Mr. Pitt. You see, therefore, that though far from the theatre of action, we can feel an interest in the affairs of our native country, and deplore the fall of that great and distinguished character who was its guardian and its ornament. We have also, for the last two days, had vague reports of the destruction of the Boulogne gunboats by Sir Sidney Smith, and the Russians have done wonders, as you will have heard by the official reports."

The death of Nelson helps us to fix in our minds the period in history in which George Burns spent his early days. He was a boy of ten years old when the battle of Trafalgar was fought; he was a youth

* It is now in the possession of Mr. John William Burns, of Kilmahew and Cumbernauld.

of eighteen when the battle of Leipsic gave liberation to Germany and decided the fate of Europe; and he was a young man of twenty when the battle of Waterloo brought in the History of the Peace. In his school days the talk among the boys would be of the crowning of Buonaparte as emperor; the battles of Austerlitz, Maida, and Jena; the exciting incidents and varying fortunes of the Peninsular War; the burning of Moscow, and the horrors of the retreat. These last events — among the most terrible in modern history—occurred in the year that he made his preparatory start in mercantile life.

The second school to which George was sent was the Grammar School of Glasgow, now called the High School. It is of remote antiquity—probably coeval with the erection of the Cathedral. In 1449 King James II. requested Pope Nicolas V. to grant a Bull to constitute a university in Glasgow, and in 1450 it was founded, but there are records of the Grammar School prior to that date. In Dr. Cleland's "Historical Account of the Grammar School"* it is recorded that on the 16th of December, 1591, the Kirk Session, which was paramount to all local authority, gave orders "that a commodious place should be looked out in the Quire of the Hie Kirk for the Grammar School bairns on Sunday."

We cannot follow the vicissitudes of the Grammar

* Re-issued, with additions to date and a memoir of the author, by Mr. James Cleland Burns, in 1877.

School here, but one curious custom, in existence in George Burns' school days, must not be omitted.

Every February a gratuity, or, in the well-known words, "a Candlemas Offering," was given to the masters. On that occasion the scholars were convened in the common hall. When the masters were seated in their pulpits, the boys in all the classes were expected to walk up, one by one, to the rector and give him an "offering"; having done so, they then went to their own master and gave him also an offering. When the sum given to either master was under five shillings no notice was taken, but when it amounted to that sum the rector said "*Vivat*" ("Let him live"); on this the whole school gave one "ruff"* with their feet. For ten shillings, "*Floreat*" ("Let him flourish"), when two ruffs were given. For fifteen shillings, "*Floreat bis*" ("Let him twice flourish"), when four ruffs were given. For a guinea and upwards, "*Gloriat*"† ("Let him be glorious"), when six ruffs were given. When the business was over, the rector stood up, and in an audible voice declared who was the victor, by mentioning the name of the boy who had given the largest sum. On this being done, the victor was hailed by the whole scholars with thunders of applause. Wealth carried the day! The custom

* "Ruff" (Scotch), beating with the feet as expressive of applause. *Vide* Jameson's Scottish Dictionary.

† Although the word "Gloriat" may not be good Latin, it was regularly used at Candlemas.

was not abolished until Candlemas, 1826, when the Grammar School was merged into the present High School.

In the Grammar School (says George Burns) I was under Mr. Allison, a famous tutor; the first lesson I was put through was to read in English, and of all the boys who read, I was the only one he asked under whose teaching I had been, and was pleased to say 'I read very distinctly.' I told him I was indebted for all my education up to that point to Mr. Angus.

For writing I was under Mr. Stevenson, a popular man, and a good mathematician. When I was in the writing-school, it happened that when the Clyde was frozen over one of the boys of a well-known family, named Reid, was drowned through the ice breaking under him. On the announcement, Mr. Stevenson spoke very impressively and religiously to the class; and in the course of his address said that young Reid was, he thought, a very promising boy, whereupon one of the pupils sprang up, and said, 'Yes; he *promised* before he went out that he wouldn't go upon the ice.' Then Mr. Stevenson asked, in general terms, what was the meaning of the word 'promising; and I replied, 'It means a boy who has the prospect of good success before him in life,' and I was much pleased when he applauded me for the answer.

When George was at the Grammar School his father provided a tutor for him, one Mr. Manson, a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. In those days gentlemen of that class were simply called "preachers of the Gospel;" they did not assume, as they do now, the title of reverend, nor did they wear bands until such time as they were appointed to their churches as ministers. Mr. Manson was a kind-hearted, good-natured man, and he must have

had his troubles with his pupil, who, upon his own confession, was "play-rife."

Among his school-fellows were James Gardner (who afterwards became Colonel Gardner, the great friend of Sir Henry Havelock), and two brothers named James and Cornelius Brown, whose father lived in the upper part of the High Street, commonly called the Bell o' the Brae—an excellent man, and an Elder of the Outer High Church under Dr. Balfour. To these school friends reference is made in the following reminiscences:—

When I was in the Grammar School the community was quite alive to the talk of invasion by Buonaparte. Volunteers were mustered everywhere, and called after the name of their occupations or districts, such as the Grocers' Corps, or Drapers' Corps. I, following the feeling of the day, boy as I was, got up a regiment of my fellow-students and became their captain, and I have no doubt James Gardner was under my command, but from the lower grade I never rose, whilst he became a colonel in the army.

I was very fond of skating, and with great pleasure practised it much on Hoggan-field Loch, about two miles to the north of Glasgow. Furthermore I was a play-rife boy, and I might say a mischievous one. There was a row of houses occupied by hand-loom weavers (there were no power-loom weavers in those days) not far from my father's house, and I remember getting some other boys to go with me to a weaver's cottage, where we pretended to break his windows, but in reality only broke some glass we had taken with us. It startled the weaver, who tried to catch us, thinking his property was much damaged, but we scampered off and escaped.

When George Burns was verging towards old

age, James Brown, his class-fellow in the Grammar School, whom he had not seen since they were boys together, wrote to him, and in the course of his letter said:—

I may remind you that when my late brother Cornelius and myself were in the Grammar School along with you, you asked us up to tea in your father's manse, and amused us by making inflammable gas with iron filings and sulphuric acid, and then, after darkening the room, you rubbed your face with phosphorus and appeared as a ghost!

Among the stirring incidents of his schoolboy days was the jubilee of George III.

It was celebrated in Glasgow on the 4th of June, 1810, and was connected with the introduction of water to the city by a reservoir in pipes from the Clyde a few miles away. Previous to that time Mr. Harley, of Willow Bank, supplied spring water, carted in butts, for which he received a remuneration from such families as chose to take it. Now, water is supplied from Loch Katrine. I was present with several members of my family at the opening of the supply from Loch Katrine by the Queen and Prince Albert in 1859.

I well remember the festivities in celebration of the jubilee of George III. in 1810, for I was then in my fifteenth year. Throughout the country there was great loyalty, and in Glasgow all the cart-horses were busked with hawthorn blossoms. The custom in those days was to come out upon a balcony in the old Tolbooth on the king's birthday to drink his health, and, having done so, each magistrate threw his empty glass among the vast crowd below —a proceeding which caused a great shout of merriment and a scramble for it, as a memorial to be kept. This custom was observed at the jubilee, but on a much grander scale. I may mention, by the way, that the said balcony was also used for a very ignominious purpose. A gallows was erected upon it for the execution of criminals, and I have often seen enormous crowds waiting for the horrible show, long since abolished.

In 1812, at the age of seventeen, George Burns left school and started in his preparatory mercantile career; but before we follow him into his business life, we must see him in his father's house and among his father's friends.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE OLD HOME.

Dr. Burns had no manse, but he had a most delightful house, which he had built for himself on the Barony glebe, then a pleasant, out-of-the-way country place, although now standing in the midst of a populous neighbourhood.

One of the most unselfish and simple-hearted of men, he had brought up a large family upon a very small stipend, refusing for a long time to ask for any augmentation, until his scruples were overborne by the pressing entreaties of his "heritors." *

How Dr. Burns "got his augmentation" in 1826, is worth the telling, because it gives us a glimpse into a curious phase of Church life and history.

The tiends † of the Burgh and Barony of Glasgow

* "Heritor" is, in Scots law, the proprietor of a heritable subject; a proprietor or landholder in a parish.

† "Tiend," in Scotland, is a tithe or tenth part paid from the produce of land or cattle. After the Reformation the whole tiends of Scotland were transferred to the Crown, or to private individuals called titulars to whom they had been granted by the Crown, or to feuars or renters from the Church, or to the original founding

belonged at one time to the Church, and subsequently to the Crown, which, ever since the abolition of Episcopacy in 1690, granted leases to the magistrates of Glasgow, renewable every nineteen years. For a long period the "tack duty" * was merely nominal, but at Martinmas, 1798—the year when the crypt in which Dr. Burns preached was pronounced unfit for public worship, and it was resolved to build a Barony Church—a lease of nineteen years was given to the magistrates "on the following terms, viz. (1) To pay the stipends of the ministers of the Cathedral and Barony Churches; (2) To furnish Communion elements for both Churches; (3) To pay one thousand marks (£55 11s. 1½d.) for repairs on the Cathedral; and (4) Two hundred pounds Scots (£16 13s. 4d.) as tack duty."

When the new tack for nineteen years was obtained, Dr. Burns was too modest to think of asking for an increase from the tiends of the parish, but Principal Taylor, of the Inner High Church, who had hitherto been paid his stipend out of the Corporation Funds in common with the other Glasgow ministers, made application for an augmentation. Then a wise councillor uprose and said, "Why does Dr. Taylor apply to us? He is only one of the Barony parish; let him go to the heritors and get what he wants from them."

patrons, or to colleges or pious institutions. Tiends are now under the administration of the Court of Session as a fund for the "stipends" of clergymen.

* In Scots law, rent reserved on a "tack" or lease.

This put the heritors of the Barony parish on their mettle. Forthwith they called a meeting, and, after the manner of the times, their trumpets gave no uncertain sound. They said, "Here is 'our own minister'" (as they were pleased to call Dr. Burns) "who has never in his life asked for an augmentation. Why should we pass him by for Dr. Taylor? No, fair is fair; whatever Dr. Taylor succeeds in getting, Dr. Burns shall have." Then James Hill, a descendant of the Rev. Laurence Hill, the predecessor of Dr. Burns, being learned in the law, rose to his feet and said, "No man has a higher respect for Dr. Burns than I have; but he is getting to be an old man, and although *he* will never trouble you as long as he lives, his successor may, and may come upon you and claim from the tiends what you give, or even more than what you give, to Dr. Burns. My advice, therefore, is this, raise an amicable suit in the Court of Tiends, and that will fix the period to nineteen years before another increase can take place."

This course was approved; Dr. Taylor and Dr. Burns both went into Court, and both got an equal augmentation. Later on Dr. Taylor obtained a further addition, but Dr. Burns did not apply again, being content with the first decision of the Tiend Court.

Since that time great changes have taken place. The Barony Glebe became eligible for feuing,* the

* A "feu," in Scots law, is a right to the use and enjoyment of lands, houses, or other heritable subjects, *in perpetuity*, in consideration of agricultural services, or an annual payment in grain or money called feu-duty.

presbytery of Glasgow approved of the proposal to feu, and obtained an Act of Parliament, unopposed, to carry it through. Now the income of a Barony minister may rise to £800 or £1,000, but in Dr. Burns' day it never exceeded £400.

Whether the income of Dr. Burns was larger or smaller, his home was always the brightest and happiest place in the world to his children. When George was a youth, it was undergoing the inevitable changes experienced in family life. Of Dr. Burns' nine children, four had died young. John, the eldest son (Dr. John Burns, F.R.S., the first Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow), was married and living in a house in Spreull's Land* in the Trongate; Elizabeth was married to a well-known citizen, Mr. David MacBrayne; Allan was lecturing on anatomy, writing the books that made him famous, and spending much of his time in travelling, on account of his failing health; while James and George were at home.

But, in one sense, the whole family was always at home: their affections and memories clustered round it, all their interests were centred in it, and they loved, as they had ever loved, its pleasant and

* Named after John Spreull, a worthy citizen of Glasgow, who died in 1722—the last of those who suffered imprisonment in the Isle of the Bass Rock, for his defence of religious liberty in the times of Claverhouse.

helpful associations. A more united family it would have been difficult to find anywhere; they loved one another "with pure hearts fervently," they took unselfish delight in each other's successes, they sought to help one another in their multifarious undertakings, and all their affection was based on Christian principle.

Although George was so much the junior of his brothers and sisters, they took him into their full confidence even as a boy, and as there were elements in his character that theirs lacked, they were apt, even in his youthful days, to consult him. John was contemplative—although in conversation abounding in forcible expression, and at times indulging in great humour and jocularity—Allan was erudite, James was gentle and easy-going, while George was brisk, energetic, and business-like, with a shrewd judgment of men and things.

Every member of the family delighted in the home life and in the company at the Barony Glebe. It was a "house of call" for all the ministers and notable men of Glasgow, who were sure of a pleasant "crack" * whenever they dropped in.

Hospitality has been a characteristic of the Burns family from the earliest times of their history—that good old-fashioned hospitality which, as Washington Irving says, is "an emanation of the heart breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness, and thawing every spirit into a genial flow."

* Scotch—a chat: a free and familiar talk.

There was no standing in the hall, hat in hand; no waiting in the drawing-room for some one to arrive and coldly discuss the weather; but, almost simultaneously with the knock at the door, there was the genial "Hey man, come awa'," the warm welcome, and the snug corner by the fireside.

Such hospitality died in England years and years ago; it still survives in Scotland, and it is possible, even now, to get a flavour of the good old sort that was common in Dr. Burns' day.

There was much more enjoyment in company in those times than in these. Men were not spoiled by newspapers and reviews and magazines. They talked over the events of their day, and thought out for themselves the problems of current history, instead of having all their thinking done for them by the penny press. They told good stories one to another with a hearty relish impossible in these days of so-called "comic" papers.

Let us take a glance at some of the frequent visitors, old and young, who enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Burns when George was a boy; and first of all the "ministerial brethren."

There was Dr. Balfour of the Outer High Church, an erudite, but withal a genial, pleasant man; and Dr. Love, very eminent but very sombre. Attached to the Barony parish were four chapels-of-ease, but there was no seat carried by them at that time into the Ecclesiastical Court. Dr. Love ministered at one of these chapels. Afterwards he laboured for

some years in London, and had a principal hand in the formation of the London Missionary Society. His sermons, which were published in two volumes in 1829—four years after his death—were considered valuable. Although they went deeply into theological lore, they were anything but interesting to ordinary hearers or readers. George Burns tells of a man coming out of Dr. Love's church and saying to his neighbour, "Was not that sermon deep?" "Yes," answered the other, "as deep as a dungeon, and about as gloomy." No circle of friends would be complete without a sombre man in it, and Dr. Love was a capital foil.

One day he and Balfour and others were dining at Dr. Burns' house, and when the guests rose to go, Love sat still and silent. Seeing that he did not move, Balfour went up to him, and throwing his arms about him said, "Let brotherly Love *continue!*"

Dr. Burns was very intimate with Dr. Balfour, and they spent much of their time together. Once they went on an excursion to England in company, and chanced to be in Whitehaven, where they heard a Scotch minister, named Mushet, preach. They kept as much as possible out of sight, neither of them wishing to take any part in that or in any other service while they were travelling. But Mr. Mushet had his eye upon them, and in his concluding prayer asked "that the Lord might bless the preaching of one of the ministers who had popped in amongst them, and who would take the service in the afternoon!" He carried his point, and "one of the ministers" (Dr. Balfour), preached. Strange to say, this same Mr. Mushet was afterwards appointed to Shettleston, one of the four chapels-of-ease in the Barony parish. One of the heritors, Mr. MacNair, said to a neighbour, "I wish you'd come and hear our new minister; he's a strange mixture of grace and glaikitry."* It was an accurate description, and Mr. Mushet became a valuable acquisition, as possessor of these qualities, to the ministerial circle.

It was the practice in the early Church of Scotland on sacramental occasions for the ministerial brethren to assist one another. Thursday was the Fast Day, Saturday the Preparation Day, Sunday the Sacramental Day, Monday the Thanksgiving Day. There was a "running dinner" on all the days, but on Monday there was something special; and the "Monday dinner" was always looked forward to as an occasion when there should be free, happy, and unrestrained conversation and innocent amusement. On these days every minister was supposed to tell his best ancedotes.

Few things delighted young Burns more than to hear the stories told on these occasions. Here are a few of the crumbs which fell from that table:—

At one of these dinners I remember there was present the Rev. George Logan, of Eastwood, who related how at a similar Monday dinner they had cold punch—a great Glasgow drink—and the beadle

* Scotch—meaning "wit and humour."

attended as servant. When he was carrying in the punch he had the ill-luck to let it fall, whereupon George Logan exclaimed, '*Sic transit gloria* Monday!'

Another minister who was always present at my father's sacramental time, the Rev. Adam Foreman, of Kirkintilloch, told how on one occasion when he had his ministerial friends staying with him, they had, as usual, prayers at breakfast-time. Just as they were about to kneel down to prayers, a parrot, which had been taught to speak, remarked sententiously, 'That's good boys!' which upset the gravity of those Scottish ministers!

My father used to tell many stories of the minister of Balfron, near Loch Lomond, showing how strong the feeling of Scotch people was regarding the sanctity of the Sabbath and its strict observation, which prevented many from shaving on that holy day. One was that the minister was shaving late on a Saturday night, when the clock gave warning that it was about to strike twelve. Running to the top of the stairs, he called out hurriedly to the servant, 'Betty, Betty, put back the clock five minutes!'

Another story of the same man was this:—A farmer came to him with a beautiful dog as a present. The minister asked him why he was parting with it? 'Oh!' said he, 'whenever we "tak' the books"* the dog always sets up a howling.' 'Ay,' said the minister, 'and ye think that I don't "tak' the books" and ye may give the beast to me.'

We must not leave the ministers without introducing the session clerk and parish schoolmaster for the Barony parish—Mr. Clugston.† He was a good-looking, well-informed old man of most gentlemanly

* Prepare for family worship.

† The name of his niece, Miss Beatrice Clugston, the founder of the Glasgow and Dunoon Convalescent Homes, the Broomhill Home for Incurables, and other philanthropic institutions, is known universally in Glasgow. She died in June, 1888.

bearing, and very highly esteemed. He knew a good sermon when he heard it, and he could recognize a sermon that he had heard before. His son was commissary under Wellington in the Peninsular War, and on one occasion young Clugston took the old gentleman to London to see the sights and to hear some of the great preachers. Coming out of one church the commissary said to him, "That was a good evangelical sermon; did you not enjoy it?" "Very much, very much. A most excellent, sound, gospel sermon, but I read the whole of it in the *Christian Observer* as we came in the smack from Leith to London!"

The circle of Dr. Burns' ministerial friends was not limited to any section of the Church. Although of the Evangelical type, he was a very liberal-minded man. In his day there was no evening service in the Church of Scotland—only morning and afternoon—and he took the opportunity of worshipping at the Episcopalian chapel whenever there was any eminent English clergyman preaching in the evening. This was an unusual mark of liberality of sentiment, and it was accentuated by the fact that he took his young son George with him. This was a privilege and a pleasure felt both then and afterwards, for it gave the youth the opportunity of hearing such men as Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge; Mr. Saunders, of St. Ann's, Blackfriars; Henry Venn, the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and many other celebrated Evangelicals.

Dr. Burns had known Toplady, the hymn writer, who had given him a list of the supposed Evangelical clergymen in his day in the Church of England, and the number was under forty!

But we must not linger with the ministers. There was another and even a wider circle of frequent visitors at the Barony Glebe.

Amongst the oldest and most intimate friends were Dr. Cleland and his family. He was a man of great ability, and was rising into eminence when George Burns was a boy. Early in the century he commenced those inquiries which he afterwards embodied in "The Annals of Glasgow" and other important works. He was one of the leading statists of the day—the first to draw public attention to the value of regular mortuary tables; and he held a number of public offices, not the least important being that of Superintendent of Public Works. Withal he was a plain, straightforward, and unaffected man—always a welcome visitor.

Much as young George Burns liked Dr. Cleland, he liked his daughter Jeanie better, and having no young sister of his own, he found in her a companion and friend from comparatively early years. Later on, as the two families were so intimate, he thought he could not do better than incorporate them. But at the time of which we are writing, he was only a boy, and, as they say in novels, "we must not anticipate."

Time would fail to tell of the Duncans, the Stevensons, the Finlays, the Campbells, the Bairds, the Balmanos, and a host of others we need not even mention here, as we shall meet with them again in the course of this narrative; but we may gather up in this place a few of George Burns' reminiscences of those we have named.

Mr. Duncan was Dr. Balfour's son-in-law, and son of the Rev. Mr. Duncan, of Alva parish, near Stirling. My brother, the doctor, married his sister, consequently there was close family intercourse. He was much in society. He once told me he had an introduction to Mr. Bolton, of Bolton and Watt (James Watt), of Birmingham. Mr. Bolton invited him to his country house, and Mr. Duncan, who was then a young man, thanked him for doing so, but said he was sorry to give him any trouble. Mr. Bolton at once replied, 'It will not give me any trouble, but it may my housemaid.' Mr. Duncan said to me, 'George, when any gentleman asks you to visit him, take care not to say anything about the trouble it may give.'

One of my uncles, Captain Allan Stevenson, was at the taking of Martinique in 1786. He retired from the army in order to marry a Hamilton lady. This intention he carried out, and built a house at Hamilton, where he lived for many years. Afterwards he came to Glasgow for a short time, and then went down to Rothesay, where he built a house—the first ever erected in Craigmore, a suburb of Rothesay. At that time juries were made up chiefly of country gentlemen, and it was always my delight, as a young man, when he was summoned, because he then came to my father's house. He was kind and genial, and his war and other stories, and his interesting conversation, had a great charm for me. He, like all others of that class, wore high top-boots.

The brother of Captain Allan Stevenson was also in the army, and he settled in a house of his own in Hamilton. The son of the latter was born on the same day that I was, viz., the 10th of

December, 1795, and, like myself, was named George. I was born in the morning, and he in the afternoon, and I used to say to him, 'You'll take care, George, to understand that I am your senior.' He entered the army as a boy, and it was a great disappointment to me, when I saw him with his uniform on, that I could not enter also. I was very anxious to get in, but I aimed at nothing higher than being a player on the triangle!

Mr. Kirkman Finlay, member for the boroughs of Glasgow, of which there were five, was always very kind to my father, who was intimately acquainted with his father, Mr. James Finlay. My father baptized all Mr. K. Finlay's children. It was customary on the occasion of marriages or baptisms to present the minister with a little compliment, such as a pair of silk gloves for use in the pulpit. On a particular occasion, when my father baptized one of Dr. Cleland's children, he sent him, as a present, a cocked hat, at that time an article of clerical dress among many ministers. My father, however, declined the gift. On another occasion, not in connection with either wedding or baptism, but as an ordinary compliment, Mr. Kirkman Finlay sent him a present of six dozen bottles of claret.

Claret, although formerly drunk in Scotland, had been very much shut out by the Continental wars. My brother Allan, the surgeon, had Dr. Gordon and several other medical men from Edinburgh dining at our house, and as claret was not then so common as it is now, they were enjoying it to their hearts' content, when a note was handed to my father from Mr. Finlay, saying that his butler had made a mistake in sending claret instead of port; and, believing that my father would prefer the latter, he sent to suggest an exchange! What happened to the claret drinkers I cannot tell; but, at all events, it served the purpose of raising a good laugh.

I could tell you stories about many old Glasgow families, with some of whom I was familiar in my youth and some in later life. Let me specify one or two. There was Dr. Balmano, for example, after whose name one of the streets in Glasgow is called. He had a sister who was well known in Glasgow, and was famous for her

smartness of intellect and of repartee. On one occasion at a dinner party she sat next to a Mr. Kingham, a man not particularly noted for his love of religion or its observances. In those days a round of toasts was common at the dinner-table, and, what was still more troublesome and perplexing, a round of 'sentiments.' When it came to the sentimental part, Miss Balmano said to Kingham, 'Give me a sentiment.' He said, 'Give "Honest men and bonnie lasses."' She promptly replied, 'No, no; that'll neither suit you nor me.'

Another well-known family was that of the Bairds, the great iron-masters. Two of the brothers were in Parliament. Alexander Baird, commonly called Sandy, had a great deal of mother-wit, and was remarkably quaint and natural in the way in which he made use of it. Upon one occasion he had a party at dinner, including a well-known and respected citizen, the head of a great warehouse, whose name if I gave it would be recognized and esteemed—and Colonel Lockhart of Milton Lockhart, then commanding the 92nd Highlanders, who were quartered in Glasgow, the brother of John Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and Editor of the *Quarterly Review*—sons of the Rev. Dr. Lockhart, for nearly fifty years minister of the Blackfriars Church in Glasgow.

Colonel Lockhart was a remarkably courteous man, and very polite according to the old school of manners. Mr. Baird was a bachelor, and in the drawing-room, when dinner was announced, he asked Colonel Lockhart to go out first; but the colonel demurred. 'No, no,' he said, '*Seniores priores.*' Mr. Baird's reply was, 'Na, na; warriors before weavers!'

On another occasion, when Mr. Baird was one of a party at dinner in a friend's house, while he was having his great-coat taken off in the hall, his arrival was announced, one of the servants calling to another, 'Mr. Baird,' and the other servants repeating it on the different landings of the stairs, so as to announce his name in the drawing-room. On hearing his name being repeated, and thinking that the flunkeys were hailing him to come up the stairs, Sandy called out, 'Haud yer whisht; I'm comin' as fast as I can!'

We must not lose sight of George Burns in the midst of his own and his father's friends, but this somewhat digressive chapter will perhaps assist the reader to understand more clearly his subsequent history and his personal surroundings.

CHAPTER IV.

STARTING IN LIFE.

IN the year 1812, at the age of seventeen, George Burns made his preparatory start in mercantile life in the office of the New Lanark Cotton Spinning Company. This Company was originated by good old David Dale, "the benevolent magistrate of Glasgow," and was afterwards carried on by his son-in-law, Robert Owen, of socialistic memory, and other gentlemen (who did not, however, share his views), among them being Mr. Allen, the well-known druggist of Plough Court, London.

George Burns was placed in the Company's office under Mr. John Wright, an eminently Christian man belonging to Dr. Balfour's congregation. During his father's life John Wright was distinguished in Glasgow by the affix "Junior," which he only dropped when he was himself quite an old man. He was exceptionally active in business, in works of charity, in social organisations, and in Church matters. He was the fugle-man of the Volunteer Rifle Corps, an Elder of the Church, a President

of the Magdalen Asylum, as well as one of the keenest men on 'Change.

Between him and his young assistant there soon sprang up a warm friendship, which lasted till death carried away Mr. Wright. George often used to say, "I owe him a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid." And seventy-two years after the day when he entered Mr. Wright's office, he wrote to one of his sons: "You express the truth when you say your much loved and eminently Christian father was kind to me. He was truly a father, both in promoting my temporal and spiritual well-being."

When George Burns commenced business-life he did not, as too many do, drop his studies, but continued them in his leisure hours—not as tasks, but as recreation. He was addicted to chemical experiments and scientific pursuits generally, and was much interested in electricity. He studied during a regular course of lectures under Dr. Thomas Thomson, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow.

A few reminiscences of this period of his life will throw light upon the times in which he lived.

I had a large electrical cylinder, but when I heard that there was to be a public sale of scientific instruments, and other articles belonging to a gentleman who I knew had in his collection a fine plate, a disc, and a very handsome electrical machine, I set my heart upon being the possessor of those treasures. I made a bid for the disc at the auction, but I was opposed by Dr. (Professor) Andrew Ure on the part of the Andersonian Institution, or, as it is now called, Anderson's College. Professor Anderson was of the Glasgow University, and was most desirous to popularise scientific knowledge. By his will he appointed various chairs in the Institution; amongst others, one of Divinity, to which my father was nominated professor—but this, and many others, never came into operation. Andrew Ure, however, was Professor of Natural History and Chemistry, and was a very popular lecturer in the Andersonian Institution. Although so young, I was very intimate with him. I had a little money at this time from salary which I received from my employer, Mr. Wright; but Ure's purse being heavier than mine, he obtained the disc.

George Burns never lost his love for science, and one of his great delights in after life was to attend, with his wife, Faraday's lectures at the Royal Institution.

The introduction of gas into Glasgow was on this wise:—

When I was in Mr. Wright's office, I became acquainted with two young men named Hart. They were bakers, and sons of a baker in Alston Street. They became eminent for their scientific attainments, and I was a frequent visitor at their bakehouse. Their mode of drawing diagrams was very simple—they took a handful of flour and spread it over the counter or table, and then marked out the figure upon it they wished to describe.

They were foremost in Glasgow in their discoveries in gas and its applications. Gas was at that time quite unknown for illuminating purposes. They obtained permission from the magistrates to light up the face of the clock in the steeple of the Trongate in the front street outside the Tron Church (in which Dr. Chalmers afterwards preached), the entrance to the church being through what was called a Pen Close, that is an arched entrance. Their mode of applying the light was to throw it upon the dial from an arm on which a globe was suspended. That was the only gas light then in

Glasgow, and the Tron steeple continues to be illuminated in that same way.

From the first, George Burns showed a decided aptitude for business, and applied himself to it diligently. If ever he was tempted to shirk it, it was not from idleness, but from an intense and irresistible love of seeing everything that was going on in the world. In after life he was described, by one who knew him well, as an "inveterate sight-seer." But he was not a sight-seer in the ordinary sense of the word—it was with him a craving for knowledge and experience.

He tells us how this love of "seeing what was going on" sometimes nearly led him into difficulties.

On one occasion I was sent by Mr. John Wright to the office of Messrs. John Campbell, Sen., & Co., with some bills to get signed. Buchanan Street being far west from St. Andrew's Square (Wright's), but in the immediate neighbourhood of Alston Street, I found my way into Harts' bakery to see how they were getting on with their gas. I stayed a long while, with the bills in my pocket. On finding my way back to St. Andrew's Square, I innocently delivered the bills to Mr. Wright, who asked me what had kept me so long in returning. I told him the truth straightforwardly, and assisted him to discover that I had omitted to get the bills signed. He gave me an admonition on the occasion which I never forgot—that while the acquirement of knowledge was a very useful thing, I should, in future, consider duty and convenience before staying away so long again.

Much of George Burns' work was at first in connection with the banks, and some of his recollections are amusing. He remembered the well-known and somewhat eccentric banker, Robert Carrick—familiarly called "Robin" by his friends—a shrewd man, by no means averse to a good bargain. He purchased a great deal of property in Lanarkshire called Drumpellier; and when his friends spoke of him as "daft" to speculate upon such a dreary and barren-looking place, Robin would look out at the corners of his eyes and say sagaciously, "The value doesn't lie upon the surface." Mineralogy was not of much account in those days—but Robert Carrick knew enough of it to make that property yield a very handsome lordship to his heir, Carrick Buchanan of Drumpellier.

Mr. Carrick, despite his wealth, was frugal in all his ways. A friend once said to him that his dress was getting old, and advised him to renew it. His reply was, "Everybody knows me here, so it doesn't matter what I wear." When he was in London, his friend met him again, and made a similar observation. He answered, "Nobody knows me here, so, you see, it really doesn't matter what I wear"!

As a youth, George Burns was often sent to Carrick's bank, where he generally succeeded in getting some amusement, if not out of the banker, at least out of his cashier, a tall, gaunt, unkempt man, who, as the clock struck twelve, would rise from his desk and stalk across Argyle Street to a public-house on the opposite side of the way, where he slowly and silently drank a glass of whiskey,

which he called his "meridian." Having finished that ceremony, he solemnly walked across the street and settled down at his desk, generally without having uttered a word since he left it.

Young Burns was on a very friendly footing with his employer, who asked him to take under his charge the subscriptions for the Magdalen Asylum, and thus awakened in him an interest in a valuable institution over which, at a future day, he was to be a Vice-President, and to continue in that office to the end of his days. Sometimes Mr. Wright asked him to his house.

On one occasion I met at dinner there the celebrated Dr. Hamil, a Russian gentleman, who was sent to Great Britain by the Russian Government to obtain every information that might be useful to propagate in that country. I remember Dr. Hamil saying that he learned the English language in print, chiefly on his passage from the Neva to the Thames, the passages being long in those days; and he said, 'When I forget a word' (striking his hand on his head), 'I poonish, poonish, poonish, till I recover it!' Shortly after his arrival in Scotland, a gentleman asked him to come to his house and take 'Pot Luck.' He did not know what that meant, but taking his dictionary and putting the two words together, he shrewdly made out that it meant an easy family dinner.

Although from his childhood George Burns had lived in the constant atmosphere not of religious words only, but of "pure and undefiled religion," and had been surrounded by "serious" people, it was not until he was advancing towards young manhood that any deep religious convictions impressed him. He

seemed to care for nothing but play, and every kind of fun and nonsense; and when at last it was said that "George Burns had become serious," Dr. Balfour, who knew him well, expressed the utmost surprise.

Referring to a period shortly prior to this, Mr. Burns says:—

Before I was impressed with religious feelings, it was necessary, as was customary, that I should attend 'the preachings' in the city, which occurred at the alternate half-year to the period of the sacrament in the Barony Church.

I was allowed to choose what church I would go to. I always chose St. George's for the Sacramental Monday, because invariably Mr. Forrest, minister of Port Glasgow, preached, and as invariably from the same text—'*Behould* I come quickly, I come quickly,' and his introduction was always the same: 'I will treat this subject with as much brevity as is consistent with perspicuity.' Certainly he succeeded in brevity, which was the charm for me.

When the period in his spiritual history arrived in which he felt it to be his duty, no less than his privilege, to "publicly acknowledge himself to be upon the Lord's side," it came about in the simplest and most natural manner. We give the narrative of the "crisis," as it is called, in his own words:—

Dr. Dickson, of Edinburgh, at the time of my father's Communion service, was one of his minister-visitors, and preached in the Barony Church either on Thursday, the Fast-day, or on Saturday, the day of preparation. Well, I became strongly impressed with the desire to join in the communion, and on Saturday evening I went to my father and expressed my wish to him. He said he was sorry that

I had not mentioned it earlier, in order that my name might have been enrolled in the communion list by the Session, but he would be very glad to see me at the Lord's Table. After that period I began to take up with various religious institutions, and particularly with the Sunday Union Society, which was then the equivalent of the Young Men's Christian Association of to-day. The first thing, after I became seriously alive to religious feeling, that set me to work in earnest, was the text, 'Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.'

One of the chief movers in the Sunday Union Society was Mr. Wardlaw—nephew of the celebrated Dr. Ralph Wardlaw—an agreeable young man, and a pleasant companion of George Burns. The Wardlaws were a power in Glasgow at that time. The brother of Dr. Wardlaw was sub-Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*—a man exceedingly fond of a joke, as the following incident will show:—

Samuel Hunter was Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*—which at that time was published only twice a week, Mondays and Fridays, at two o'clock. It was his habit, when everything was prepared and out of hand for the Friday issue, to take a run down to Rothesay for a holiday until Monday. He was a very pronounced Tory. On one occasion Mr. Wardlaw substituted a leading article, conceived in an utterly Radical spirit, for one written strongly in the interests of the opposite party. Wardlaw had only a single copy printed, which he posted to Hunter at Rothesay. When Hunter read the article, he was at first wild and disconcerted, then greatly perturbed, almost doubting his own sanity. So he sped back to Glasgow, post haste, only to find that he had been the victim of a practical joke.

Hunter was himself very much given to a display of dry, pungent humour, and an occasional practical joke, and Mr. Wardlaw did but pay him back old scores in his own coin.

Religious work in those times was performed under greater difficulties than in the present. Says George Burns:—

About the year 1816 I was Treasurer of the 'Penny-a-Week North-West District Society,' in aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and collected in *pennies* upwards of £400 a year. This brought me into connection with the Auxiliary Society in Glasgow, and my father, according to my wish and of his own willing mind, attended the annual meeting of the Auxiliary Society. On the platform there were none but Dissenting ministers, except himself, and at that meeting *he spoke*, which was a marvellous display of liberality for those days. That same evening my father and I dined at Mr. John Duncan's, who had married the daughter of Dr. Balfour, at that time leading Evangelical minister in Glasgow; and well I remember, when I entered the drawing-room with my father, how Dr. Balfour put his hands behind his back and said to the Barony minister, 'I don't think I can shake hands with you to-day. You have been away at a public meeting with the Dissenters, and have spoken there!'

But Dr. Burns was, as we have already said, a man far in advance of his age. About this time Dr. Wardlaw, Independent Minister, was delivering at the little church in Albion Street his famous "Sermons on the Socinian Controversy," in reply to one, "On the grounds of Unitarian Dissent," which had been preached by Mr. Yates at the opening of the Unitarian Chapel in Glasgow. George Burns frequently attended the ministry of Dr. Wardlaw, whom he knew intimately; and he heard with infinite pleasure the whole of the sermons on Socinianism. Dr. Burns, being free on Sunday evenings, and

having no sympathy with sectarian prejudices, also attended on several occasions. "I remember one evening," says George Burns, "when he was admitted through the vestry into the crowded church, and could only get a seat on the steps of the pulpit. Dr. Wardlaw seeing him there, beckoned to him to come in beside him; but my father was too modest to accept." This incident, simple in itself, has a pleasant significance, for it shows that good men in the early years of the century, though belonging to different sections of the Church, were knit together in the bonds of a sympathy that went much deeper than their ecclesiastical differences. Another incident of those days is thus given by Mr. Burns:—

> Albion Street was very narrow, and terminated in a through-going close. It was under repair, and near to Dr. Wardlaw's church was placed a lamp-post with a notice, 'No passage this way!' Dr. Wardlaw's brother, the humorous journalist, at a late hour one Saturday night, added, 'For Independents,' that all going to his brother's church in the morning might read it!

In 1813, the year after George Burns entered Mr. Wright's office, there came a great sorrow into the family. Allan Burns, after his return from Russia, resolved to occupy the place of his brother John, who had discontinued his lectures on surgery and anatomy. He soon became highly popular with his pupils: his demonstrations were admirable; he had the happy art of making the most abstruse subjects plain, and the driest subjects full of interest. But he

had a higher ambition than to rest his fame on oral lectures, limited and evanescent. Already his brother John had published several medical works, chiefly on diseases of women and children, and they had met with marked success. Allan, therefore, determined to give the fruits of his studies in a series of contributions to the literature of his profession. His first work, "Observations on some of the most frequent and important Diseases of the Heart," was published in 1809; the second, published in 1812, was "On the Surgical Anatomy of the Head and Neck."

Both of these works made their mark, not only in Britain but on the Continent, and a career of unusual professional distinction was opening up to him—when serious illness supervened, arising from a puncture received while dissecting. So early as 1810 his health had begun to give way, and though he continued to lecture for two years afterwards, it was with great difficulty and pain.

John Burns had much more pronounced views on religious questions than his brother Allan, and often urged upon him, in letters full of exquisite tenderness and burning earnestness, the need and privilege of personal consecration to God. The following letter from Allan, with a note affixed after his death by John, gives at once a glimpse of brotherly affection and of Christian zeal:—

> DEAR JOHN,—I have read your letter with care, and cordially agree in its contents. But for the present I have made up my mind

not to partake of the sacrament, not from being influenced by any of the considerations which you notice, but simply because I am not satisfied that my sentiments will permanently remain such as they are at present. If they continue the same till the next dispensation of the Lord's Supper, I will then assuredly follow your advice, for which I sincerely thank you.

Yours affectionately,

ALLAN BURNS.

[NOTE.—This was received in November, 1812, and my brother died 24th of June, 1813. His sentiments did remain permanent, and he fell asleep in the joyful assurance of salvation through Jesus, declaring that Satan, who struggled hard to have his soul, should not prevail, and before he became insensible, cried out that now he had clearer views than ever. JOHN BURNS.

June 26, 1813.]

Dr. Wardlaw was of great spiritual service to Allan Burns on his death-bed, and this became an additional bond of union between himself and the Burns family.

But there was a new light soon to break in upon Glasgow, and how George Burns rejoiced in that light we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

WITH DR. CHALMERS.

ON the 30th of March, 1815, the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, of Kilmany, preached his first sermon in Glasgow, a few months prior to his admission as Minister of the Tron Church. Among his hearers was George Burns, who fell at once under the potent spell of the great preacher.

One of Chalmers' earliest sermons was from the words "I am not mad;" it was a vindication of his past, a pledge and a prophecy of his future, and it made a deep impression on the mind of George Burns. Commencing, as was his wont, in a low, monotonous key, neither attractive nor solemn, with a voice somewhat harsh but not strong, using occasional gestures which were rude and awkward, and speaking with "a pronunciation not only broadly national but broadly provincial, distorting almost every word he uttered with some barbarous novelty," * there was nothing to indicate the power and the genius of the man. Nor did the pale, unemotional, plain face,

* Hanna's "Life of Dr. Chalmers."

with its broad and prominent cheek-bones, and large half-closed eyelids, betoken the magical influence the great champion of the Evangelical revival was to wield. But as he warmed into his subject, burst himself free from all conventional fetters, and threw himself out upon his theme, the face and figure of the man were transfigured; his voice lost much of its harshness, and his gestures seemed the natural complement of his words as the glories of his eloquence poured forth—electrifying all who heard him.

Shortly after this he preached from the text, "Brethren, pray for us," a sermon full of earnest Christian zeal, of tender and of passionate pathos, in startling contrast to those he had hitherto preached, using words of affection so softly that,

> "Like flakes of feathered snow,
> They melted as they fell."

From that day forth the allegiance of George Burns was won: he had found in the minister a man after his own heart, whom he could admire and love, and under whose leadership he could work "with both hands, earnestly." Soon there sprang up between the great preacher and the young man of business a close intimacy, and a love strong as death.

Dr. Chalmers lived in the closest friendship with men much younger than himself. Of James Anderson, who was ten years his junior, he wrote, "I have never encountered a more vigorous intellect than his;" Thomas Smith, the first-fruits spiritually of his ministry in Glasgow, with whom he had formed such a singular attachment, was but a youth; while George Burns was fifteen years the junior of Chalmers, Burns being in his twentieth year and Chalmers in his thirty-fifth.

In the course of years some hundreds of letters passed between these two, but unfortunately they have been mislaid or destroyed, and we must content ourselves, therefore, by weaving together into as complete a narrative as may be, the fragmentary recollections of long-later years.

At the time of Dr. Chalmers' settlement in Glasgow, it was the custom for the eight parish ministers to preach in rotation at the Tron Church on Thursday in each week. It had come to be a poor, lifeless affair; sometimes not more than ten or a dozen old people attending the service. But on Thursday, the 23rd of November, 1815, the "duty" devolved upon Dr. Chalmers, who delivered on that occasion the first of his famous series of "Astronomical Sermons." The church was crammed to excess, the interest was intense, the whole affair was utterly novel.

As George Burns came out of the church, on the day when the first sermon of the series was preached, he was able to give attention to the people who had composed the congregation, and he was struck to find that many of them were the most unlikely he would have expected to see—rich and poor, learned and illiterate, religious and profane, all had flocked together to the church that day.

As he stood, he chanced to overhear a short conversation between two old women. "Hey," said one, "but he was bonnie on the staurs (stars) the day." "I daur say," answered the other, "and it was a braw sermon, but I didna understand what he meant, but I'se warrant he kent a' aboot it himsel'!"

"The spectacle," says Dr. Hanna, "which presented itself in the Trongate upon the day of the delivery of each new astronomical discourse, was a most singular one. Long ere the bell began to ring, a stream of people might be seen passing through the passage which led into the Tron Church. Across the street, and nearly opposite to this passage, was the old reading-room where all the Glasgow merchants met. So soon, however, as the gathering, quickening stream on the opposite side of the street gave the accustomed warning, out flowed the occupants of the coffee-room; the pages of the *Herald* or the *Courier* were for a while forsaken, and during two of the best business hours of the day the old reading-room wore a strange aspect of desolation."

Many merchants not only left their desks in those days, but allowed their clerks to do the same, and George Burns attended every lecture of the series extending from November, 1815, to December, 1816.

When Dr. Chalmers settled in Glasgow, he was revolving vast schemes in his mind. At first he had determined "to establish it as a doctrine that the

life of a town minister should be what the life of a country minister might be, that is, a life of intellectual leisure with the *otium* of literary pursuits, and his entire time disposable to the purposes to which the apostles gave themselves wholly, that is, the ministry of the word and prayer." But when he found himself in times all out of joint, in a parish with a population of from eleven to twelve thousand souls; in the midst of appalling ignorance and appalling poverty, with pauperism—which he hated—abounding everywhere, and charity recklessly and harmfully administered, he determined to make war against the existing state of things.

Chalmers was a firm believer in every member of a church taking part in church work, instead of throwing the whole burden upon the shoulders of the minister. Hitherto the chief duties of the elders had consisted in standing by a plate at the church door to receive contributions, distributing them to the poor, and occasionally visiting the sick. Henceforth not for elders only, but for every member of the church and congregation whom he could rouse to a sense of responsibility, he was ready to organize work and assign a position.

Foremost among his efforts was the establishment of a comprehensive system of Sabbath Evening Schools, to counteract in some degree the deplorable ignorance he had discovered among the young people of the wynds and alleys.

He invited a few picked members of his congrega-

tion to form themselves into a society for the purpose of establishing such schools in various districts of his parish, and on the 3rd of December, 1816, the first of these schools was opened in Campbell Street with thirteen in attendance. Fresh schools soon followed, and within two years twelve hundred children were under religious instruction. Monthly meetings of the teachers were held, at which the Doctor was always present; and at one of the first it was arranged that there should be no set form of teaching, but that each teacher should, within certain necessary limits, have full liberty to work according to his own ways and methods.

George Burns was one of the first to enrol himself as a teacher, and for many years, and long after he was married, he continued his labours in the Sunday schools.

It was a different matter to be a Sunday-school teacher in those days than it is in these. Now, the institution is popular, but it was not so then. It was a "revolutionary innovation," and was looked upon by some coldly and with suspicion; by others it was sneered at and ridiculed; by many it was violently opposed. Some professed to regard it as interfering with the proper domestic training of the young; others, that the whole thing was born of conceit and pride, and that laymen were usurping functions which should only be performed by the clergy; while many lifted up their hands in horror at the terrible amount of fanatical piety which was being fostered!

From the platform and the pulpit Dr. Chalmers vigorously defended the Sunday-school system and the Sunday-school teachers, who, through evil and good report, worked on zealously.

Dr. Chalmers, as we have said, chose for his intimate friends young men with highly intellectual endowments or special spiritual graces. No sooner had he commenced those mighty enterprises which were to create a moral revolution not only in Glasgow, but, by the force of their influence, throughout Scotland and in some degree throughout the world, than he took into his innermost confidence, to aid him with their counsel and their prayer, young George Burns and, though considerably older, Peter Gilfillan, a writer (lawyer), and a man of good position, great ability and warm Christian zeal. These two Dr. Chalmers selected to meet with him every Saturday evening for conference, and to pray for success on the following Sunday in the church and in the schools. Dr. Chalmers proposed that the meeting-place should be in Mr. Gilfillan's house, where they would be less liable to interruption than in his own, and that the fact of their meeting should not be made known, as he wished to confine it to that inner circle of three.

In all the movements of those eventful times, therefore, George Burns stood at the heart of things, and in the incidents which we shall now proceed to relate, we come into very close contact with the prime movers.

In January, 1817, the year when Dr. Chalmers'

"Astronomical Sermons" were running a race with Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of my Landlord," and twenty thousand copies of the book were in circulation within a year—"the first volume of sermons which fairly broke the lines that had separated too long the literary from the religious public"—the great Scottish preacher appeared for the first time in a London pulpit.

Dr. Chalmers was asked to London to preach the anniversary sermon of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Gilfillan went along with him, and I (says George Burns) was very sad to be left behind; not only because I delighted to accompany Dr. Chalmers, but also because I had not at that time seen London, and could not afford either the time or the money. When the Doctor was in London, every attention was paid to him, and he was invited to the houses of some of the greatest in the land, where there was generally a large number of the higher classes to meet him. On this particular occasion he was staying in the house of William Wilberforce, and while there he was invited to dine at the house of a nobleman, where, among the guests to meet him, was the late Bishop Philpotts,* of Exeter, who was remarkable for his cordiality and

* "The Bishop of Worcester," said George Burns, in parenthesis, when narrating the above, "was Philpot, whilst he of Exeter was Philpotts, and the Bishop of Exeter used to call Worcester 'my singular brother.'" On the occasion of a great meeting of the Bishops for conference upon some ecclesiastical question, Villiers, then recently appointed to the bishopric of Carlisle, found, on the breaking up of the meeting, that the Bishop of Exeter was, with great difficulty, struggling to put on his great-coat. Villiers kindly assisted him, and the Bishop of Exeter, in his well-known courteous way, thanked him and said, 'If you live to be as old as I

politeness. Dr. Chalmers was led up to be introduced to him, a row of magnates being on either side, in the drawing-room. The Bishop said a number of complimentary things, and the Doctor, making a very low bow, said in reply, in the broadest provincial accent, 'You're very discreet,* my lord.'

Although it was a great disappointment to George Burns not to be able to accompany Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Gilfillan to London, he had the gratification of hearing from them an account of all that took place—how the Surrey Chapel was crowded at seven o'clock in the morning, although the service did not commence till eleven; how thousands were turned away from the doors for want of room; how old Rowland Hill stood at the foot of the pulpit during the whole service—the sermon alone occupied an hour and a-half; and how good Dr. Burder—the founder of the Religious Tract Society—sat among the two or three hundred ministers for whom seats in the gallery had been reserved, mopping the perspiration from his brow!

On this visit Dr. Chalmers was also accompanied by Mr. John Smith, his publisher, of whom and his family George Burns says:—

I well remember old Mr. Smith, bookseller in Hutcheson Street, the father of John, who afterwards became publisher. He had a circulating library, and was the chief man in Glasgow as a book-

am, I shall be very happy if I can assist you.' Villiers immediate exclaimed, with a significantly jocular air, 'Oh, you mean to come back to us then!'

* "Discreet," in Scotch acceptation, means very kind and civil.

seller. He was a most gentlemanly person, and had a powdered head, as was customary in those days. He was a very orderly man, and went upstairs punctually at six o'clock every evening to take tea. One of my uncles Stevenson was intimate with him, and one afternoon went into his shop to have a 'crack,' and to show him a pair of handcuffs, a recent invention. Mr. Smith asked how they were used. 'Hold out your hands,' said my uncle, 'and I will show you.' Mr. Smith did so, and allowed himself to be shackled by the wrist. They continued talking for some time, but my uncle mischievously slipped out of the shop just before six o'clock. Poor Mr. Smith was sadly disconcerted lest any one should come into the shop to find him in such a ludicrous plight.

Mr. Smith had two sons. Thomas, the one to whom Dr. Chalmers was so devotedly attached, and who died early, was the younger, and with him I was not acquainted. The elder son, John, I knew very well. He continued his father's business, and removed to St. Vincent Street, where he added to it the function of publisher. Dr. Chalmers was very intimate with him also, and he published some of Dr. Chalmers' earliest works; but afterwards Dr. Chalmers' brother Charles entered into partnership with William Collins as publisher, and issued the Doctor's works. Collins was one of Dr. Chalmers' Elders, and father of the present Sir William Collins, who received the honour of knighthood when Lord Provost of Glasgow.

It was when Dr. Chalmers was in London on this visit that he became acquainted with James Montgomery, the Moravian and poet. From him Chalmers heard of the struggles of the poor congregations of Moravians—that estimable body of Christians—to raise among themselves sufficient funds to maintain their missionary establishments, commenced and carried on with so much zeal and heroism, in Greenland, Labrador, North and South America,

South Africa, the Danish West Indian Islands, and elsewhere. In the course of his remarks, Montgomery happened to say that "in the good providence of God they received liberal help from the friends of other Evangelical denominations;" whereupon Chalmers said, "I mean to raise £500 for the Brethren's Mission this year." Immediately upon his return to Glasgow he set to work, with the result that nearly £600 was raised. Early in the following year (February 5, 1818) the Glasgow Auxiliary to the Moravian Missions was formed, the chief burden of which fell to the lot of Mr. James Playfair, whose son still represents the work in Glasgow. James Playfair and his wife were the most intimate friends of George Burns, and it was at their house he first met James Montgomery. Dr. Balfour was the first president of the Auxiliary Society, and George Burns was one of a large committee of forty members, and a secretary. He never through life lost his interest in this Auxiliary Society, of which he became the treasurer, and the sole survivor of those who originally constituted the executive. He received and read the whole of the Society's "Proceedings," and had them carefully bound; he came in contact with James Montgomery and the elder Latrobe, for both of whom he entertained the highest regard and esteem. Almost the first of the noble band of men who had to relinquish the position they had taken up in this excellent cause was Dr. Balfour, the President, and one of

the most eminent of the ministers of Glasgow. On the 13th of October in the following year (1818) he was taken ill when walking, and in thirty-six hours died, in the seventy-first year of his age and the fortieth of his ministry, "a man greatly beloved."

In November, 1817, when Dr. Chalmers was taking a little well-earned rest at Kilmany, the Princess Charlotte died, and one morning, when he was on his way to preach to his old parishioners, a letter was handed to him, announcing that the magistrates of Glasgow had intimated that the day of the royal funeral would be observed with all due solemnity and ceremony, and requesting him to return and occupy the pulpit of the Tron Church on the appointed day. This demand irritated Dr. Chalmers not a little, and in his reply he said, "It is a shocking place — Glasgow, and I never knew what it was yet to have an excursion from it without something being sent after me." However, the momentary irritation soon gave way to loyal and tender feeling, and in the little country inn where he was staying he wrote a powerful sermon from the text, "When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness."

On the day after its delivery, the *Sentinel*, a Radical paper under the editorship of Mr. Prentiss, distorted a passage, of broadest and most general application, as specifically directed against the supporters of the existing Government, and belauded Chalmers for coming over to the Radical side.

> Immediately after the publication of the article (says George Burns) I went to Chalmers' house, Kensington Place, Sauchiehall Street, to take tea with him; I found him pacing up and down the room abstractedly, with his cup in his hand. Mrs. Chalmers was there, looking on anxiously. He evidently had something weighing on his mind. Abruptly grasping a pair of candles, and calling me aside, he took me to his bedroom, where he put first one foot on one hob of the fire, and then one on the other, and burst out into a roar, 'Oh—oh! oh! that I should be surrounded by the hosannas of the Whigs!'

Acting upon the advice of George Burns and another friend, the sermon, notwithstanding the fact that it had been hastily prepared, was published verbatim, and it was a complete vindication of any intention to make a specific political allusion. But Dr. Chalmers was a long time before he could recover from his annoyance "that he should be thought capable of abusing so sacred an occasion by making the pulpit a vehicle of political invective."

George Burns was at this time a very frequent visitor at the house of Dr. Chalmers, who was a capital companion, and whose ordinary table-talk was full of interest. He was very fond of bright and cheerful conversation enlivened with anecdotes. These he could tell well, and many that, on repetition, seem to lack point, do so because they want the heartiness and vehemence of manner in

which he told them. For example, George Burns says:—

Dr. Chalmers once told me a story of a minister in Fife. He preached in a country place where it was the custom for the farmers to be followed by their dogs, and the dogs went into the church. One Sunday there was a stout man sitting in the front loft (gallery); he wore an obvious wig, and was accompanied by a dog which placed his paws on the gallery rail. The man had come in late, had been walking fast, and was extremely hot. He took off his wig to wipe away the perspiration, and in absence of mind put his wig on the head of the dog. The effect was so ludicrous that the minister was greatly discomfited.

There was great familiarity between the pulpit and the pew in my early days. Chalmers once told me a story of a minister who was preaching in a country parish church, when the beadle struck in, in the midst of his discourse, 'There's a lady's nurse wanted at once; if there's any one here, she's to come out.'

A well-known man in Glasgow, who was also much in society, was Frederick Adamson, the son of a minister in Fife, and who, like myself, was a constant attendant at the Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Society of the Sons of Ministers at the Black Bull Inn. On one occasion Dr. Chalmers, Frederick Adamson, myself and others, were dining at the house of my brother, the doctor. Dr. Chalmers told many curious things connected in the old times with the 'reading of the line' in singing the Psalms. It was the custom to give out one line of the psalm at a time, thus—

'That man hath perfect blessedness.'

The congregation then took it up, and sang it, generally unmusically. Many attempts were made by the ministers of the day to get the custom abolished, as, owing to the advanced state of education, it was no longer necessary. A minister in Fife, whose name I do not remember, proposed to do away with the obnoxious custom, and urged upon his congregation the arguments generally employed in

such attempts. One day he announced that the precentor would go on with the singing without reading the line. The minister, as usual, read out the first two lines of the psalm, when the precentor began to do his duty; but a little rebellious feeling broke out in various parts of the church, some of the people repeating the line, and afterwards singing it themselves. On hearing this, Frederick Adamson struck in and said, 'Mr. Chalmers' (he had not then been made D.D.), 'your friend did not find that the *lines* had that day fallen unto him in pleasant places!'

Another story was told of Dr. Balfour, who, in an attempt to abolish the use of the line, met with considerable opposition from the old people of his congregation, one of whom came to him with her objections. He asked for her reasons, and she said that giving out the line and singing it afterwards 'gusted her gab,' *i.e.*, gave a relish. Some time after that a music tune was used in singing the psalms, in which the last line of the verse was repeated three times. The same woman returned to Dr. Balfour with a remonstrance that this was even worse than taking away the reading of the line. Dr. Balfour said, 'But it gusts *my* gab: do you remember that, my good woman?'

James Burns used to say to his brother, "Don't you think, George, it is somewhat disrespectful of you, seeing that our father is minister of the Barony Church, to go and hear Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Wardlaw, and others, and leave the church in which you should take the greatest interest?" "My father," says George, "came to hear of this, and he said to James, 'I am very well pleased for George to go anywhere, so long as he hears and receives the gospel.'"

Between Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Burns of the Barony there was the most cordial friendliness, and

the following letter indicates the feeling of both with regard to the good work in which George was engaged :—

GLASGOW, KENSINGTON PLACE, *Oct.* 10, 1818.

DEAR DR. BURNS,—It quite escaped me, yesterday, to remind you of our Fast-day on Thursday, the 29th of October, being Thursday fortnight, and to request that, as usual, you would preach for me in the afternoon. If I had had an opportunity, I think I could have gladdened a father's heart by testifying what I feel and know of the Christian worth of your son, Mr. George. He is of the greatest service to me in particular, and I am sure is doing much good for me in various departments of usefulness.

Believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

THOMAS CHALMERS.

A glimpse of George Burns in his "various departments of usefulness" is given in some extracts from the diary of Dr. Chalmers, published in his "Life" by Dr. Hanna :—

Thursday, August 20th.— . . . Walked a little with Professor B.; then called on George Burns about some parish business; then ran to Mr. Smith's bath (and so on).

Saturday, August 22nd.—Rose about half-past six. Composed. Had Mr. George Burns, Mr. Ramsay, a Sabbath-school teacher, Mr. Gilfillan, and a younger brother from South America, to breakfast with me. Went after breakfast with Messrs. Burns and Ramsay to the parish, where I assigned to each a local district, and procured scholars for them. . . . Walked home between eight and nine, and on my arrival found a line from Lord Elgin at the Black Bull, who told me of the arrival of himself and family in Glasgow. . . .

Sunday, August 23rd.— . . . When Lady Elgin heard of the Sabbath-school expedition, she countermanded an engagement to dine with Mr. McIntosh. . . . We adjourned to George Burns' school in Charlotte Lane, when Lord and Lady Elgin both seemed to be very much gratified. I conducted part of the examination.

In his diary and in his letters, Dr. Chalmers frequently refers to the Monday morning breakfasts to which he used to invite the principal workers of his church, as well as preachers, students, and visitors who were staying over the Sunday in Glasgow. At these breakfasts George Burns was very frequently present, and they were the means of bringing him into contact with famous men of the time, with many of whom, as we shall see hereafter, he contracted life-long friendships.

The year 1818 was a very busy as well as a very critical one in his life. He was throwing himself heart and soul into every form of Christian and philanthropic work, and was thus moulding his character and his tastes into the shapes they were to take permanently, while at the same time he was revolving in his mind how best to employ those peculiar business talents which it was patent to every one he possessed.

A great impetus had also been given to his life from another quarter. Frequently as he had been visiting in the house of Dr. Chalmers, he had not less frequently been a welcome guest in the house of Dr. Cleland, whose daughter Jeanie had now grown to womanhood. She was young and accomplished, and she and George, who had been early companions,

had now plighted their troth to love and cherish one another till death. "An engagement," said George Burns on one occasion, "is, to my thinking, as binding and as solemn as any marriage vow or ceremony, and Jeanie Cleland was as much the wife of my heart when we were engaged as she ever was."

In tastes, disposition, pursuits, and especially in all matters regarding the spiritual life—which is, after all, *the* life—they were in complete and perfect harmony.

A packet of the letters that passed between them in the early days of their plighted love, lies before the present writer. As they are so very different from the majority of letters written under similar circumstances — being full of high ideals, of a chivalrous sense of honour, and of lofty aspirations —one or two passages may be quoted in this place.

BARONY GLEBE, *Oct.* 31, 1818.

MY DEAR JANE,—If once we were come into closer connection, I am sure it would be our mutual delight to have all things in common, to share with each other in all that was joyous or all that was grievous. I mean not merely that we should feel an identity of interests in the weightier concerns of life, but that it should be carried down to those minuter and almost imperceptible niceties which are too often wrapt in mock mystery when all should be openness and frankness. It is by a simple, unsuspecting reliance on the possession of the affections of each other, shown by an unrestrained communication of all that we could *wish* to reveal, that we are to expect to find our enjoyment and attachment ever on the increase. . . . I know that there must be some things which we could not with propriety tell to each other—but

these form exceptions; for instance, the very next letter which I receive from my friend in Brazil, may contain something of his own private affairs told to me in the confidence of friendship, and consequently neither his letter nor my answer could I show to you without violating the trust of *another* reposed in me. We must often thwart our desire of self-gratification when the interests of a *third* person come to be implicated in our disclosures, but in so far as we are *individually* concerned, we have at all times a right to unbosom ourselves. Let us avail ourselves of this privilege, since each has found in the other a person congenial in feeling and opinion. . . .

How completely and unreservedly he was able to open up his heart to her on all matters of religious difficulty and experience, is shown in the following letter, written while the influences of the engagements of the Sabbath were fresh upon him:—

Monday Forenoon, Nov. 8, 1819.

MY DEAR JANE,— . . . Every sincere Christian feels in his experience that these words of the apostle apply most emphatically to his own case—'the things that I would do I cannot.' The redeeming love of God, when manifested to the heart by the Holy Spirit, engages all the affections most powerfully on the side of duty, and begets an earnest breathing after the possession of a complete heavenly-mindedness; the heart is enlarged, and it is our willing choice to follow out in practice all that is pure and peaceable and praiseworthy, and also to submit, without constraint, to all that is self-denying, when for the glory of Him who hath translated us from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of His dear Son; and, as long as our affections *continue to be actually* interested in the behalf of the performance of that which is required of us, it is evident that we will make a corresponding and advancing progress in its attainment; but it lamentably agrees with our experience that there are periods in our exis-

tence, and these also not of infrequent recurrence, when, instead of advancing, we are actually retrograding from all that is spiritualising in the wisdom that is from above. At such times we may retain the *sense* and *judgment* of what is right, but we have lost the *affection* for what is right, and it is in consequence of this that we let slip the *practice* of what is right. Now from whence arises this perversion and decay of affection, but from excluding from our minds the realising thought of God's redeeming love. It is true that no power short of the omnipotent power of the Holy Ghost can *originate* in the heart such a perception of this love as will gain over the affections to the side of holiness, and it is equally true that no inferior power to His can *perpetuate* and *keep in force* the perception at any subsequent period after its introduction. The *whole*, then, belongs to the Holy Ghost of keeping alive that perception which puts our affections in the right condition for making us to render in our lives a thorough and devoted obedience to the will and authority of God, who has alone the entire right of calling forth the service of all our faculties of body and of mind. The whole of this belongs to the Holy Ghost to accomplish; but this forms no excuse for our losing the maintained accomplishment of the necessary perception. Why? Because although to Him belongs the necessity of keeping alive the perception—to us belongs the necessity of having the wish to have it kept alive. He must *work the work*, but He has promised to do it, if we *desire* to have it done. 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find.' The question respecting the freedom of the will is a most intricate and difficult one, but it is of much practical utility for us to know that, somehow or other, there does exist a connection between *our willing* to have the Holy Spirit to abide in us, and work in us, and His actually doing so. 'Quench not the Spirit,' 'grieve not the Spirit.' This implies that we may grieve and quench the Spirit; we have a power to oppose Him, but that power consists of nothing else than a want of *will* to go along with His suggestions. I have but a minute or two left me, and have therefore no time to follow out this subject, further than to remark the vast importance it is for us

to court the influences of the Spirit by meeting all His suggestions by a ready compliance. We have no power, it is true, of ourselves to do anything to meet His wishes; but power, as well as the Spirit *Himself*, is promised to them who ask it. Now I have just one thing to say in respect of not being able to do the things that we would, and I have to say it in my own person, and from the circumstance which gave rise to the writing of the whole of this letter. Yesterday I felt much. I thought, and I trust I was not wrong when I thought, that I felt the comforting influences and manifestations of this Spirit when engaged at the Communion Table; but I had not long retired, when, willingly enough, I consented to the withdrawing of the perception of the love of God from my mind, which produced the loss both of peace and of spiritual prosperity. Now, what I have to say is this, that, if properly improved, even this may be turned to advantage. Our spiritual falls ought to teach us humility, watchfulness, a constant crying unto the Spirit to keep *ever* present to our mind that perception of the love of Christ which alone will have the power of subduing all our enmity towards God and His holy law, and correcting all our perversity and preventing us from backsliding. My prayer, my dear Jane, is, that you and I may be by the Spirit led to profit much by all our past experiences both of His goodness and of our own unworthiness, and may the God of all grace grant that our connection may prove a sweetness and comfort in spiritual as well as in temporal respects. Through all your difficulties may the Lord lead you, and grant you health of body and health of soul, and may we yet praise Him more and more, whilst in the land of the living, for all His goodness.

My dear Jane,

Believe that I am yours affectionately,

G. BURNS.

Although agreeing with one who long since said that he regarded

"faith and prayers
Among the privatest of men's affairs,"

we venture to give one more excerpt from letters written about this period.

Saturday Forenoon, Nov. 27, 1819.

MY DEAREST JANE,—I make continual mention of you in my prayers. I never hear of a change in your circumstances, but I make it the subject of a supplication on your behalf. I never receive a letter from you, nor write one to you, but I make request for a blessing upon the correspondence. I never read the Word of God, but I plead for a saving, comforting application of its truths to your soul as well as to my own. I scarcely ever omit you even in the most transient approach which I make to the throne of grace. I truly thank you, my beloved, for the blessings you supplicate upon my employments in the Sabbath school; plead also that he who watereth may have his own soul also watered when visiting in the district to which he is attached. . . .

It is difficult, when reading these letters, to realise that the writer was a bright, fresh, and lively young man of twenty-three, full of "go" and entering into all the new experiences of life with extraordinary vigour and enthusiasm. This was one of the most peculiar features of the early life of George Burns, and we shall dwell upon it more fully when tracing the progress of his business career. Although looking much younger than he really was—for strangers took him to be a mere boy—he had, in many spiritual things, "more wisdom than the ancients." This will account for the singularity of his friendship with Dr. Chalmers, and for the kind and affable way in which he was always received by such "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" as Dr.

Balfour, Dr. Love, and a whole host of others on the one hand, while his remarkable shrewdness and capacity for business will, on the other hand, account for his being the counsellor of his father, his elder brothers, and many others, in matters relating to the business of life.

In the quotation we made from the diary of Dr. Chalmers, it will be remembered that reference was made to "Mr. Peter Gilfillan, of South America," who, with George Burns, was wont to spend each Saturday evening in prayer and conference with Dr. Chalmers. Gilfillan gave up the law, for which he had studied, and entering the mercantile firm of his brother James, went out to the house of business in Brazil, where he remained for several years, and subsequently returned to Glasgow, and lived upon the fortune he had acquired. Dr. Chalmers took a deep interest in his welfare, not less for his own sake than for that of his friend George Burns.

A few extracts from Dr. Chalmers' letters to Mr. Peter Gilfillan will throw light upon the movements of the times. On the copy of the letter we proceed to quote, there is a note by George Burns as follows:—

[NOTE.—Mr. Gilfillan requested me, before he went to Bahia, to open and copy all the letters which Dr. Chalmers might address to him, so that in case of any of them miscarrying, I might be able to supply the place of the original by a copy.—G. B.]

Dr. Chalmers to Peter Gilfillan, Esq., Bahia.

GLASGOW, *March* 10, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter, and read it with much feeling, in which Mrs. Chalmers shared. Think not that you ask a great thing of me when you ask me to write; I want to be your regular correspondent, and to exchange every letter I receive from you. You cannot be too particular in your descriptions of yourself; and do you know that, placed as you are in solitude and among strangers, I almost envy the enjoyment of your Sabbaths. God will not forsake those who determinedly hang about Him, and prefer fellowship with Him to the fellowship of His enemies, and keep aloof on His day from the alienations and profligacies of an evil world. He will experimentally convince them that in the comforts of His gracious presence, and in the supplies of light and love from his upper Sanctuary, and in the opening of their heart and understanding to His word, He can convey a peace and a blissfulness that the world cannot understand and cannot take away.

You know that I have often stated the connection which subsists between obedience and spiritual discernment. You not merely perform an act, but maintain a habit of obedience in keeping out from all unworthy and unchristian associations. It is my prayer that, as the result of this, you may experience a habitual manifestation from God; and I can conceive that, aloof as you are from all Christian acquaintance, you may feel more of the power of religion, and see more of its existence, than you ever did in this country. It comes to you in a more direct and unmixed form from heaven itself. You feel the realities of a fellowship with the Father and the Son. You know that intercourse with the unseen world is not a visionary, but a substantial, process. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He lights His candle in the heart of every man that puts his trust in Him.

I have at length published my sermons, and I send you a copy.*

* A handsomely bound copy of these sermons Dr. Chalmers also presented to Mr. Burns, with an inscription.

I can assure you that I feel their leanness, and am quite sensible that I have not attained the spirituality which I see in others. How much further, as for example, is Serles. Have you seen his 'Christian Remembrancer'? If not, let me know, and it will be sent to you.

It was with much feeling that we received your guinea for our Sabbath Schools. The institution flourishes. We have now thirty teachers and upwards of nine hundred children. I am going on with great earnestness in the work of assigning districts to our new teachers. I count it one of the greatest improvements that has taken place, that of giving a local field to each of our teachers. I send you our second Report along with the volume. I expect to be in St. John's by June. I shall get amazingly fond of the parish, I think, if I get all my arrangements carried into effect. Instead of examining the schools on Sabbath evening, which I find too much for me, I propose making a round of them once a year on week nights, subjecting each school in that way to an extra meeting on a week-day evening once in the year.

Mrs. Chalmers has been in a state of general delicacy all this winter; I trust that she is now considerably better. The two children are in great health. Anne is now at the sewing school, and is moving rapidly onwards in her education. You will be happy to hear that, on the whole, my situation is improving. I have great comfort in parochial work. I examined, on a week-day evening lately, Mr. Higgie's school in the Salt-market, whose children a few months ago cut cold potatoes in the school, and played tricks upon asses out of it.* They are considerably transformed since that time, and it was indeed a very wiselike exhibition. I propose to examine soon Mr. Johnstone's school, who, you know, succeeded to your department, and to many of your scholars. I shall not fail to mention you in their hearing. I occasionally see our excellent

* One Sunday, Mr. Higgie was shocked to find a "cuddy" occupying his reading-desk. Dr. Chalmers and George Burns made much fun of the circumstance at poor Higgie's expense.

friend Mr. Burns, and have many spiritual and rich conversations with Mr. Falconer; I suspect that he is on the eve of retiring from business, with the view of devoting himself to the one work of laying up his treasure in heaven. My translation to St. John's will take place in June probably, and though I have not yet carried all my objects, I trust that I shall be able to carry them. You have a place in my prayers, and I crave for a place in yours. Though removed by a great distance from each other, let this bond of connection be perpetuated: let us meet at the footstool of that throne which is over all the earth. In your next letter, inform me of your habits and occupations, and state of mind. The Miss Gilfillans took tea with us lately, and promised to read some interesting particulars when I called;—I have not yet been able to call. I have not heard from Mr. Blyth since he left us; I can get a preacher of more power than him, but I can assure you that I feel the want of his household ministrations. There is a list of preachers, but it is extremely difficult to get one suited at all points to the object I want to put him to.

Mrs. Chalmers and Anne, who are both sitting with me at breakfast, desire their kindest remembrances to you. I do not write you the news of the place, trusting that these will be fully communicated to you by others, though indeed at present there is nothing astir. The prospect of dull times again hangs over us, though Glasgow, I am happy to say, from the more moderate character of her speculations, is suffering less than other places. Let us be spiritually minded, and then we shall have life and peace. Let us have the spirit of strangers and pilgrims, and the hardships of the world will be less felt by us. I crave a letter from you soon, though aware from the letter you sent Mr. Burns that you are greatly occupied.

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS CHALMERS.

(*The above received from Dr. C. by G. B., March* 25, 1819.)

To Peter Gilfillan, Esq.

GLASGOW, *April* 16, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret exceedingly that, from want of time, I cannot possibly write to you as I fully intended to have done along with the copy of Dr. Chalmers' letter which I send you, but in a few days I hope for leisure to accomplish my warm desire of having another communication with one to whom I have always been able to open up my mind fully and freely. Would that that communication were personal instead of epistolary. (Dr. Chalmers' letter, although dated 10th of March, he did not send to me till the 25th.) Let me assure you that with much attachment and regard,

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE BURNS.

On the 26th of August, 1819, Dr. Chalmers entered upon the ministry of St. John's Church, to which he had been elected by the magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow in the preceding year, his parish containing ten thousand operatives alone.

It would be foreign to our purpose to follow him into those magnificent schemes he inaugurated, or to describe the working of that huge machinery which, by virtue of his own vital force, he bore upon his Herculean shoulders. Very briefly, however, we may say that, finding the misery and poverty of Glasgow so great, he devoted his energies, in addition to his pastoral work, to improve the mode of maintaining the poor, and at the same time to obviate compulsory assessment.

When he went to St. John's, in order that he might have freedom in developing his plans, the

Town Council resolved that he should have "a separate, independent, and exclusive management and distribution of the funds which may be raised by voluntary contributions or charitable collections at the door of St. John's for the relief of the poor." Of the way in which he set to work; of his communications with Wilberforce, Matthews, Clarkson, and other philanthropists; of his tour through England to examine Poor Law Administration, we need not enter into particulars here. It is enough to state that the principles and practice advocated by him, not only when he was in Glasgow, but throughout his life, are now acknowledged as the foundation of every Charity Organization Society and kindred association in Great Britain and America.

When Dr. Chalmers left the Tron Church, George Burns followed him to St. John's, to attend his preaching and to take up Sunday-school duties in the Gallowgate.

For a long time previously Glasgow had been in an unsettled state. For successive years the harvests had been deficient; war had been raging on the Continent, stopping the supply of foreign grain; this had been followed, after the Peace of 1815, by a strong and sudden reaction, with the result that the Continental markets were glutted with British exports of all kinds. In 1816 the harvest was the worst that had been known for many years—wheat rose to double its former value; and

in 1817–18 war and famine prices were once more reached. In 1819–20 the times were very troublous, culminating in what was called the Radical War. Great distress ensued among the hand-loom weavers, who in large numbers were thrown out of work. Hungry and unemployed, they and others of the poorer classes, soon fell a prey to the fiery appeals of political demagogues and revolutionary leaders. Want and misery were wide-spread and far reaching; the whole country was in a disaffected state; and from many quarters intelligence came of turbulence and violence among the people.

Everybody was more or less in fear and trembling, and the crisis was, without doubt, one of an alarming character. Civil war of a most deplorable kind—a war of the rich against the poor, of the Government against the people—seemed at one time to be inevitable. In Glasgow there were rumours on every hand of plots and sedition, of fierce marauding attacks on property, of incendiarism and violence, and almost every family had its story to tell of fears and perils.

Here are some of George Burns' reminiscences of the times:—

> In 1819, what was called the Radical War was at its height; and the rioters had a great dislike to all ministers of the gospel. My father, who was one of the mildest of men, had, at that very time, been laboriously engaged in investigating cases, and distributing the Kinloch Fund, a charitable bequest which parish ministers were asked to superintend. I have seen him sitting with a table before

him in the open-air, at the bottom of the outside stair o his house on the Barony Glebe, with a great multitude of people around, undergoing the proper examination to obtain certificates for payment.

The self-denying labours of Dr. Burns were very ill-requited :—

On one day a great mob assembled before the house, hooting and yelling, when suddenly my brother, Dr. John Burns, came galloping up on horseback, and a cry was raised 'The Sheriff! the Sheriff!' It showed how cowardly evil-doers are, for the whole multitude scampered off and fled in all directions.

But the good father of George Burns was not to escape the common lot of the times, as the following portion of a letter to Miss Cleland shows :—

Monday Night [no date].

. . . I have this moment been told by my sister that the town is in a disorderly state at present, and although I cannot but be anxious about your safety, knowing that you must, about this time, pass through the streets on your way home from Miss McArthur's, yet I desire to hope in the mercy of God, trusting that He will protect you. . . .

Tuesday.

I had proceeded thus far with my epistle, when my desire to know something of what was going on in town, led me to stop short in order to satisfy my curiosity by taking a peep at the outskirts of the riotous district. I found everything apparently subsiding gradually into quietness, and returned home again to gossip over what I had seen and heard during my espionage. On my return my father, my sister, James and myself, formed a group around the supper-table, where we continued sitting till between eleven and twelve, engaged

in forming opinions and wise conjectures relating to the events of the evening, and withal congratulating ourselves upon the peace and safety we enjoyed from our being so distant from the scene of confusion, when suddenly crack, crack, went the windows, and all, in an instant, as if by electricity, started from their seats in terror and dismay. There was the aged patriarch, our chief concern, surrounded with a trembling daughter and her helpless children, awakened from their peaceful sleep by the unexpected crash, and there were the maids clustering round, stupefied, and some of them half dead with fear; but although there was certainly much to alarm, there was also such a goodly portion of the ludicrous mixed with the whole scene, that it was almost impossible to refrain from laughter. But ludicrous as the appearance was which the inmates of our house presented, it was nothing to that of the family of the Grants living on the ground-floor below us in the house which my father built. They had all retired to bed, but the shock of the onset made them start simultaneously to the lobby as to a common centre, where they met each other in their night-gowns, pale and shivering like ghosts in their shrouds.

Referring to the attack—which was a severe one, a large mob having assembled and smashed all the windows of the Barony Glebe with stones, besides doing other mischief—Mr. Burns says:—

It so happened that the Saturday of the week on which it occurred, was the evening prayer-meeting held by Dr. Chalmers, Mr. Gilfillan, and myself. I well remember the tender tone in which Dr. Chalmers referred to the attack, but subsequently repeated Psalm x. 4 and 5, with great spirit, especially when he recited the words, 'As for all His enemies, He *puffeth* at them.'

On the removal of Dr. Chalmers to St. John's, Edward Irving was appointed as his assistant. He

appeared upon the scene just when the times were in a most unsettled state, when people went about armed, and sharpshooters paraded the disaffected districts. With a wonderful enthusiasm he threw himself into the midst of the strife, and engaged in the gentle mission of pouring oil upon the troubled waters.

"Irving has no theories of cure on hand; his thoughts do not embrace the polity of nations. He has not contemplated that troubled sea to divine what secret current it is which heaves its billows into storm. He goes down among the crowds which are made of flesh and blood; he stands among them and calls out with courageous tender voice that they are all men like others: men trustful and cordial, kind to himself, open to kindness; whom it behoves their neighbours to treat, not with the cruelty of fear, but 'with tenderness and feeling as well is due,' he adds with manly and touching simplicity, 'when you see people in the midst of nakedness and starvation.'" *

A few of George Burns' reminiscences of this strange, impressive, and large-hearted man, will be read with interest:—

I was intimately acquainted with Edward Irving from the time that he came to Glasgow as assistant to Dr. Chalmers. At that time (about 1819) the Clyde was frozen over for six weeks, and he and I were frequently together upon the ice. Little stoves, with

* "Life of Edward Irving," by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. i. p. 106.

hot coffee for sale, were on the frozen waters. Such a thing now never occurs on the Clyde, in consequence of the deepening of the river carrying off the water with greater rapidity, and the numerous steamers upon it keeping it freer and in fuller circulation. Earlier than that year, I remember well that when the snows were melting in the upper wards of Lanarkshire, the Clyde overflowed its banks and flooded the streets. I saw boats in Stockwell Street, sailing along with provisions to supply the people in the inundated houses.

Irving had a singular facility in finding his way to easy conversation with the working people in Dr. Chalmers' parish. On one occasion he told me it fell to his lot to visit a shoemaker, who turned out to be of a sceptical turn of mind. The shoemaker showed no inclination to admit any conversation, but continued hammering doggedly at his last. Irving paid no attention to this, but began to speak to him of the work in which he was engaged, and asked him if he had heard of an invention which had lately come out in London for connecting, in an improved manner, the double soles of shoes. The shoemaker put down his last, and fell into eager talk upon the subject. Irving had accomplished his purpose, but was too wise to push at that time the real object he had in view; however, he returned again and again to the man, who welcomed him gladly, and was at length eager to speak with him upon religious subjects.*

Irving was physically a powerful man, and in the days when the road to Blackheath was infested with highwaymen, he was walking alone, in the darkening of the evening, to London, when two men who were lurking about seemed inclined to join him. Irving at once penetrated their purpose of doing him some mischief, and, determining to make his presence felt amongst them, he opened up a conversation by saying, 'I see we are all going the same way—to

* A reference to this story is made in Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Irving." Irving was the son of a tanner, and could speak with authority on leather. It was this that won the shoemaker, who said, "He's a sensible man, yon: he kens aboot leather!"

London I suppose; let us shake hands and walk together.' One of the men responded, but he found that his hand was in that of one who held him like the grip of a vice; and seeing that Irving was evidently not to be trifled with, the two men, after a little while, slunk off quietly behind.

I have no letters from Irving, but we met very frequently at Chalmers' and elsewhere. A favourite theme of conversation with Irving when talking to me, especially during his early days in Glasgow, was of the Spirit of God working among men more by the agency of the heart than of the head. Before he went to London, Irving said to Mr. Chalmers, that when he should enter his church in Regent Street he was determined to open up a career for himself. This he certainly did, but great differences of opinion exist with regard to its value.

A letter from Dr. Chalmers to Mr. Peter Gilfillan, written soon after Edward Irving's appointment as assistant, and copied, as usual, by George Burns, gives, among other things, some interesting details of the progress of work at St. John's.

GLASGOW, *Jan.* 6, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received and read your letter of the 9th of August last with very great interest. There is a savour of Christian tenderness about your compositions which to me is exquisitely soothing, and which still leads me to feel that, even in the absence of almost all external advantages, God can render a manifestation and a joy, and a spiritual feeling, which I fear are seldom to be met with in our more favoured land. There is an indescribable, but very profound and settled peace, in the mere habit of cordially and contentedly submitting one's self to the will of God. You are where you are, by His appointment and for some purpose of His. Feel yourself at your assigned post. Study what interpretation you are to put upon this allotment of His providence. Know that your main concern is, not here to make a fortune, or here to prepare for

any returns, or here to prosecute any earthly object whatever, but simply here as His servant, who has got a place assigned to you for such a time, as the course and the openings of His providence will at length make clear to you. It is my fond hope that sooner or later you will again be amongst us; but in the meantime, while managing your worldly affairs with discretion, and cultivating every opportunity of usefulness with a right degree of Christian caution and watchfulness and prudence, know what it is to be content with present things, and to cast the whole burden of your futurity on Him who alone is able to sustain it. Do you know that I still regard with a kind of envy your South American Sabbath? I spend that day in Sabbath work, and yet the very bustle and publicity of the work unsettles all the serenity of Sabbath. It is at the same time my desire that you should meet with a kindred spirit or two in that moral wilderness; that you should be refreshed by their sympathy, and experience, along with them, the blessings of Christian fellowship; that you should strengthen your union with Christ your Head, by a union of society with one or more of His members here below. Leave this to God, however; He will provide what He sees to be useful to you, and should He think fit to keep all human help and human sympathy at a distance, you have still His inexhaustible Word and His free Spirit to hold converse with. Cleave, in particular, to that part of the testimony which relates to Jesus Christ as the Lord your Righteousness; never lose your hold of this plea, and you will by so doing reserve all. You may safely surrender to Him the whole cause and concern of your sanctification, and when your diligence slackens, and your heart turns cold, and the world, either with its promises or its vexations, is beginning to plant thorns in it, go to Him who has already clothed you with a justifying righteousness, and pray in His name for a sanctifying grace. It is delightful to be thus sustained in the course of progressive holiness, and to be enabled to abound in works without one particle of legality to taint or to deform them.

I saw the Miss Gilfillans on the occasion of your mother's death. This, too, is an object less in the world for your affections. It

should make you set looser to time than ever, and the oft-repeated lesson of Death, if rightly improved, would tend to make us more spiritually minded. I have entered St. John's three months ago. I have now upwards of one thousand scholars. I have also established a savings bank in the parish, and trust that I shall soon make my way to the establishment of a complete apparatus of parish schools. I have been very successful in my attempts to raise money for the last object, being * of £1000 from about fifteen to twenty individuals for the purpose of raising two schools and two school-houses. I shall send you a small pamphlet explanatory of my views upon this subject, which I trust will be speedily carried into effect; and I should like very much to see them extended over the whole of Glasgow. I have much reason to be thankful that, in spite of the adversity of the times, our parish has done wonderfully upon its new independent system. This is the first season of it, and I have no doubt that the very hardness of it has done much to meet the conviction of its efficiency. 'Should it succeed this winter it will never fail,' is the affirmation of many who look on with some mixture of incredulity respecting it. There is to be another parish added to Glasgow. You remember the Methodist Chapel in Great Hamilton Street. It is to be bought for a parish church, and I have no doubt that I shall be relieved of three thousand people in consequence; not that I find them at all oppressive on the score of pauperism, but any one who has an enlightened notion of the magnitude of spiritual work will know that ten thousand people are too many for one minister, even with an able and powerful assistant. By the way, I have at length succeeded in getting one every way to my mind-affection, both in the pulpit and out of it, and in respect both of mental and corporeal energy in perfect contrast to our friend Mr. Blyth. He is still in Fife, and has refused two or three assistantships since he went there. I believe that he has a pretty good general prospect of preferment in the Church, and he has a small patrimonial independence. He is very interesting, from his modesty and piety and inoffensive

* See p. 113.

manners. Your sister is now calling upon us, and I hasten to conclude, that I may commit this letter to her charge. I find that I am not to be permitted to be free from obligations to your family; she has kindly undertaken the moral superintendence of a few of my families, and I rejoice in the very idea that the kind of connection begun through you is to be perpetuated in her. Mrs. Chalmers, who is now sitting with your sister, desires her best compliments to you. I have great reason to be thankful that she is much better than she was. Oh! that God would make us His workmanship in Christ Jesus our Lord. I feel that I make little progress in sanctification—I entreat your prayers. I have the most cordial remembrance of you. Let us meet at a throne of grace. Mr. George Burns is a great auxiliary to me. He is quite well, and matters in respect of trade are beginning to revive.

Yours very affectionately,

THOS. CHALMERS.

From George Burns to Peter Gilfillan.

Jan. 25, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,—There are some scratches immediately after the word 'being' and before the words 'of £1000' which I cannot possibly interpret. Some time ago, the Doctor put a letter of Mr. Francis Jeffrey's into my hand, and said if I could read it he would say that I was a clever fellow. I shall say the same of you if you can decipher the words above referred to. Upon the Doctor's puzzling me with Jeffrey's letter, I told him that in summer last Mr. Hugh Tennent called upon me, and asked to have a private conference with me, which being granted, he said he understood that I read Hebrew; at which I stared, and said I did not. After some parleying, during which I was quite nonplussed, he produced his Hebrew MS. for interpretation, which turned out to be a letter from Dr. Chalmers! The Doctor laughed very much at this anecdote, and in return told another of Hugh, who, on coming out of the town one day in company of John Wood, was asked by him how he had liked the Doctor; his reply

was, that the sermon had been most sublime, &c.—so much so, that by some of its passages he was so carried away as to imagine himself seated in the Candle Kirk!

Believe me to have a most affectionate sincere regard for you. My prayer for you and myself is that, through faith in Christ, a more copious supply of the Spirit may descend upon us, to help us in all our infirmities.

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

G. BURNS.

Dr. Chalmers' handwriting was notoriously bad, insomuch that when he wrote to his mother—so the story goes—she would put the letter on the shelf, saying, "This is from Tam; I'll keep it till he comes hame, for him to read it himsel'." No wonder that the Doctor's handwriting was sometimes illegible—he wrote almost incessantly.* "When he was in the pulpit," says George Burns, "he had everything before him in writing. He had an almost slavish regard for his notes; and in preaching he always kept one hand on the manuscript, while he waved with the other. He could not give out a notice unless it was written, and if at any time he wished to make any special references in his prayers—as, for instance, on the funeral day of the Princess Charlotte—he always wrote them out in full."

Pleasant as it would be to linger over the details of the intercourse of George Burns with Dr.

* For some purposes Dr. Chalmers had an alphabet of his own; each letter had its own curious shape, and none but those who had learned the cypher could read it.

Chalmers and Edward Irving, we must content ourselves with only a few extracts from letters written to Miss Cleland:—

Mr. Irving is to preach in the forenoon, Dr. Chalmers in the afternoon, and Mr. Irving again in the evening to-morrow. It is Dr. Chalmers' plan never to preach more than once a day to his day congregation, forenoon and afternoon time about, a lecture in the forenoon, and a sermon in the afternoon, and generally—a lecture in the evenings on such nights as he preached. The interval is to be on Sabbath week restored again to the usual length of time. He is to intimate this to-morrow. He says that innovations which produce inconveniency are bad, but he means to state that whilst he relinquishes one innovation he hopes to be permitted to substitute another in its place, namely, his proposed arrangement about the sacrament which you are aware of already—the occupying of the body of the church by the communicants, which will reduce the services to five. I had a good deal of conversation with him respecting Mr. Irving's talents and his piety, both of which he is satisfied he possesses. He gave me a great deal of information respecting what passed at the General Session, and respecting his own plans, all of which I will communicate to you at meeting. One remark which the Doctor this morning made was: 'I like Mr. Cleland exceedingly; he is so open and accessible and obliging, although his habits are different from what I would like mine to be; he is open to everybody, and is all bustle and activity to meet and accommodate with his services those who throw themselves upon his attentions.' I was with the Doctor upwards of two hours—he and I breakfasted alone. I officiated in room of Mrs. Chalmers. The Doctor's clenched hand was so often at my very face, and he maintained such a constancy of demonstration, that he has incurred by my visit a much smaller expense of bread and tea than I felt inclined he should do.

* * * * *

I breakfasted with the Doctor, and spent a delightful morning

with him. Coming in to town I had a fall by the snow, which occasioned great merriment to the Doctor. He said that these jokes never palled, and if I were to repeat it a second time he would laugh more ecstatically. However, he was glad that it was me rather than himself that had fallen. He was going to visit the condemned men, but provokingly omitted to request the favour of my attention to their case.

* * * * *

We had Dr. Chalmers preaching this forenoon in the Barony, and whilst I have a recollection of his sermon I shall give you a very abridged outline of it—which, if it serve no other purpose, will at least enable me to fill a sheet to you. His text was in Genesis: 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' [Here follows an admirable outline of the discourse.]

After the sermon I went into the Session House, and was with the Doctor a good while alone while he shifted, and found him in a very facetious humour, laughing and joking. He said he made an exhibition of himself in London of a similar nature as the one which he then made, after preaching the missionary sermon, and he described most ludicrously 'the great Fletcher of London' rubbing him down with a coarse towel, surrounded by all the Directors of the Society witnessing the performance! We set off immediately after his operations were ended

* * * * *

Surely, my dear Jane, I may say to *you* that were it not that I feel myself elevated far, far above my deservings, I should consider my connection with Dr. Chalmers as one of the most flattering circumstances in my history. I cannot express to you the pleasure and the gratitude which I feel from what I experience of the confidence and cordiality and kindness of so eminent a man. There is only one other connection to which the high privilege which I sometimes enjoy of confidential and private intercourse with such a man will concede in point of the delightful sense of pleasure it awakens within me. I might cultivate the Doctor's acquaintance more than I do. I sometimes wonder why I do it not; but from another quarter I derive so much happiness as to render it less an object of desire than otherwise it would be.

In December, 1821, after two years' work in Glasgow, during which time Dr. Chalmers was "refreshed and sustained by the congenial fellowship and effective co-operation of a like-minded and noble-hearted associate," Edward Irving left for London to enter upon that strange and brilliant career which has made his name immortal. But he came back to Scotland two years later, and, with George Burns, was present in St. John's Church on that memorable 9th of November, 1823, when Dr. Chalmers preached his farewell sermon before taking the vacant Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. It was a day never to be forgotten. At nine in the morning the crowds began to assemble —later, a party of the 73rd Regiment had to protect the entrance to the church. An enormous concourse of people was packed in the church, but no one seemed to feel inconvenience, so deeply impressed were they with the grandeur and solemnity of the utterances of the great preacher as, with soul aflame, and in a white-heat of spiritual fervour, he spoke from that pathetic text—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

Scarcely had the last ringing words of his magnificent oration died away, than Edward Irving ascended the pulpit-stair—where, leaning on the

side of the pulpit, stood Dr. Chalmers—and invited the congregation to accompany him in prayer. The windows had been thrown open, the wind was blowing in coldly, and Irving, before commencing his prayer, put a large yellow handkerchief over his head! The effect of that huge raw-boned Scotchman, with his strange features and stranger squint, thus arrayed, was irresistibly comic, and ministered to the mirth of some, while others deplored that an occasion so full of solemnity should have had such a curious termination.

George Burns did not continue his intimacy with Irving, but with Dr. Chalmers he was on the most friendly terms till death parted them. When he left Glasgow, he gave to his young merchant friend a touching legacy. James Anderson—the man Chalmers had loved with so strong an attachment; to whom he had poured out his heart in those letters which are immortal; of whose intellect he had said "it was the most vigorous he had ever encountered," and whose career had been so singularly brilliant—had become, by one of those dispensations of Providence which are full of mystery, clouded in his intellect; and his malady had taken the form of absolute silence. Dr. Chalmers was constant in his visits to him, and when he left Glasgow he asked George Burns to take his place—a sacred trust he well and faithfully performed.

Throughout his life George Burns ever looked back with affectionate interest on those times when

he was privileged to work with the gifted and noble man who wrought so great a reformation in Glasgow, who made Evangelicalism popular, who raised men's views of Christianity, and who dispersed much of the infidelity which, like a dark cloud, hung over Britain.

CHAPTER VI.

IN BUSINESS.

We must now go back a few years, to trace the course of events in the personal history of George Burns, and to glance at other aspects in his character and career.

He soon exhibited a singular capacity for business, and was in receipt of a salary which enabled him to gratify his tastes and inclinations, and to take his part in contributing to the philanthropic and religious movements in which, as we have seen, he was so deeply interested. On the 10th of July, 1816, his father, Dr. John Burns, who was described as a "merchant," was "admitted a Burgess and Guild Brother of Glasgow, as being the eldest lawful son of the deceased John Burn;" and on the same day George Burns, although only just twenty-one, was also admitted a burgess. It was unusual for a minister to become a burgess, but Dr. Burns entered on the privileges of his father simply to enable his son to enter in like manner at what was called the "near or short hand"—that is to

say, for the sake of being able to allow the privilege to descend from father to succeeding son or sons. A burgess ticket is a curious document; that of George Burns ran as follows:—

> Here I protest before God, that I confess and allow with my heart the true religion, presently professed within this Realm, and authorized by the laws thereof. I shall abide thereat, and defend the same to my life's end, renouncing the Roman religion called Papistry. I shall be leal and true to our Sovereign Lord the King's Majesty, and to the Provost and Baillies of this Burgh. I shall obey the officers thereof, fortify, maintain, and defend them in the execution of their office with my body and goods. I shall not colour unfreemen's goods under colour of my own. In all taxations, watchings, and wardings, to be laid upon the Burgh, I shall willingly bear my part thereof, as I am commanded thereto by the magistrates. I shall not purchase nor use exemptions to be free thereof, renouncing the benefit of the same for ever. I shall do nothing hurtful to the liberties and common well of this Burgh. I shall not brew, nor cause brew, any malt but such as is grinded at the Town's milns, and shall grind no other corns except wheat, pease, rye, and beans, but at the same allenarly. And how oft as I shall happen to break any part of this my oath, I oblige me to pay to the common affairs of this Burgh the sum of one hundred pounds Scots money, and shall remain in ward while the same be paid. So help me God. I shall give the best council I can, and conceal the council shown to me. I shall not consent to dispone the common goods of this Burgh, but for ane common cause, and ane common profit. I shall make concord where discord is, to the utmost of my power. In all lienations and neighbourhoods I shall give my leal and true judgment, but without price, prayer, or reward. So help me God. . . .
>
> Glasgow, 2 August, 1816.

Although George Burns was thoroughly well

versed in all that concerned the New Lanark Cotton Spinning Company; although his Burgess ticket had been "booked with the Incorporation of Weavers"—it was not in that branch of business that he was to make the successes of his life. Mr. Wright considered that cotton was the staple trade of the country, and, following his advice, George Burns, on leaving the New Lanark Company, became an unsalaried clerk in the house of Andrew Grant & Co., to learn the mysteries of the business, in which, however, as important changes soon took place, he remained for only a very short time.

It was well for him that events took the course they did. The power-loom was not destined to be the instrument that should cause Glasgow to take rank among the first commercial cities of the world. At one time it seemed that the cotton trade was to have its head-quarters north and not south of the border; but although Arkwright had personally assisted David Dale to lay out his famous works at New Lanark; although it grew to be the first spinning-mill of its day and became the pattern for many others in Scotland—nevertheless the trade declined, and, according to recent returns of the Factory Inspectors, all Scotland has but 636,894 spindles, while England has over 40,000,000!

In 1818, George Burns entered into partnership with his brother James, as general merchants. James Burns was a man of great beauty and simplicity of character, of much tenderness of

heart, and was universally loved and admired. Deeply religious, his faith was simple and natural as that of a little child. He was one who, like George Washington, "could not lie," his conscience was clear as the noontide; his character transparent as glass—a natural, loveable, and good man.

But he had not the enterprise of his younger brother. He would attend faithfully and conscientiously to the things near at hand, and plod on unweariedly, but he could not make forecasts; he had the gift of putting the drag on the wheel if the concern ran too fast, but he had not the corresponding gift of knowing the exact moment to take it off and let it run free; he could advise sagaciously on any plan suggested to him, but he could not suggest; he was admirably adapted to stand fast to the traditions of a business already made, but he had not the special qualifications necessary to make a business.

George, on the other hand, was shrewd and far-seeing, always on the alert, ready to set sail whenever the right wind blew. Like his brother, he was a "perfectly honest merchant;" he would not, and it is not going too far to say he *could* not, take a mean advantage of any man. Unlike many who enter into the great struggle to acquire wealth, he was liberal and generous, always ready to recognise the fair claims of others, and equally ready to refuse the most tempting proposals, or to sacrifice any

coveted gain, if the whole transaction would not bear the full noontide sunshine to blaze upon it. He knew nothing of that questionable motto, "Honesty is the best policy"—he knew that honesty was the best *principle*, the only principle upon which he could square accounts with this world and the next—therefore men trusted him. As we shall see in pursuing this narrative, the successes of his life rested almost entirely upon the trustworthiness of his character. Men who had done business with him, liked to come again; they knew that his word was always as good as his bond, and that in all things he was reliable.

There is a story told of a Highland innkeeper who, when a tourist remonstrated with him upon his excessive charges, replied, "Aweel, an' may-pe I'll never see you again no more." That man's *policy* was destitute of the principle which governed the dealings of George Burns.

In order to prosecute their business with energy and success, it became necessary that one or other of the brothers should travel to various parts of Scotland, as well as to England and Ireland, and this branch of the work fell upon the shoulders of George.

It is difficult in these days, when the journey from London to Edinburgh is made in less than eight hours, to realise how much time and money were expended in travelling when George Burns was a young man. In his father's day there were

only three courses open to the traveller from Glasgow to London—the post-chaise, the saddle, or the stage-waggon. The first cost not less than £40, the second was impossible to the majority, and the third was tedious in the extreme. So late as 1791, the "London Flying Waggons" were advertised to "leave Glasgow on Monday, arriving in London on Thursday se'ennight, and on Thursday, arriving in London on Monday se'ennight." As the former journey, where one Sunday intervened, took ten days, and the latter journey, where two Sundays intervened, took eleven days, we see that the "Flying Waggon" folded its wings on Sunday, and covered the distance in nine days net, travelling, of course, night and day, and with relays of horses.

But in 1784 the mail-coach was instituted. Before that time, mails all over Great Britain had been carried either by boys on horseback, or, in a few cases, by mail-carts at an average speed of three and a half miles an hour, and constantly exposed to perils of waters and perils of robbers.

On the 7th of July, 1788, the first London mail "pulled up at the Saracen's Head (Glasgow), surrounded by a cloud of horsemen who had ridden out to meet it; and from that day till the 15th of February, 1848, when the Caledonian Railway was opened, the London mail ran Sunday and Saturday, summer and winter, fair weather and foul." *

* "Old Ways of Travelling from Glasgow to London." By J. O. Mitchell. Reprinted from the *Glasgow Herald*.

At first the journey occupied sixty-six hours, and it was not till many years later that it was shortened to forty-six hours.

If travelling to London—the capital to which all roads led—was difficult, much more so was travelling to outlying cities in England and Ireland. But it had its pleasures, and George Burns, who entered into every new experience with a refreshing enthusiasm, soon sipped the sweets of his new line of life. There were only two drawbacks to the pleasure of seeing new cities and opening up new business—one was that he was obliged to leave the Sunday-school and other work in which he took so much interest, as well as the society and ministry of Dr. Chalmers; and the other, that it separated him from Miss Cleland. To her, however, he sent a daily letter, and from these, as well as from some of his reminiscences, we may trace his movements during the time he was "making a business."

In 1819–20, he visited every out-port in Ireland, and his labours were crowned with considerable success. He found little difficulty in procuring any amount of grain consignment, but "as the skippers were so prone to draw up to the teeth and more," that branch of the business was rendered very hazardous, and therefore it was not cultivated by him. In Belfast, however, he obtained the support of the whole town, and its consignment of produce fell entirely into the hands of J. and G. Burns. Moreover, wherever he went he made

friends, and the influence of this upon his future career was very remarkable.

Upon the occasion of my going to Ireland (says Mr. Burns), I fell in with a gentleman named Hodgson, at Youghal, whose firm in Liverpool was largely engaged in the Irish grain trade, and that was part of my object in visiting these out-ports. Having got into conversation with him, he said to me, 'I find that you are going on the same errand and the same route as myself: you will find in the West of Ireland you will get no stage-coaches, and will be obliged to go by carriage; if you drive I'll join you, and we'll go together.' Afterwards he said, 'I am going on at once to Cork; will you follow?' I said, 'Yes; I will go with you on Monday or join you on that day.' He said I must come before that; to which I replied, 'No; I will not under any circumstances travel on the Sunday.' So he had to make the best of it, and submit. I had a pocket full of introductions to people living round the ports, and among them, to a Quaker family at Cork—most excellent people. I dined with them, and before dinner all stood for a few moments perfectly silent. The host said, 'This is our way of asking a blessing.' He told me a great deal about Killarney, and possessed a fund of anecdote. I remember him telling me of a gentleman who had gone there to see the Lakes, and was beset by beggars, to whom he gave alms. At last he was so teased that he held back and gave nothing, when a crowd gathered round him, and one called out, 'Bitter bad luck to yer honour; a full suit of it, and long life to wear it.'

To return to Hodgson. We subsequently set out on our travels, and proceeded to Limerick; there, on market-day, I saw a large assemblage transacting business in the provision and corn trade. In the midst there was a man inside a large empty sugar hogshead, and the people were rolling him about. I asked what this meant, and was told in reply, 'Oh, they are making a broker of him!' It seemed to be the custom, if the people were not satisfied with the treatment they received from a proposed broker, that they brought him to book in that fashion.

We proceeded to Clare, Westport, Sligo, Galway, and other western ports, travelling in a chaise until we reached Londonderry. When we were there, I announced my intention of going to see the Giant's Causeway. Mr. Hodgson thought this was extremely foolish, and when I joined him on the route afterwards, he said, 'I did not think a sensible young man like you would do that.' We returned by Newtownards, Coleraine, &c., to Belfast, from whence I had started. I then went on with him to Dublin, and there ended our circuit, where he told some friends of mine 'we had a very pleasant journey, and I have nothing to complain of in the young man but two things—first, that he would not travel on Sunday, and next, that he struck off to see the Giant's Causeway.'

That is a brief outline of the tour, recalled to memory sixty-six years after it was taken. Quotations from letters to Miss Cleland will fill in some of the details that are worth recording.

CORK, *Sept.* 21, 1820.

. . . I went to bed about 9, and slept till 1 a.m., when I had to get up for the Cork coach, which sounded its horn. I had along with me as passenger a Mr. Hodgson, of Liverpool. To Cork we jogged on, where we arrived about nine o'clock. We washed, dressed, and breakfasted, and each set out on his own pursuits. Now I shall tell you the connection I have formed with my travelling companion. He is a Liverpool merchant, going on precisely the same business and precisely the same route as myself. I met with him accidentally (providentially I should rather say) at Youghal, and as neither of us was certain of getting seats in the Cork coach, we proposed, if both should be disappointed, to post the journey; so that I shall probably have a companion now for the greater part of the route before me. This will by no means be uncomfortable to me nor to you.

CORK, *Sabbath, Sept.* 24, 1820.

. . . I have much reason to bless God that this day I enjoy great quietness and comfort; I have been at church this forenoon, and in a very few minutes intend returning. If I seldom hear any sermon that breathes of the love of Christ, I at least have a service of prayer and praise in which I can join with comfort; and experience that, when I hunger and thirst after communion with God, He abundantly satisfies me with His presence. He alone can put life and Spirit into His own ordinances, but prayer for the influence and grace of the Holy Spirit was never offered up in vain; we have a merciful High Priest at the right hand of God, who knows all our exigencies, who is able to relieve them, and who has undertaken to do so. Oh! that with a lively faith both of us could be continually looking to Jesus, and peace should be with our spirits, even a peace which passeth all understanding, which, like oil on the waters, can still the troubled mind, and fill it with thankfulness when else it would be filled with continual heaviness. To abide strictly to the determination of turning aside neither to the right hand nor to the left in following out all the revealed will of God, is the surest way to possess it. May the enlightening Spirit of God show us with operative effect how alone this can be done; even by going at all times between our own emptiness and Christ's fulness—keeping alive a spirit of deep humility—conscious weakness, constant watching—self-distrust, perpetual dependence upon Divine aid. I am at present, by God's mercy, reaping the blessed fruits of having been enabled in some small degree to follow out the line of conduct I have been describing. I have been at church again, where prayers *alone* were said, and no sermon. I have dined also, and now resume with pleasure my epistolary interview with my beloved wife.* I have hitherto contrived to arrive at a new place always on a Saturday evening, so that, being an entire stranger in it, I have been able to spend the Sabbath day according to my own mind; but here I have been obliged to

* A term of endearment. He was not married until 1822.

remain over the Sabbath, and consequently have had several temptations thrown in my way by pressing invitations to spend the day in amusement or to drive out. . . .

Mr. Hodgson went on to-day; his disposition to travel on the Sabbath is the only thing I am afraid of in having him as a companion, but I trust in the strength of Christ that neither interest nor convenience will ever lead me willingly to offend in this particular. In return, I believe that adhering to what I see to be right is a great cause of my enjoying so much comfort as I have this day had. Most of the people lodging in the hotel having gone to enjoy themselves in the country, I dined in the *public* room quite alone, and have also been enabled to evade every person who knew me. For all the mercies with which I have been visited, I desire humbly to render thanks to that quarter where they are due. My dear, much do I hope that you have had sweet enjoyment of our Heavenly Father this day. I love you sincerely; and oh! how unboundedly thankful should we both be that we are permitted to entertain the pleasing belief that we not only are sharers of God's bounties here, but heirs *together*, and joint heirs with Christ of eternal glory hereafter. I have been reading the Olney Hymns, and delight to see the entire coincidence of mind that subsists between us, which is indicated by the passages you have marked. I hope by God's goodness we shall yet have it in our power to sing them together to His praise, in a quiet dwelling-place of our own. But let us be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication let our requests be made known to our God. I desire to place, with entire confidence, you and myself, and all our concerns, into His keeping, and at His disposal, and whilst we trust every deep-felt care of ours to Him, may we feel our minds unburdened of their anxieties.

The long quotation given above is a specimen of one of George Burns' ordinary "love-letters." It is "out of the fulness of the heart that the mouth speaks," and to both of them the spiritual life was

the true life of their being. It was as natural for them to write of their religious hopes, aspirations, and experiences, as it is for those whose chief end lies in politics, business, amusements, or fashion, to write of such things. Their union of heart was based upon "the one foundation." They considered the future of their spiritual history to be of more importance than business or social position, and gave it the foremost place in their thoughts and utterances.

George Burns' letters to the one he loved are singularly ingenuous. He opens his heart upon subjects which, as a rule, young men seem most anxious to avoid. If any apology were needed for bringing to light these old letters, which have never again been seen by the writer since the dates on which they were written, it would be amply found in this, that they may well be taken as models for the use of young men of to-day. Unhappy marriages are, in nine cases out of ten, the result of incompatibility of tastes, temper, or pursuits. If those who are to spend all life together, would throw aside the gloss and glamour of mere prettinesses of expression, and tell each other of those hopes and fears, those foundations of faith and principle, which build up and establish character; if they would seek to gain strength from one another for the real work and interest of life; they would find marriage to be what George Burns found it, the "most blessed estate of man."

From taste, from a sense of duty, as well as from the results of early training, George Burns found it good for him to "rest on the seventh day according to the commandment." To carry out what he found to be good, exposed him sometimes to the ridicule of his companions and to the sneers of men with whom he was anxious to stand on a friendly footing. On this matter, as on all kindred matters, he opens his mind freely to his future wife.

GALWAY, *Saturday Night, Sept.* 30, 1820.

. . . I left Limerick yesterday afternoon in company with Mr. Hodgson, and reached Ennis between seven and eight o'clock, where we slept, and this morning got up at half-past four, and proceeded to this place. Mr. Hodgson, I suppose, thinks that in me he has got linked to a more obstinate person than he had any idea of at first sight. He sees that it is in vain to expect me to travel on the Sabbath, and his interest must lead him to submit to the effects of what I am sure he considers a piece of sanctimonious and unnecessary strictness. Arriving here to-day, I have been subjected to invitations for to-morrow. I need not say that I declined accepting them: one, however, gave rise to a very tough argument on the subject, between Mr. Hodgson, an Irish gentleman, and myself. I spoke my mind very freely, feeling myself forced to defend my principles, but, as might be expected, without being able to produce conviction in either, who were both my opponents. The burden of their reply was, 'God is very merciful, and knows our failings;' 'He looks to the intentions, and not to mere forms,' &c. It is easy to see the futility of such arguments, but it is impossible for human power to storm the strong citadel of the heart; the work belongs to the Spirit of God alone. . . .

I must tell you how delightful a thing it has been to me to receive the communion on both occasions that I have done so. I love the English mode of administering it, and hope that whilst on my knees I received the symbols of the Blessed Body that was broken, and the Blood that was shed for me, I received nourishment and strength to my soul.*

SLIGO, *Friday, Oct.* 6, 1820.

. . . I left Galway in company with Mr. Hodgson on Monday (2nd Oct.) forenoon. As you would hear by my last letter, we proceeded to Westport by Tuam, remained there all Tuesday, left it next morning at six, drove to Castlebar, Ballina, Killula. From Killula back to Ballina, where we remained all night, and next day came to this place, where I received, the same evening, the letters. We shall leave this on Monday for Ballyshannon, Strabane,

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* Here is a vivid reminiscence, in 1889, of his first communion according to the English mode:—"At Waterford I arrived on a Saturday evening, and my letters of introduction as usual remained undelivered until Monday. On the Sunday I went out at eleven o'clock, the Scotch hour for service, in search for a church, but found no appearance of church-going. At last I came to a gateway leading to a Primitive Methodist Church, and was trying if the gate was open, when a gentleman looked from a window, and said 'I see you are a stranger,' and asked me what I wanted. I told him, and he kindly invited me to join him. I found he was the minister of the church inside the gate, and he informed me that in his church there would not be service until the evening, as the Primitive Methodists did not interfere with the times of service in the Established Church; that he was going to the cathedral at twelve, and asked me to accompany him—which I did. When the service was concluded, he asked if I would like to remain with him to the communion. I replied yes, but I had not a 'token'—fancying such would be necessary, as in Scotland. He explained that it was not required, so I stayed. It was my first communion according to the English service."

Londonderry, Coleraine, Belfast, Newry, Dundalk, Drogheda, and Dublin, from which I return to Belfast on my way home.

SLIGO, *Sabbath, Oct.* 8, 1820.

. . . Went to church, taking Mr. Hodgson along with me. It was an Independent Meeting House we attended, and we heard an evangelical sermon.

Oct. 11, 1820.

. . . I am about to leave Coleraine for Farne by the Causeway. I should be in Farne to-morrow, and in Belfast next day. . . .

It may perchance be thought that some of these details are trivial, and scarcely worth recording after the lapse of nearly three-quarters of a century. We think not. They exhibit principles upon which a young man was building his life, and to which he remained steadfast till death. He would not violate what he regarded as a binding obligation—the sanctity of the Sabbath; he would not make himself so much the slave of business as to pass by wonderful and beautiful scenes in Nature without making an effort to see them.

Not to Ireland only, but to London and Liverpool, and other large cities, George Burns had to make somewhat frequent visits for the purpose of working up business. Referring to these times, he says:—

When in these early days I had occasion to visit Liverpool, London, and other places, I had letters from Mr. Wright, introducing me to various people, and among them to Mr. Dixon, who

was at that time a leading man in Carlisle, and a very devout Christian, asking him to guide me to a church where I should hear evangelical preaching. He did so, and named that of the Rev. Mr. Fausset, to whom he introduced me. About the same time Dr. Milner, joint author with his brother of 'Church History,' was Dean of Carlisle. He had been delivering a series of lectures in the cathedral on Regeneration, taking for his text the words spoken to Nicodemus, 'Ye must be born again.' One day when walking along a street in Carlisle, there were two young clergymen coming towards him, and he heard one say to the other, 'There goes old *Born-again*.' Milner quietly halted, and, looking over his shoulder, said, 'Are ye masters in Israel, and know not these things?' and then passed on.

On my visits to Liverpool, I became acquainted, through my good friend Mr. James Gilfillan, with many leading men in that city. He also introduced me, by letter, to his friend Mr. Coatsworth, in London, who brought me into acquaintanceship with many people there, amongst others, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gray, of Camberwell, at whose house I met Dr. Irons, the celebrated Nonconformist, and the Rev. Mr. Howells, of Long Acre Church, a very conspicuous evangelical preacher, a Welshman, and somewhat eccentric. I went frequently to his church, at different periods; once, at the time when the Reform Bill was creating much agitation, both in and out of Parliament. Some of the members were accused of forsaking their principles, and of passing from one side to the other in the party strife. They were called 'Ratters,' and I heard Mr. Howells make an announcement, after his sermon, to the effect that the church very much required repairs, and that a collection for that object would be set on foot, adding in his own quaint manner, 'A little animal, well known in a House down the way, has got into the foundations of the church, and by burrowing, is undermining it.'

On another occasion I heard him give out an announcement as follows:—'It is my habit to tell you of the various Christian objects for which I receive contributions, and I do so for two

reasons: first, That I may stimulate you to make proper exertions; secondly, That I may make known what I get, and so prevent myself from becoming a thief.'

To another of his introductions he refers in a letter to Miss Cleland:—

Sept. 7, 1820.

. . . I dined yesterday with Mr. William Rathbone, and had the pleasure to meet the celebrated Mr. Roscoe, the Liverpool luminary—he is a delightful old man. I had many internal laughs at the brief consequence with which I was invested. I sat at the head of the table on the one side of Mrs. Rathbone, and old Roscoe on the other, while 'my betters' sat below.

Mr. Roscoe was at that time at the height of his popularity. His two great works, the "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici," and the "Life and Pontificate of Leo X.," had given rise to much adverse criticism, although they had established Roscoe's literary reputation. At the time George Burns met him, he was passing through the press his "Illustrations, Historical and Critical, of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici," in which, after many years of silence, he replied to his various critics.

Mr. Roscoe greatly admired Dr. Chalmers, and was very inquisitive to know from George Burns everything he could tell him of the thoughts, habits, and style of life of the great preacher.

We do not propose to follow George Burns step by step through his business career. It will be enough to say here that he was sufficiently successful in his labours to enable him to take a

step on which his heart had long been set. On the 10th of June, 1822, "George Burns, Merchant, in this Parish of Barony, and Jane, lawful daughter of James Cleland, Esquire, Superintendent of Public Works there, having been three several times lawfully proclaimed in the Barony Church," were married. Good old Dr. Burns performed the marriage service, and George Stevenson, the cousin and soldier-friend of George Burns, acted as his best man. In recalling the events of that memorable day, Mr. Burns said, "At the time of our marriage it was usually the custom to perform the ceremony in the evening, and follow it with a wedding-supper. It was so in our case, and when we went home to our house in John Street, our servant received us. She was a Christian woman, and we began our domestic life with family worship."

A year before the event, George Burns had written to Miss Cleland:—

May the Lord, in His infinite goodness, grant that having brought us into the endearing connection with each other in which we abundantly rejoice, we may be made instrumental in mutually assisting and encouraging to the pursuit of all good. My darling Jane, how can we best express the tender love and regard we have for each other's interests, than by earnestly imploring that the God of all peace and consolation may be the God of us both, and may grant us His peace; and how can we best secure a continuance of our affection, but by making supplication to our Heavenly Father who conferred it. Let us not forget these things, dear and beloved Jane. I trust you have enjoyed much of the kindness and countenance of the Lord this day in His sanctuary, and in your retire-

ment. His name be praised for all His goodness. I have much of it to acknowledge.

It was in this spirit, and with these feelings, that the holy bond of matrimony was entered into. The two were one in everything—and henceforth, for over fifty-five years, every joy and sorrow of life, every hope and aspiration, they were to share together.

CHAPTER VII.

SHIPPING; AND OTHER MATTERS.

ALTHOUGH we wish to keep George Burns before us for the present in his business relations, we must not forget to record some of the events of this period of his life in other aspects.

For example, two months after his marriage, there was great excitement throughout Scotland owing to the visit of King George IV. to Edinburgh. Strong efforts had been made to induce His Majesty to visit Glasgow, but these were unsuccessful; consequently, the Glasgow people went to Edinburgh, and George Burns had the advantage of accompanying his father-in-law, Dr. Cleland, who was the historian of the Royal Visit.

Edinburgh had not seen Royalty in State since the days of the Scottish monarchs, and under the guidance of Sir Walter Scott she stirred herself up to give to the King a right loyal welcome. Although the proclamation of the civic authorities recommending all the citizens to dress in uniform costume—viz., blue coats, white vests, and nankeen or white panta-

loons, with the emblem of St. Andrew's Cross on the left side of the hat in the manner of a cockade—was not universally obeyed, a large number of people adopted the dress, and every other proposal seems to have met with unqualified favour.

The King landed at Leith on the 15th of August, 1822, and it was estimated that 300,000 people—a seventh of the whole population of Scotland—were present in Edinburgh to welcome him. Everywhere the people were singing the song that Sir Walter Scott had written :—

> "The news has flown from mouth to mouth,
> The North for ance has bang'd the South,
> The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth,
> Carle, now the King's come!"

That night, the King being at Holyrood, bonfires flamed from Arthur's Seat, and there were the most splendid illuminations that Edinburgh had ever seen.

I well remember (says George Burns) seeing Sir Walter Scott, who was slightly lame, going about everywhere throughout the day, and taking the greatest possible interest in all the processions. I knew him very well by sight, having seen him many times when he was a clerk in the Court of Session in Edinburgh. He used to sit among the barristers, but it is quite possible that he was writing something other than the legal minutes.

On the 17th of August, the King held a grand *levée* in Holyrood Palace, and in compliment to the country he appeared in complete Highland costume made of the Royal Stuart tartan, "which," as a

curious old book published in 1822, giving an account of the proceedings, says, "displayed his manly and graceful figure to great advantage"! Sir William Curtis, a very portly gentleman, with whom the King was on intimate terms, also appeared in the same costume, and when he and the King met, they burst out laughing at one another in uncontrollable merriment. The costume did not suit the figure of either of them!

After his marriage, George Burns, unlike many young men, not only resumed his work in the Sunday school, but continued it in conjunction with his wife, and at the same time they took an active interest in many religious societies. Mrs. Burns, who from childhood had been conspicuous for her philanthropy and benevolence, was a woman of powerful intellect, combined with unusual energy, and threw into everything she undertook a cheerful vigour of manner which exercised a moving influence among her fellow-workers. One of the institutions of their new life was an evening meeting held generally once a week in their house, at which a minister of some denomination—it did not matter to them which, provided he were a good man—would take the lead in reading the Bible and expounding it, concluding the short service with family worship. Christian work has multiplied so greatly in all large cities, that it would be almost impossible to organise such a meeting now; but George

Burns and his wife found it infinitely agreeable and useful. It brought around them a circle of friends with many of whom they were intimate to the end of their days. Moreover, George Burns was in frequent attendance at meetings of Committees, and he became acquainted with many estimable men, both ministers and laymen, who soon became associated in his family intercourse.

Among these was Dr. Cæsar Malan, the well-known Swiss divine—"the first publicly to raise from the ground the tarnished banner of the Church of Geneva, and from the pulpit of Calvin boldly to proclaim, without reserve and without compromise, that Gospel whose echoes scarcely lingered within his temple."*

We first became acquainted with Malan (says George Burns), in the house of our intimate friend James Duncan, in the year 1822. He was very strong upon the Doctrine of Assurance, and I had not been in his company many minutes before he introduced the matter. I parried the attack, when he put the question to me, 'Have you been in Edinburgh, and have you seen King George IV.?' I replied in the affirmative; on which he said, 'Very well, you have assurance of that—why not have equal assurance of faith in Christ?' He greatly disturbed the tranquillity of my niece, Rachel Burns, the daughter of my brother, Dr. John Burns. Our intimacy with Malan lasted many years, and was continued both in Scotland and in Switzerland. Over the garden gateway leading to his beautiful house in Geneva, there was this inscription, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' And truly in his

* "Lives of Robert and James Haldane," p. 147.

son, Major Malan, and others of his family, this text has been fulfilled.

Another friend at this period was the Rev. Mr. Russell, of Muthill, near Crieff, in Perthshire. George Burns knew him intimately, and often stayed at the Manse at Muthill, where he had the greatest possible enjoyment in his society. Mr. Russell was a singularly absent-minded man, and painfully sensitive.

On the occasion of my first visit to the Manse (says George Burns), Mr. Russell took a candle in his hand, and walked with me to show me to my bedroom. We stood talking a long time—a sweet and comfortable talk it was—and when he bade me good-night, he took up the candle, in his absent-mindedness, and left me in the dark. He soon returned with it, and I was pained to see how distressed he was at the simple occurrence. He was an unusually experimental Christian man, and of a very loveable nature—wholly unlike his father, of Stirling, who was a godly man but extremely austere. He once rebuked his wife so severely for kissing him on a Sunday, that she never repeated the offence!

When Dr. Chalmers was moved from Glasgow to St. Andrew's in 1823, the Town Council of Glasgow nominated and invited Mr. Russell to succeed the great preacher at St. John's. It was a fatal invitation. In the struggle to decide whether to accept it or not, the sense of responsibility weighed so heavily upon him that his health broke down, and before a decision was come to, he died. Dr. Chalmers said to me, 'God ended the trial by taking him Home.'

In the Levitical law, it was enacted that "when a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business,

but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken." * No such merciful law was in force in George Burns' time, and three months after his marriage we find him again upon his travels.

Here are a few passages from the daily letters written at this period:—

ABERDEEN, *Saturday Evening, Sept.*, 1822.

I give you many thanks for your kind letter sent under Mr. Monteith's frank, but I had not time to answer it by to-night's post. † I shall not remain one minute longer than I can avoid from your dear embrace. I think this journey has increased my love for you more than ever, and I with gratitude ascribe to God the blessing I enjoy in our mutual fondness and mutual cause for it. Pray God that the effect may be an additional devotedness to Him and His service wrought in us by His blessed Spirit, overruling our mercies for this purpose. . . .

ABERDEEN, *Monday.*

I am sure you have the strongest reason to believe that I have no wish ever to be separated from you, but in the course of Divine providence this cannot be avoided, and to all that is appointed me I desire to be obedient. When I return, I will delight to tell you how inexpressibly thankful I am that we are married. . . .

In the following year several long journeys had to be undertaken, and in one of his letters he touches on the philosophy of separation:—

* Deut. xxiv. 5.

† At that time M.P.'s had the privilege of franking letters to the extent of fourteen a day.

LONDON, *Oct.* 1, 1823.

. . . It is a refreshing thing to meet with the people of God when travelling, and when such is the case we ought to be ever inclined to turn the conversation towards heavenly and improving subjects. I hope both of us feel disposed to acknowledge the hand of our Heavenly Father in all the events of life, and draw all our consolation from the belief that wherever we are, or however separated from those we love and the comforts of their society, that He is ever mindful of us and watching over us for good. I wish humbly to place you, and all that concerns me, with confidence at His blessed disposal. I am to dine to-day at Mr. Randall's, Battersea, but fear the enjoyment will be of a different sort from yesterday's. I pray God to keep me watchful, and humbly dependent upon the supply of His grace to keep me from evil.

When that letter was written, events were ripening which were to alter the whole course of George Burns' business and social life.

Mr. Hugh Matthie, of Liverpool, was the father of the Liverpool and Glasgow shipping trade, and, in conjunction with his partner, Mr. Theakstone, owned six sailing smacks which were employed in the coasting business. The whole of the Glasgow and Liverpool trade was in the hands of three companies, each company owning six smacks. There was a Glasgow Joint Stock Company, whose agent in Glasgow was James Martin, his brother Thomas being agent in Liverpool; a private company, managed in Glasgow by one David Chapman, and in Liverpool by William Swan Dixon; and the Liverpool firm of Matthie and Theakstone, whose agents in Glasgow were John and Alexander Kidd. In 1824, one of the Kidds died,

and very shortly after, his brother followed, stricken down with fever. On the circumstance being discussed in the office of Messrs. Burns, Mr. James Burns —who, as we have said, was by no means a pushing man, but rather prone to hold back his partner, and was rarely given to making suggestions for the advancement of the business—said to George in a casual kind of way, "How would it do for us to get the agency of the Liverpool smacks?" "Anything will suit us," answered George, and, in his usual prompt manner, sat down on the instant, and wrote to Messrs. Matthie and Theakstone, to whom he was personally known from his visits to Liverpool, making formal application for the agency. In due course a reply was received: "Our Mr. Matthie intends to be in Glasgow in the course of a few weeks, and will call and see you."

It was never a habit of George Burns to let the grass grow under his feet, and he at once set to work to get support, a rumour having reached him that Messrs. Fleming and Hope, an old and well-known firm, had entered the field in competition.

A week or two passed, and then came a day when the foundation-stone of a new Lunatic Asylum was to be laid, and there was to be a grand Masonic procession and other festivities. George Burns, who never missed an opportunity of seeing what was to be seen, had arranged to meet his wife and take her to a window reserved for them. Just as he was starting, and the premises in Miller Street were

being closed, who should come up but Mr. Hugh Matthie!

George Burns did not give up a sight of Giant's Causeway to please Mr. Hodgson, his travelling companion in Ireland; nor did he give up the enjoyments of the day to please the active, business-like, influential Scotchman, Mr. Matthie. So he explained where he was going, and Mr. Matthie said, "Oh! go by all means, and I'll call again to-morrow." Next day he came again, and had a long conversation, in the course of which he said that Messrs. Fleming and Hope were supported in their application by a round-robin of recommendations from the most influential people. "But I look to personal fitness as of the first importance," said the shrewd Hugh Matthie in parting. "I am not going to make any appointment at present; when I do, it will be given to the best and most capable man I can get. I will come and see you again." When he left, George duly reported the matter to his brother, and said jokingly, "I like the idea of personal fitness—it looks hopeful."

After a time, Mr. Matthie returned with the announcement that he was prepared to give the agency to Messrs. Burns, and proposed very liberal terms, namely, 6½ per cent commission on all freights—payments to be guaranteed by the agents. "Now," said Hugh Matthie, in his short but genial way, "having settled that, I want to tell you that there is a young man in Kidds' office named Hutcheson, who

has shown great ability in bringing up his affairs in proper state; he may be useful to you: take him or not, just as you think fit, because I lay on you entire responsibility. There is another good man we have as our agent in Greenock, Mr. Archibald Black, a very zealous, competent man—he also may be useful; but I say again, you can continue his services or not, as you please."

Without any hesitation Mr. Hutcheson was taken into the business in Glasgow, and Mr. Black's services were continued in Greenock. New premises were immediately secured at 42, Millar Street, formerly occupied as a dwelling by William Connal, and in which his worthy nephew, now Sir Michael Connal, was born. On taking the lease of other premises a little farther down the street, George Burns drew up the agreement, when Mr. McNaughten, the owner, having read the important clauses in the lease, looked up knowingly and said, "Ah, George Burns, you have mistaken your calling —you should have been a lawyer."

The die was cast, and the lot in life of George Burns was fixed. The idea of Ownership had never entered his mind, but from that day forth he threw himself heart and soul into the shipping business, in which he was to make his permanent name and fortune; while James Burns continued to manage the produce business—a branch which was kept up as long as he lived, although it dwindled down to a mere department of the Burns' fleet. Henceforth the produce business was carried on under the style of "J. and G. Burns"—the shipping business under that of "G. and J. Burns," in the two separate premises. There is nothing more to be said of the former firm in connection with this narrative; and with regard to the latter, as George Burns was in every important movement "the firm," we shall speak of him, as far as possible, individually.

Not long after the brothers had been installed in the agency, George Burns negotiated for the purchase of Mr. Theakstone's share in the six smacks owned by his firm, he having retired from business. The negotiations were successful, and George Burns thus became a shipowner for the first time, and an equal partner with Matthie, who was well pleased with the arrangement.

Another step, even more important than that from the produce trade to shipping, was taken that same year. George Burns embarked in steam navigation between the Clyde and Belfast — the cradle of the coasting steam-trade of the British Isles.

The Clyde, and Steam, are subjects which seem to warrant a slight digression here.

The Clyde in the vicinity of Glasgow was, as we have seen, a scarcely navigable stream in the beginning of the century. George Burns remembered when it was possible to wade across it among the stones at some distance below the foot of the old

Broomielaw Bridge, when the fishing-huts stood upon its bank.

In 1768, Mr. John Golborne, of Chester, had suggested that rubble jetties should be run from the banks towards the middle of the stream, to concentrate the diffused waters into one channel, instead of allowing them to meander into many tortuous channels and shallows, varying from fifteen inches to two feet in depth, and that the main channel should be deepened by ploughing and dredging. James Watt, "the father of the steam engine," reported favourably on the scheme; in 1770 an Act of Parliament was obtained for deepening the river and, in the course of a few years, there was a depth of from ten to twelve feet of water at spring tides from Glasgow to Dumbarton.

There is a story told of an adventurous navigator who, towards the end of last century, built a vessel of thirty tons burthen for the purpose of exploring "the wee bit burn ca'd the Clyde," and who, as a reward for his enterprise and daring, was presented with the freedom of the city on reaching Glasgow.

In 1805, when the *Swallow*, a brig of sixty tons burthen, came up to the Broomielaw—or Bremmielaw, as it used then to be called—the people, who had never seen a square-rigged vessel on the river before, thronged the wharf in thousands for several days to gaze on so remarkable a sight.

In 1806, a heavily laden schooner, of a hundred and fifty tons burthen, came direct from Lisbon and

discharged her cargo at the Broomielaw. Step by step, under the guidance of Rennie, Telford, and other celebrated engineers, and through the energy and intelligence of the Corporation—and in later years the "Clyde Trust," chosen from among members of the Corporation and other citizens of Glasgow — improvements were effected, until the shallow, tortuous stream became transformed to a great navigable highway, the source of the extraordinary rise and prosperity of the city.

Another and closely allied source of prosperity was steam. In 1784, John Fitch, an American engineer, said to some men he employed, "Well, gentlemen, although I shall not live to see the time, you will, when steam-boats will be preferred to all other means of conveyance, and especially for passengers." When he retired, the men said one to another, "Poor fellow! what a pity he is crazy!" He was not crazy, but disappointed, because many schemes he had projected for propelling vessels by steam, had failed. He became a despised, unfortunate and heart-broken man, and died by his own hand in 1798. But he was one of the pioneers of steam navigation—he sowed that which others reaped; and when the history of Heroic Failures comes to be written, his name will stand prominently forward.

The *Clermont*, plying on the Hudson in 1807 with passengers and goods between New York and Albany, was the first steam-boat in the world that was regularly and continuously engaged in passenger traffic

Robert Fulton, the owner,* did not claim to have been the inventor, but he claimed to have been the first to combine the inventions of others, and to successfully and continuously run a steam-ship.

Fulton, although he made practical the dream of Fitch, gained little for himself. He died in 1815, a poor man, "done to death by the persecutions of jealous and narrow-minded rivals." But his influence spread and the success of the *Clermont* soon led to the introduction of steam vessels into other countries for the purposes of passenger traffic.

One day, when George Burns was a youth of seventeen, his eye caught sight of an advertisement in a Glasgow paper, of which the following is a portion:—

"STEAM-PASSAGE BOAT, THE COMET, between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, for passengers only.

"The subscriber having, at much expense, fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the river Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock, to sail by the power of Wind, Air, and Steam, he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays about midday, or at such hour thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide, and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in the morning to suit the tide. . . .

"HENRY BELL.

"Helensburgh Baths, *August* 5, 1812."

* Says Mr. Burns, "My old and valued friend Dean Erskine of Ripon told me that when, at this time, he went to visit the United States, he was entrusted by the British Government with despatches. It was in war time, and, in case of surprise, he always sat on his despatches ready to cast them into the sea if necessary. He became acquainted with Fulton, and ever after spoke of him in terms of great admiration."

George Burns was down at the Broomielaw that day, in good time to see the novel sight of the *Comet* steaming away from the quay. She was only 40 feet in length of keel and 10½ feet beam; her engines,* which cost £192, were four-horse power, and her draught of water four feet. She was not much to look at, and yet so wonderful a sight had never been seen in Europe before.

By degrees the public began to appreciate the value of steamers. Dr. Cleland, in his "Annals of Glasgow" published in 1817, says: "It has been calculated that, previous to the erection of steamboats, not more than fifty persons passed and re-passed from Glasgow to Greenock in one day; whereas it is now supposed that there are from four to five hundred passes and re-passes in the same period."

With the same keen interest that he had watched the experiments in gas in his schoolboy days, George Burns watched the progress of steam, the great power which was to revolutionize the state of the whole world — little dreaming, however, that he would play an important part in its development.

* The engine of the *Comet* is now in the Patent Office Museum, South Kensington.

Soon after he had become a partner with Hugh Matthie, some people in Belfast proposed to form a company for steam vessels to trade between that town and Glasgow; and George Burns, who was well known in Belfast, was asked to join and take the agency. In many quarters a strong prejudice still existed against steam, and there were some good people to be found who did not hesitate to declare that it was flying in the face of Providence to encourage it. An event, which appeared to be an argument in their favour, occurred in the very year in which George Burns embarked in the enterprise, the original *Comet* having been wrecked in 1820, when rounding Craignish Point on her journey from Fort William to Glasgow. Among those who sympathised with Henry Bell on that occasion was George Burns, who knew him personally, and who, by the by, when he was staying at the Baths in Helensburgh, kept by Mrs. Bell, had heard her say "she could get on very well if it were not for Henry and his wood bills continually coming in."

A second *Comet* was built by poor Bell, but in October, 1825, she collided with the *Ayr* steamer off Gourock, and sank with seventy souls.

In the face of facts and prejudices such as these, it was an anxious time for George Burns; but, like all far-seeing men, he felt satisfied that steam would carry all before it, and, as he said, "eat its way" into every branch of trade—and therefore he determined to stand by steam.

Many were anxious to have the agency of the Glasgow and Belfast line of trading steamers, which was a new and important shipping connection. But, despite the strong opposition of one Mr. Stirling —who used every endeavour to oust his opponent, greatly to the annoyance of George MacTear, the Belfast agent—Mr. Burns was confirmed in the agency. It came to him as the result of his knowledge of the Irish people,—or rather of their knowledge of him when he was in the produce business, and many of these old friends gathered round him and promised their consignments. MacTear was a man of a temperament which could not be ruffled. When Mr. Stirling's persistency had reached a point which would have sorely tried the temper of most men, George MacTear only took a snuff, and said in his calm and quiet way, "I wish Stirling were in heaven!" Nor was he ruffled when, the company having decided that the steamers should sail on Sundays, Mr. Burns came down with a most emphatic protest and positively declined to have anything to do with the arrangements under those circumstances. As he remained firm, the obnoxious decision was removed. Soon the whole machinery was in working order, and goods and passengers were being conveyed in large and swift vessels between the Clyde and Belfast.

When George Burns had determined to stand by steam, he was anxious to see it introduced into every branch of the trade. "We must either adopt it, or be

driven out of the field," was the burden of his cry.

It will be remembered that there were eighteen smacks in the Liverpool trade. The idea occurred to him that it would be a good thing to combine with James and Thomas Martin, who were agents for a Joint Stock Company owning six of these vessels; and by clearing them away, and the six for which he was agent and half-owner, a good opening would thereby be made for steam. The Martins heartily concurred, but their hands were tied by their company, and it was twelve months before they succeeded in getting a few leading men connected with it to join them. Meanwhile George appealed to his partner, James, but he only got from him the usual answer —"I'll neither make nor meddle with it." Upon being hard pressed by his more energetic brother, he went so far as to say—and it was another of his well-known phrases—"It is against *my* judgment, but you can do as you like."

So George went to Liverpool to consult with Mr. Matthie. He was particularly kind and friendly, but he was getting old. He had amassed a fortune, and at his time of life he had no ambition for embarking in any new venture, especially such a venture as this, which must of necessity involve great labour and anxiety. At first Hugh Matthie said "No." But George Burns was not a man to "take No for an answer;" so, yielding to his influence, Mr. Matthie modified his position so far as to say, "I'll take an

interest in it," and eventually he said, "To please you, I will go into it."

The twelve smacks were bought and dispersed—some to St. Petersburg, some to the Lisbon trade, and some were sold; a co-partnery was entered into, and the management was placed under the union of Mr. Hugh Matthie and Mr. Thomas Martin—the style of the firm being "Matthie and Martin" for Liverpool, and "G. and J. Burns and J. Martin" for Glasgow.

On the 13th of March, 1829, the first vessel of the new Glasgow Company steamed down the Clyde. Hugh Matthie had proposed, as a compliment to George Burns, that it should be named the *Doctor*, after his brother, Dr. John Burns, who was then one of the most popular men in Glasgow, and the first Professor of Surgery in the University; but George thought it would be better to name it the *Glasgow*, and this was accordingly done. She was followed the next month by the *Ailsa Craig*, and the following year by the *Liverpool*.

George arranged the sailing day of the first vessel, the *Glasgow*, to be Friday—despite the sailor's superstition with regard to that day; although his object was not to fight a superstition, but to establish a principle, namely, the avoidance, as far as possible, of sailing on Sunday. When Hugh Matthie heard of this arrangement, he wrote back at once to say that it would never do, as the whole of the canal traffic from Stafford and elsewhere arrived in Liver-

pool on Saturday. "It would be far better," he said, "to sail on Saturday, and, if you think it necessary," he added, sarcastically, "provide chaplains!" At that time he was always in the way of saying to Mr. Martin when letters came in the morning, "What will 'King George' have to say to-day?"

He was dumbfounded when he heard what "King George" had to say in reply. It was a frankly worded letter, saying that "he thought very well of the suggestion about providing chaplains, and that he and his brother would pay the entire expense of the experiment." The letter arrived in the usual course. Mr. Matthie was sitting in his private room on one side of the table, and Martin on the other. He read the letter, and threw it across to Martin saying, "The fellow takes me up in earnest." Mr. Martin replied, "Did I not say you had better not try that game on with Burns?"

At once the novel idea was carried into effect, and a chaplain was appointed for each of the steamers. Captain Hepburn, in command of the second vessel with a chaplain on board, was jeered by the people on the Broomielaw, as he sailed away, the would-be wits bantering him on "Sailing in a steam chapel," and so forth. But the ridicule soon died away, while the boon and the blessing remained. The institution of chaplains continued until the year 1843, when the Free Church started off from the Established Church of Scotland, which made such a draft upon licentiates for the ministry, that operations had to be suspended;

but a succession of missionaries was employed to visit the seamen on shore in Glasgow, and part of the duties formerly performed by the chaplains was thus carried on. A mission-room was specially built for this object on premises belonging to Messrs. Burns, near the Broomielaw — where Dr. Love's chapel originally stood—and on Sunday evenings the services of the highest class of ministers in Glasgow were enlisted, amongst them being the late Dr. Norman Macleod, of the Barony Church, and Dr. Eadie, of the United Presbyterian body. On week-days the room was used for various social purposes, and from time to time entertaining lectures were given.

With splendid steamers, good captains, an excellent system of business, and a wide influence, the Glasgow Company carried everything before it. There was a powerful Manchester Company in existence, who owned two steamers, the *William Huskisson* and the *James Watt*, but they soon saw that they could not hold their own against the rival company. One day the *Ailsa Craig*, a vessel of the Glasgow Company, left Liverpool at much about the same time that the *James Watt* steamed away. Great was the astonishment of the captain of the latter vessel, while slowly steaming on to Glasgow, to meet the *Ailsa Craig* merrily steaming back!

This put the finishing stroke to the competition. The Manchester Company (or the Huskisson Company, as it was sometimes called) proposed to hand

over the whole concern to the Glasgow Company, on a suitable arrangement being made. This, after some opposition from one of the partners, who threatened to throw the matter into Chancery, was accordingly done, and thus the whole of the Liverpool and Glasgow trade came into the hands of George Burns and his partners, with the exception of one very small steamer called the *Enterprise*—concerning which there is a tale to tell.

David MacIver of Liverpool was the agent in that city for the trade of the *Enterprise*, and when he heard of what the Burns's were doing, and of the success that was attending them, he determined that he would widen his field of action, add ship to ship, and break up the monopoly. To this end he set out for Glasgow to see if he could not get some men of wealth and position to join him in originating an opposition. When he reached Glasgow, he found to his dismay that G. and J. Burns had, in the interval, purchased the *Enterprise*, which he had counted upon as the nucleus of his scheme!

David MacIver waxed wroth. But he was not a young man to be beaten, and although "he was," as he said, "fairly thrown on his back," so soon as he recovered himself, he went to work with the energy which only exasperated men can sometimes employ. His first step was to go to the agents of the six remaining smacks in the trade, in the belief that, as the hope of their gains had gone, they would join heartily in the opposition. They had plenty of

animus, but no capital. However, it occurred to them, that if they and MacIver could get hold of James Donaldson, a cotton broker, said to be "rolling in wealth," and enlist his interest, something might be done.

Application was made to Donaldson, the idea exactly shaped itself to the bent of his fancy, and war began. There was a vessel, the *City of Glasgow*, lying for sale at Greenock. She had previously been entirely employed, along with the *Majestic*, in carrying passengers between Liverpool and Glasgow—a venture which had not proved successful; but on consulting Mr. Robert Napier, afterwards the well-known engineer, he said he would convert the holds of the vessel, so as to make it a freight carrier. This was done, and so it came to pass that the *City of Glasgow* was the first vessel in opposition on the Liverpool trade.

The new company was styled "The City of Glasgow Steam Packet Company." Thomson and McConnell were appointed the Glasgow agents, and MacIver the agent in Liverpool. But he did not confine himself to Liverpool: he had vowed that he would, if possible, drive the Burns's off the seas; and he was constantly on the vessels, backwards and forwards, urging on "extra coals, extra pressure, extra speed."

New vessels were put on—not only on the Liverpool line, but on the Ayr line, where the Burns's were working a steam service apart from their partner

Martin. The opposition was certainly formidable, but

> "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley."

David MacIver's wrath cooled down; neither the fleet of the new company, nor its reputation, nor its management, could compete with the Burns's, and the balance-sheet did not present the favourable aspect anticipated.

There have always been certain original men in the world, with marked individuality of character, who have been able at an important crisis to step in and adjust the most unfriendly relations. When Sir William Walworth, for instance, struck down the rebel Wat Tyler, and his followers were in consternation and panic, the young King Richard II. is reported to have cried, "I will be your leader!" and thus to have won over the belligerents, who forthwith laid down their arms.

Comparing small things with great, this was the attitude of George Burns in the crisis of the "City of Glasgow" opposition Company. He boldly stepped in and said in effect, "I will be your leader. It is of no use to be unfriendly; let us amalgamate and make one common purse by dividing a certain proportion of the revenue derived from the general trade. You shall have two-fifths, and we will have three-fifths and the control of the concern."

Strange to say, the terms were accepted, and David MacIver was the first to yield. He, and the agent

for the smacks, and Donaldson—all of them carried out their part of the arrangements honourably on the one side, as the Burns's did on the other, and between them all there remained for the future the most friendly and confidential relations.

At the end of the first year the sum of £4,000 was paid to the City of Glasgow Company, and, in acknowledging it, MacIver said to George Burns, "It was very good of you to pay it to us. I'm quite certain we should never have paid it to you."

Referring to these times, Mr. Burns says:—

> Mr. MacIver became an intimate friend of the family, and he told my wife that so determined was his opposition to me, that he had travelled in the *City of Glasgow* backwards and forwards between Liverpool and Glasgow, going down himself into the engine-room to superintend the firing of the furnaces, in order that he might leave nothing undone that should make it possible to conquer me. I think nothing can show more strongly the friendly footing on which he stood with us than this freedom of speech.

We will not weary the reader with details of the Liverpool trade, of the Irish trade in which there was an opposition almost as fierce, of the origin and progress of the West Highland trade, of the Dundee and London line, or the line between Liverpool and Malaga and other ports. Points of interest in each of these will arise in the course of the narrative, but all these branches of shipping will fade into insignificance before one which was looming in the distance, and was to mark the zenith of the business career of George Burns.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCERNING MATTERS DOMESTIC, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS.

ALTHOUGH during the years in which Mr. Burns was making a business he was working with unceasing diligence, he did not pursue it as though it were the one end and goal of life. A high sense of duty guided him in the disposition of his time, and he strove to recognise and give a due proportion to the claims of home and friendship as well as to those of church and country.

We need not attempt to follow minutely the history of the earlier years of his married life. They were full of ever-increasing joy, darkened, however, by those clouds which inevitably, in some form or other, overhang family life. Out of seven children that were born to him, three only survived; the others died in early infancy. Many letters full of sympathy lie before me from true-hearted relatives and friends who condoled with him in his successive family losses. The following was written by his father, Dr. Burns of the Barony.

GOUROCK, *Sept.* 15, 1828.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Upon receiving the letter from James intimating your heavy affliction, both your sister and I felt very deeply with you in this renewed trial of your faith and submission to the Divine will. Mysterious are the dealings of the Lord with us, that the young who we flattered ourselves might be spared long for comfort and usefulness are quickly cut down, whilst the aged who have in a great measure outlived their usefulness, are spared. The supreme Lord of all knows, and arranges all His plans in the best manner, and we are required submissively to bow to His sovereign appointments. I have no doubt that you and your dear partner have long ago taken hold of God as your God and Father, and He has promised to be a God in covenant to believers, and to their seed. You received little Elizabeth from the Lord, and you solemnly dedicated her to His service and disposal. The loan which He made of her to you He has seen fit to recall, and has He not a right to do with His *own* as seems best to Himself? The Judge of all the earth can do no wrong. You said she was His, and that you gave her up to Him: you will not then unsay what you have professed, however it may be like tearing asunder your hearts. I trust the Holy Spirit will enable both of you not only to hold your peace, but to kiss the rod, and say 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.' This is the doing of Him who is the Lord, and through grace *our* Lord. I trust your dear infant is now amongst the little ones, the living in Jerusalem, and celebrating the praises of redeeming mercy of which she was before incapable, perhaps looking down with wonder that you are grieving at her exaltation and glory. With humble prayers, it is my heart's desire that both of you may experience the all-powerful support of the Holy Spirit the Comforter, and that this dispensation may be sanctified to all of us. Your sister desires me to assure you that she most tenderly sympathises with you both, and would have written you, but thought it unnecessary as I am writing.

I ever am your affectionate father,

JOHN BURNS.

Between George Burns and his father there was the most intimate confidence and affection. He was, when the above letter was written, "waxing frail by reason of age," and although still performing all the duties of his ministerial office, it was thought desirable that an assistant should be appointed who would become his successor. This was brought about in the following year, and George, albeit the youngest of the family, had the principal hand in promoting it. The "sister" referred to in the foregoing letter was Mrs. MacBrayne, in whose family Mr. Black, at that time a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, was a tutor. He it was who was chosen by Dr. Burns to be his assistant and successor. But there were difficulties in the way. The appointment was vested in the Crown, and was usually placed at the disposal of the Member of Parliament for the boroughs. Mr. Campbell, of Blythswood, was the member, and he had a minister in view, Mr. Lawrence Lockhart, of Inchinnan, to whom, as soon as the question arose, he was anxious to give the appointment. But this did not meet the views of Dr. Burns, and for some time the matter was kept in abeyance. Eventually, however, Mr. Campbell handsomely withdrew, and Mr. Black was appointed.

A good man was Mr. Black, and humorous moreover, as many good men are. There are numerous stories told of his quaint sayings. Dr. Burns lived for nearly a dozen years after his assistant was

appointed, and people sometimes used to say to Mr. Black, "You'll be wearying for Dr. Burns' death?" To which he would reply, "Not at all: I'm only wearying for his *living!*"

After the Disruption, Dr. Black—the degree of D.D. had been conferred upon him in the meantime—was asked by some of his co-presbyters, amongst whom there was much discussion on the subject, whether he was going out with the "Frees." His reply was, "Na, na! I've been far too long in getting *in*."

Between George Burns and his brothers and sister there was also the greatest possible affection and confidence. It had its basis in each case in reciprocity of Christian feeling. His brother, Dr. John Burns, the surgeon, was a man of singular piety, and of great beauty of personal character, as well as a man of marked ability. He wrote several religious works, one of which, "The Principles of Christian Philosophy; containing the Doctrines, Duties, Admonitions, and Consolations of the Christian religion," still retains its place in the literature of the country. The sentiments set forth in this work were heartily approved by George Burns, who was wont to say that if he wished to give expression to his own views on Christian life generally, and of Christian home-life particularly, he could not do better than repeat the words of his brother in this work on "Christian Philosophy."

We have referred in an earlier chapter to the

religious "stock" from which the Burns's sprang. An episode in the life of Dr. John Burns will show how it was perpetuated in his branch of the family. In 1810 he lost his wife, and as the years passed on he found in his only surviving daughter Rachel, "not only a dear and affectionate daughter, but a kind and tried friend, an intimate Christian associate, and a prudent and faithful counsellor."

She was "a Christian indeed, in whom there was no guile," and the striking features of her character were, peculiar delicacy of conscience and great diffidence in regard to her spiritual state. It was, in some respects, an unfortunate circumstance that Dr. Cæsar Malan, with his dogmatic assertions upon the doctrine of assurance of salvation, scattered broadcast—and in such an unreasoning manner, that he had told George Burns it was analogous to "the assurance that he had seen George IV. in Edinburgh!"—should have crossed her path. She was greatly distressed and bewildered—as many have been before and since who have had a sensitive faith attacked by a dogmatist—and for a time she doubted the reality of her belief, and "her acceptance with God."

To her earthly father, however, she could open her heart freely, and there ensued a correspondence of surpassing beauty and pathos, and of great peculiarity. The following is an extract from one of the letters of Dr. John Burns when the hope of his daughter was reviving:—

GLASGOW, *Aug.* 29, 1829.

MY DEAREST RACHEL,—. . . I feel confident that you are not deceiving yourself, but are often for a season subjected to 'manifold temptations.' No one can have an anxiety to be saved, or a determination to rely on Jesus alone for salvation, and be deceived. The Saviour is not man that He should change, or forsake His people on account of their weakness of faith or coldness of love, or more positive transgression. He is God as well as man, and therefore He is infinite in compassion and firm as a rock. He is well styled the 'Rock of salvation,' for it is the strength of the rock, and not of those who are on it, which saves them. On that Rock you are placed, and although my beloved child, you may tremble at what you see around you, and within you, and may not always see the ground on which you stand, yet still you are on the Rock which cannot be shaken. You have come to the beloved of your soul, to Him who is all excellent, and although you are indeed sensible that you love Him not as His excellence deserves, and trust Him not as He deserves, and follow Him not as He deserves, yet you still, without self-delusion, can say that there is none other that your soul desires as a Saviour; that you do love Him, although coldly indeed compared to His merit, and that although you follow Him not with that closeness which the glorified spirits do in heaven, yet you still desire to keep Him in sight, and would not willingly and deliberately renounce your post for all that time can bestow. Who, my beloved Rachel, can love the Saviour enough; who, without delusion, dare say that he trusts in Him with unshaken, composed and enlightened, and constant obedience? The most sanctified here are those, I doubt not, who have their doubts, fears, and seasons of heaviness. The careless and the self-deluded have no fears, no anxieties, no doubts. The humble Christian is often permitted, as being good for him, to have strong fears and misgivings, in order to try his faith, and to lead him more exclusively to place his confidence in the 'Rock of Ages,' and not in himself. The question was put three times to Peter, 'Lovest thou Me?' Jesus knew that he loved Him, and Peter, under the trial, was enabled

to reply that He who knew all things knew that he loved Him. Did Peter think that he loved Jesus sufficiently, or even more than his brethren did? Did Peter not remember that he had denied his Lord? And yet he did not, when so asked, say that he did not love the Lord. Neither can you say so, and *your* fears proceed from a source which ought to give you encouragement, namely, from a humble knowledge of your own deficiency and the greatness of Him who requires your love. Whenever you are assailed by these fears, remember the rich mercy which induced Jesus to come down from heaven to atone for sin; remember that He has promised that He will not quench the smoking flax, that He will tenderly nurse the young and weak lambs of His flock, and, under the deep sense of your own weakness and imperfection, hear Him addressing to you the assurance, 'My strength shall be perfect in your weakness.' It is those that have fewest anxieties, and least fear, that have most need to be anxious, and to them He says, 'let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' Oh, my beloved child, who could stand were He to withhold His protection; who could be safe or comfortable were he to trust to his own goodness? No, no! it is in Christ alone that we will trust. We humbly come to His cross, and by faith say, 'We will not make mention of our own righteousness, but in Thee, in Thee alone will we trust. It is of Thy mercy that even apostles have been kept from despair; it is by Thy mercy that such weak and worthless and insensible souls as ours are not allowed to rest in peace in their own imaginations, but are brought to Thee, and amidst storm and tempest, amidst carelessness and ease, in every situation which can be conceived, and whether in fear or in hope, are still permitted and enabled to behold "the Star in the east," and also, with too many deviations, enabled to be guided by it.' Pray, my dear child, for me, for too often do I forget that Star and deviate from its straight path. May we both have our way hedged in by the grace of the Redeemer, and at last by Him be brought to the heavenly Zion. Adieu, my dear child, and

Believe me ever your affectionate father,

J. BURNS.

Will the day ever return when such confidences will be resumed, as this solitary extract from a voluminous correspondence implies? There was never a time when such freedom of manner existed between parents and children as the present, but it is very questionable whether the free intercourse on matters of vital religion as here unfolded, is not almost a thing of the past! It is to be feared that the spirit of controversy has poisoned the atmosphere in which such confidences can live.

Rachel Burns died in 1831. She wrote a letter to her father to be read after her decease, so that being dead she might yet speak to him. It concluded thus:—

And now, O my beloved father, may the best blessings of the Lord Jesus ever rest and abide on you. May the consolations of His Holy Spirit support and comfort you in every situation and every trial. Rejoice, my beloved father, in the hope, the glorious hope, which is set before you. Earthly comforts may be withdrawn, but the fountain of all comfort is still Jesus. He, the blessed Jesus, ever liveth. He is a friend born for adversity. Trust in Him, my dearest father; He will never leave thee nor forsake thee. That your soul may ever be abundantly satisfied with His love, and ever enjoy His peace, and that we may meet to praise Him through eternity, is the earnest prayer of your dear,

Your affectionate child,

RACHEL.

During the year 1832, George Burns was very much away from home, spending a considerable part of his time in London attending to Parliamentary busi-

ness, and other matters connected with the shipping transactions referred to in the preceding chapter.

A few extracts from his daily letters to his wife will point the current of his life and thoughts.

KENDAL, *Sunday Evening, June* 3, 1832.

I was forenoon and afternoon at the parish church to-day. It is a very old-fashioned building, and was well filled. The ministers seemed desirous to do good by their preaching—but their sermons were defective. I had the privilege of partaking of the comfortable sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and this evening I heard an excellent man in an Episcopal chapel.

. . . Oh! my Jane, with all my deep unworthiness, were it not that the gospel of Christ and His grace afford me support, what would become of me under the fits of depression that at times weigh me down! My lot in life is now fixed, and doubtless by His unerring wisdom. And He has hitherto helped me and delivered me wonderfully out of difficulties, and enabled me to persevere in the struggle. I have still many strong temptations to contend against, but trust that God will help me through. At present, although it is sorely against my nature, I am engaged in the occupation in which I am called in discharging a Christian duty for you, and for our dear children and myself. If I were now to shirk, you all must suffer. God grant that I may have strength given me to carry through my undertakings.

LONDON, *June* 7, 1832.

Tell Maggie I saw a great number of rabbits in the fields belonging to the Marquis of Stafford in Warwickshire, and a bird's nest with young ones was offered to me for sale by some little boys at Barnet, but I would much rather the poor little birds had been enjoying their freedom in the open air like the pretty rabbits in the warren. Tell her also I saw four or five thousand young chickens like herself to-day in St. Paul's, and was quite delighted at hearing them sing in full chorus the Hallelujah. I wish my Jane had been there. . . .

We slept at Lichfield on Tuesday night, and rose early on Wednesday morning, and saw its beautiful Cathedral and the lovely monument of Innocence in it—that is a monument by Chantry of two grand-daughters of the Dean, who died in early life under distressing circumstances. I cannot forget their beauty, and the perfect personification of repose their appearance, locked in each others arms, presents.

LONDON, *Sunday, June* 10, 1832.

I have been at Mr. Howell's this morning, along with Messrs. Martin, Mitchell, and Miller. * We heard many outrageously odd things, but also many good things from Mr. Howell. Amongst others, talking of idleness and idlers, he said that the human mind was so constituted that it must be incessantly occupied either in good or bad; that there could be no occupation of a neutral sort; that it was a proverb that idlers were the Devil's pincushions † —'and so they are,' added he, so quaintly that Mr. Miller fairly set off in a fit of laughter, and I followed him; Mr. Martin was restless under the effort to repress the same inclination, and James Mitchell looked perfectly dumbfounded. Mr. Howell said it was in idleness that David was caught and fell (his subject was on the Fifty-first Psalm), and that many people took encouragement from David's case, and were ready to follow his practice, but not so ready to follow his penitence. The verse he was discoursing upon was, 'Uphold me

* Mr. Martin was his partner; Mr. Mitchell his valuable Quay Clerk and Superintendent at the Broomielaw; the Rev. Mr. Miller, Rector of Oswestry, a friend. Mr. Burns used to tell a story connected with the latter to this effect: One day a London clergyman was preaching for him at Oswestry, and was very much disturbed by a number of people leaving the church before he had concluded his sermon. He spoke of this to Miller, who explained that they were people connected with farms, and had to attend to the milking of the cows. "But why could they not let that stand over till Monday?" the London clergyman asked, innocently.

† Referring to the custom of ladies in those days wearing pincushions by their side.

by Thy free Spirit,' and he dwelt largely upon the offices of the Spirit and His influences. He made many forcible appeals to the conscience. Amongst other things, in talking of our being so apt in religious matters to follow our passions and not our reason, he dashed in an exclamation of this sort: 'My friends, if I had listened to my passions, I would have cut my throat long ago—and I believe there are many here besides who would have done the same thing.' Such a sentence electrified me.

In this month, while George Burns was in London and so tied to business that it was impossible for him to get free, twins were born to him. One of them, George, did not long survive; the other, James Cleland Burns, remains to this day.

Writing many years afterwards to condole with her daughter-in-law in a separation consequent upon business, Mrs. Burns said: "I know by experience what separation is. On one occasion, when *my* husband went to London to oppose a Bill, *your* husband was born, and his father could not return for many weeks. So much for the trials incident to men in business." From the daily and anxious correspondence of those "many weeks," we extract some of the lighter passages.

LONDON, *June* 12, 1832.

We attended divine service on board the *Liverpool* * on Sunday evening, and heard Mr. Miller preach to a crew of thirty in the cabin. It was delightful to hear the voice of praise raised on the bosom of the Thames. I dare say the surrounding crowds of

* One of G. and J. Burns's steam vessels with a chaplain on board.

shipping were surprised. We were anchored in the middle of the river. . . .

LONDON, *June* 19, 1832.

On Sunday, I heard in the morning the Bishop of Chester (Sumner) and in the afternoon the Bishop of Calcutta (Daniel Wilson) preach, the first in St. John's (*Cecil's* church), and the other at Sloane Street, Chelsea. Both gave excellent evangelical sermons; the latter possesses great powers of mind, and is eloquent. . . . Yesterday we visited the Coliseum, and in the evening went to the House of Commons, where we heard O'Connell, Hume, Stanley, Peel, Hunt, Crampton, &c. We were fortunate in falling in with an animated debate on the Reform Bill—you will see it in the papers. The *Liverpool* arrived here this morning at a quarter before four, after a passage of sixty hours. Freight £50, passage £32; total £82. This is poor work, but we must persevere.

June 27, 1832.

. . . In addition to our ordinary business, we have been involved in a great deal of parliamentary business about the Steam-boat Bill. I have had a good opportunity of conferring with members; Lord Sandon, in particular (with whom we have had different interviews), has been very attentive and pleasant. He is an amiable man. . . .

Yesterday we saw the King and Queen at the review in the Park, and in the evening got admission to the Palace through Miss Sands (with whom we dined), to see them and the dinner party enter the banqueting-room to dinner. . . .

We saw to-day the members of both Houses of Parliament go to the King in state, to present an address.

July 2, 1832.

. . . You would observe that I am under an engagement to be at the House of Commons on the afternoon of Monday 9th; and I must, if all things go well with you and all the infants, 'attend my duty in Parliament' not only on that day, but must watch the Bill subsequently, and after that matter is settled I shall be thinking of

coming home, even if I should return here again after a short stay. I would be in a different occupation if it were practicable, and many a heavy heart I have on this account; but I am endeavouring in the strength of Christ to fight hard in this department of the Christian warfare. It is the hardest struggle in which I ever was engaged, but in some shape or other we must encounter the enemy whilst passing through the valley of humiliation. . . .

We went yesterday forenoon to the Methodist Chapel, where we heard Mr. Watson, and I received the benefit of the Communion. The service was conducted according to the English Liturgy. In the evening we went to a Burgher Church in the neighbourhood, and heard a very good sermon.

DUNDEE, *Aug.* 8, 1832.

We met Lord Camperdown and his friend Captain Duff, whom I saw so often in London. I have had another letter from Lord Sandon about the Steam Bill. He is really very attentive. . . .

To-morrow is a Reform procession day,* so we shall have no business done. . . .

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* Mention of the Reform Bill of 1832, reminds us of a curious piece of information as to the rate at which it was possible for news to travel at that time. Dr. Cleland, in his "Annals of Glasgow," tells us that the Bill passed the Lords at 6.35 a.m. on Saturday, the 4th of April. Sixty-five minutes later, at 7.40 a.m., Mr. Young, of the *Sun* newspaper, left the Strand for Glasgow in a post-chaise and four, with copies of the *Sun* containing a report of the debate (twenty-two and a half columns) and of the division; and on Sunday at 7.30 p.m. he arrived at the house, in Miller street, Glasgow, of his agent Thomas Atkinson, the well-known Radical bookseller, poet, and essayist. The time was thus 35 hours 50 minutes, and the whole journey, then given as 403 miles, was done at 11¼ miles an hour, including stoppages. Although it is probable that short journeys—like George the Fourth's gallops to Brighton—were done quicker, no man ever travelled 400 miles on a road so fast as Mr. Young of the *Sun*.

It will have been observed in the extracts given from his correspondence, that George Burns, the son of the "Father of the Church of Scotland," and the intimate friend of Dr. Chalmers, was perfectly untrammelled in his denominational proclivities, although showing a strong tendency towards the Church of England as by law established.

He liked the Liturgy of the Church—a set form of worship—and thought there was not only ample justification for it in Scripture, but encouragement to "take with you words" in approaching the Almighty in prayer. This did not in the least degree interfere with his appreciation of extempore prayer, which he always employed in his own household; but for public worship he considered that the beautiful service of the Church of England was incomparable, representing as it does all the feelings, desires, and passions of man, and giving to all a mouthpiece for the expression of their wants and aspirations. It was peculiarly pleasant to him, a lover of good men and one who had so wide a circle of friends, to know that on the same day and at the same hour he would join with them in identical petitions, and hear with them identical portions of the Word of God. And not only with friends, but with Christian men in every part of the globe where there are English communities, for, from our sea-girt isle to the farthest coast, there would be rising from ten thousand times ten thousand hearts the same utterances and the same ardent

desires. Again, he valued the comprehensiveness of the teaching of the Church. No picking up a scrap here and a scrap there, and ringing the changes upon them, but taking the whole of the Scriptures and the whole range of doctrines, and setting them before the people at recurring seasons.

Moreover, he admired bold preaching, and in the Evangelical section of the Church of England he found men who were not afraid to lift up their voices against "spiritual wickedness in high places," against prevailing worldliness, and against apostasy, whether in favour of Popery, or Socinianism, or Infidelity. He had no sympathy with that squire's daughter, for instance, who asked the young curate "if he could not preach about Hell *in the afternoon*;" he preferred to hear "the whole counsel of God" to saint and sinner, to old and young, to rich and poor. He liked to see the Evangelical minister take down the "sword of the Spirit" from behind the ecclesiastical ephod and use it freely, "piercing to the dividing asunder of the thoughts and intents of the heart." He regretted, in common with all Evangelicals of the old style, that there was such "a wonderful dearth of men of the good sound stamp who gave the ring of the true metal, pure gold without alloy;" and he determined, as far as in him lay, that he would seek to remedy the defect in the circle where his influence was felt.

He attached himself therefore to St. Jude's Episcopal Church in Glasgow—to which church, in 1838,

the Rev. Robert Montgomery, afterwards of Percy Street Chapel, London, was appointed.

The history of that appointment may be told in Mr. Burns' own words:—

> I had much to do in getting up the two Episcopal churches in Glasgow—St. Jude's and St. Silas's. Mr. Almond, who was the Incumbent of St. Mary's Scotch Episcopal Church, said to me that he was going away for six weeks' holiday. 'But I have a young man strongly recommended to me by Hugh McNeile,' he said, 'of the name of Montgomery, and I should be much obliged if you would show him some attention.' I went to the church on Sunday to hear him preach, and I went into the vestry to introduce myself. The moment I entered he said, 'Here, help me on with my gown.' That was Robert Montgomery, called 'Satan Montgomery' by Lord Macaulay. When I got home I said, without hesitation, 'That fellow will do,' and my prophecy was fulfilled. He was a young man of real genius, and remarkable power in the pulpit. St. Mary's Church, where he preached, had been very thinly attended, but in a short time it became crowded to excess. This was more than Mr. Almond could stand, and he appealed to the Directors, who decided to keep Montgomery. Crowds flocked to the church when Montgomery preached, but fell away before Mr. Almond. This led to an unhappy disagreement between the two preachers, and I was asked by the Directors to try and bring about a reconciliation. I went to Mr. Almond and spoke to him, and in reply to something I said, he answered, 'It is of great importance that Christian people should have the pure gospel;' to which I answered, 'Yes, but purity with peace.' I made nothing in the way of reconciliation, and in the end Montgomery was cast off. It was then that I got up St. Jude's for him, and the two churches became quite alien. There was, however, a Major Orr who worshipped in St. Jude's, and he took in hand a reconciliation. He spoke to Mr. Almond very earnestly,

dwelling particularly on passages in the Lord's Prayer, and made so deep an impression on the old incumbent, that ultimately a good feeling was brought about. In order to show that friendship was restored, the rival ministers resolved to exchange pulpits, and, to the surprise of everybody, the white-haired Mr. Almond one day mounted the pulpit of St. Jude's.

Robert Montgomery, who was a notability in his day, was born at Bath in 1807. At an early age he appeared before the world as an author, and in 1828 he published a poem entitled "The Omnipresence of the Deity," which became extraordinarily popular, eight editions being sold in almost as many months. This was soon followed by other works, the best known of which are "The Messiah" and "Satan." In 1835 he was ordained, and his first curacy was at Whittington, in Shropshire. Afterwards he was curate to Hugh McNeile in St. Jude's, Liverpool, where he remained until 1838, when he came to Glasgow. Here he ministered until December, 1842, and made for himself a name as a popular preacher. But he was not in universal favour. Perhaps there were few who had warmer friends or more bitter enemies; certainly there had, up to that time, been few whose preaching excited greater controversy. Macaulay ascribed the success of his poem on "The Omnipresence of the Deity" to "unblushing puffery," but no amount of puffing would have carried a poem through twenty-six editions without some other qualities. It was said by those who did not admire him that his

preaching in some measure resembled the style of his poetry—"he ranted, was affected, and vague; but his ranting was accepted as earnestness, his affectation as refinement, and his vagueness as a happy generalising"—whereas Mr. Burns, and others who had faith in him, declared that he was distinct, forcible, and clear in stating Evangelical doctrines, and was neither a ranter, nor affected, nor vague. He was greatly liked by those who knew him well, and even the majority of those who differed from him gave him their esteem and regard. Sir Archibald Alison was one of his constant hearers, and always made a point of taking any visitors who might be staying with him to hear "the greatest preacher of modern times."

There was much intimacy between Montgomery and the Burns's, who introduced him to their large circle of friends. Here is a recollection of that period by Mr. Burns:—

My wife was intimately acquainted with the family of Professor John Wilson ('Christopher North'), and used often to meet there Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd (who always wore top-boots). Wilson's sister, Elizabeth, and my wife were educated at the same boarding-school in Edinburgh, under the able tuition of Mrs. Beatson, widow of Colonel Beatson. There a friendship was formed, which lasted through life. Elizabeth Wilson married Sir John MacNeil, who was Plenipotentiary at the Court of Persia (Teheran). When at one time I was in Edinburgh, I had Robert Montgomery staying with me, and, on invitation, I took him to Professor Wilson's house to a large evening party, at which *tableaux vivants* were acted. One of the scenes represented in the double drawing-room, was old

Christopher North with his crutch (the Professor himself), as editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. One of his daughters, afterwards Mrs. Ferrier, personated Queen Mary, who was represented as being reproved, with others around her, by John Knox on the question of Rizzio. John Knox was represented by Allen, the painter of a historical picture of the scene, the proof engraving of which I have in my Glasgow house, Park Gardens.

About this time Mr. Burns occupied Rose Bank as a summer residence, a beautiful place on the Clyde, some miles from Glasgow, formerly in the possession of David Dale, the founder of the New Lanark Cotton Spinning Mills, from whose daughters Mr. Burns took it on lease.

It was indeed a beautiful place (says Mr. Burns), having a fine bowling-green, garden, and orchard, and a very charming beech-walk along the Clyde banks. A contemporary of David Dale's, Mr. Dachmont, when visiting him there, said, 'Daavid, tak' care, mon; this is a bonnie place, but tak' care God dinna set fire to your nest.' The moral is patent. We were there in 1839, and other years before and after, and Montgomery greatly delighted to visit us there. He conducted family worship on the first evening he was with us, and one of the servants afterwards said to my wife, 'It was a beautiful prayer that Mr. Montgomery offered, but we did not like his calling us mastiffs.' The explanation of this is that Montgomery had prayed for the *domestics* * of the family. He was at my house continually. One evening when he was visiting us he rose to go exactly at prayer-time. My wife urged him to stay, but he answered rather bluntly, 'No, no,' and off he went. A few minutes later the door-bell rang. It was Montgomery back again. Conscience had smitten him on the road, and he returned and conducted prayers.

* A term unknown in its application to servants in Scotland.

Mrs. Burns—who from her great kindness and philanthropy was known throughout the parish of Cambuslang as "The Lady of the Bank"—had not quite so keen an admiration of Montgomery as her husband had. Writing to him, she says:—

In the afternoon Mr. Montgomery's poetical imagination ran wild. He took for his text Genesis viii. verse 22, upon the plentiful harvest, which he viewed in three ways, Sentimentally, Philosophically, and Spiritually. Under the first head he pitied the man who had the misfortune not to like poetry, for he could not love God's word, which was written in poetry. He talked of the *greenery* of the fields, and many more such strange expressions. The second head was the old story to infidels. Then 'he had left little time for the third head,' which was very meagre.

Montgomery had a great regard for Mrs. Burns, and one of his early acts after settling at St. Jude's was to make her the almoner of certain monies he collected for the poor. He is out of date now, and few remember him; but those who do, will recall the style of the man in the following letter to Mrs. Burns:—

Feb. 26, 1838.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—The first feeling of unmingled pleasure which I have known for a long while, is the one I experience now, in the thought of administering gratification towards yourself by asking you to undertake, on behalf of your poor, the stewardship of the accompanying sum. At the beginning of the week I determined on dispensing it through *your hands*, because few know how to distinguish better between worthy and unworthy suffering, and none will enjoy more the luxury of doing good. In this, as in all other of your words and works, may the Lord the Spirit be your counsellor and guide.

I cannot close this, my dear friend, without a heartfelt prayer to the Throne of Grace, for you and yours, and an ardent feeling of interest for all that relates to your happiness in time and eternity; may the sisterly tenderness you have ever evinced towards me be repaid a thousandfold into your own bosom. I wish I could say there was sunshine within my own heart; but it is vain to disguise —there is a slow fever, of which the world knows nothing, withering the life springs of my happiness—a secret worm begnawing the root of inward comfort; and though my prayer is, that I may have grace to endure as a *Christian*, I feel I have little stoicism to endure as a *man*. Pray for me!

My headache yesterday afternoon *during* the prayers almost annihilated me; I did what I never did before since my ordination —read two morning instead of evening prayers. Let me hope that Geordie * is well.

Believe me, sister mine,

Ever your affectionate brother in the Gospel,

R. MONTGOMERY.

Some of Montgomery's letters to Mr. Burns are very amusing; illustrating two opposite sides of his character—his affectation and fastidious tastes, and his robust and manly independence. We have only space for two brief specimens:—

I am going to preach in Dublin, and I beg that a state cabin may be secured for me. My stomach is delicate, and to be pigged up with a lot of cigar-scented animals is more than I can bear.

I hope you are all well in the great Metropolis. May you have your Presbyterian Scotchiness knocked out of you, and a little of genuine, apostolic, and primitive stuff knocked into you.

In 1843, Montgomery's meteoric course in Glas-

* Montgomery always called Mr. Burns "Geordie."

gow came to an end, and he left for Percy Chapel, London, where Haldane Stewart ministered and McNeile so often preached. There he continued till his death, which occurred at Brighton in 1855, but incidentally he will come before us again in the course of this narrative.

Two events occurred about this period to which we must refer before passing on to tell the story of the great enterprise that was to make the permanent name and fame of George Burns.

On the 26th of February, 1839, the Rev. Dr. Burns of the Barony, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep" in his ninety-sixth year, and "was laid with his fathers." For many years his life had anticipated the happiness of heaven. "There are some human beings," says Charlotte Brontë, "so born, so reared, so guided from a soft cradle to a calm and late grave, that no excessive suffering penetrates their journey; and often these are not pampered, selfish beings, but Nature's elect, harmonious and benign, men mild with charity, kind agents of God's kind attributes." And such was the father of George Burns. He lived all his life. At the age of ninety, he remained at a Debate on the Catholic Relief Bill until after midnight to record his vote. He was the "Father of the Church of Scotland," and had exercised the ministerial functions of the Barony parish—the largest in Scotland—for a period of sixty-nine years. He

served a cure for a longer period than had fallen to the lot of any Presbyterian or Episcopalian clergyman in Glasgow since the Reformation in 1560, and there had been no Roman Catholic Bishops or Archbishops since the renovation of the See in 1129, who had held office for such a length of time. His popularity, which increased through a long life, was that which arises from a faithful discharge of duty; and when he was laid to rest full of years and honour, men and women of all ranks in life and of all shades of religious belief gathered round his grave to pay their tribute of affection and respect. Dr. Thomas Brown, the minister of St. John's Church, preached the funeral sermon from the appropriate words, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

In a lengthy poem in memory of Dr. Burns, entitled "The Minister's Funeral," Robert Montgomery wrote:—

"And now, farewell! If age's hoary charm;
If gentleness with solid worth combin'd;
If faith and truth in patriarchal grace
Bedeck'd; if boundless love, that God-like smiles
Serenely over sects and names enthroned;
If these were thine—with all th' enriching spell
Of temper, cloudless as the crystal noon,
And feelings, toned to ev'ry tender call
While round about thee hung the glow
Of youth's gay morning, by the eve of age
Subdued, like spring and autumn's blended smile,—

Then, o'er thy grave recording Truth may bend
And drop, not undeserv'd, the simple wreath
Of memory, the Muse has ventur'd now."

In the following year, another breach was made in the family circle of George Burns by the removal through death of his father-in-law, Dr. Cleland. Few men of his time were more intimately associated with the history of Glasgow, or better known throughout the West of Scotland, than he, while in the domestic and social circle none were more highly loved and honoured. He was a born statist, and was the first to draw public attention to the value of regular mortuary tables, which before his day were most carelessly compiled. On two occasions he drew up and classified the enumeration of the inhabitants of Glasgow; for fourteen years the bills of mortality were prepared by him; he wrote a number of important volumes on the annals of the city; he was for many years Superintendent of Public Works, and throughout his long life there was hardly a movement for the improvement of Glasgow in which he did not take a leading part.

On his retirement from public life in 1834, a magnificent gift was presented to him by his fellow-citizens; a handsome sum was raised and invested in a building called to this day "The Cleland Testimonial." Many honours were showered upon him from time to time. The University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws;

he was President of the Glasgow Statistical Society, and Fellow of various other statistical and antiquarian societies at home and abroad.

One of the Established churches in Glasgow—originally called the Ram's Horn, and afterwards the North-West, but now designated St. David's—was rebuilt when Dr. Cleland was Superintendent of Public Works. In compliment to his skill in the arrangement of the church, and more especially of the crypt which he formed, the Lord Provost and Magistrates presented him with a handsome enclosed burial-ground in the crypt, where his body lies. In 1888—the year of the Glasgow International Exhibition—George Burns, at the invitation of the Corporation, adorned the church with a handsome stained-glass window in memory of his father-in-law.

In that burial-ground rest also the mortal remains of the four children of Mr. Burns who died in infancy. Of the survivors, John and James Cleland, and of Margaret, who subsequently died, we shall have more to say hereafter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FOUNDING OF THE CUNARD COMPANY.

IN December, 1835, Dr. Lardner, in a lecture delivered at Liverpool, said: "As to the project which is announced in the newspapers of making the voyage directly from New York to Liverpool, it is, I have no hesitation in saying, perfectly chimerical, and they may as well talk of making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon!" It seemed to him as wild a notion as one, propounded five years before, had appeared to others, namely, that the ribs of a ship should be made of iron instead of timber. "What nonsense it is!" people were heard to exclaim; "as if anybody ever knew iron to float!"—or, as the chief naval architect of one of our dockyards said to Mr. Scott Russell, "Don't talk to me about iron ships; it's *contrary to nature!*" *

The practicability of steam navigation to the United States was not fully tested until 1838, when the *Sirius* was advertised to leave London for New

* "The Fleet of the Future," by Scott Russell, p. 20.

York. She sailed on the 4th of April with ninety-four passengers. Three days later, the *Great Western*, a wooden paddle-wheel steamer, and the first steam ship specially constructed for the purpose, followed her.

To the wonder of the whole world, the two vessels reached their destination in safety, after a passage of seventeen days and fifteen days respectively.

Notwithstanding this test, Dr. Lardner only modified his opinions. The question with him now was not whether the Atlantic voyage could be accomplished by a steamer — that had already been determined, by experience, in the affirmative; but whether a succession of voyages could be maintained with safety, regularity, and profit, without which last element the enterprise could not be permanent, or, in other words, could not be successful. It is amusing to read, at this day, the elaborate objections brought by him against the navigation of the Atlantic in one unbroken line. He argued from the physical phenomena of the Atlantic, "such as the atmospheric currents called the trade winds, which, as they approach the Equator, produce calms, interrupted by hurricanes, whirlwinds, and other violent atmospheric convulsions;" the difficulties of the Gulf Stream, the zone of the ocean marked out by it being characterised by weather extremely unfavourable to navigation; the prevalent westerly winds which produce the long

swell of the Atlantic, more disadvantageous to a steamer than the short and chopping waves of inland seas; the force of masses of water, "hurled with accelerating momentum over a tumultuous confluence of waters 3,000 miles in compass," which an immense vessel, forcibly impelled by opposing steam power, could "neither successfully elude nor safely encounter;" the calamity of fire; the danger of icebergs in the latitudes which the steamers must necessarily frequent; the flues of the boilers becoming coated with soot, and thus impairing the conducting power of the metal of which they are composed; the liability to leakage through the uninterrupted action of the moving parts of the machinery throughout the duration of the voyage; the anxiety and fatigue of engineers and firemen rendering them liable to neglect their duty—these, and a hundred more, were the arguments used against the steam navigation of the Atlantic.

Meanwhile other vessels followed in the wake of the *Sirius* and the *Great Western;* the possibility of accomplishing the voyage by steam with speed and safety was proved beyond a doubt, and how to develop what had been so successfully commenced was the prevailing thought in the minds of many.

A matter so important did not escape the attention of George Burns, to whom Sir Edward Parry, who held an appointment under the Admiralty as "Comptroller of Steam Machinery and Packet Ser-

vice," sent an early intimation that the Government wished to establish a mail service between England and America, and were about to issue circulars soliciting tenders for the same. There was no originality in the idea of an Atlantic Steam Mail Service; it was not the thought of any individual, but of all men, and it was co-existent with the introduction of steam for the purposes of ocean navigation.

Up to the year 1838, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty (who, at that time, were invested with the arrangement of postal contracts) had been content to commit Her Majesty's mails for America to the uncertain mercies of sailing vessels, bearing the somewhat unpromising designation of "coffin brigs."

Now, they were anxious to avail themselves of the "new force," and to this end they sent out circulars far and wide. George Burns duly considered the matter, but did not see his way to enter upon so vast an undertaking. He had brought the coasting trade up to a high state of perfection, and his firm, although trading under various titles, was known and respected in all quarters. He was the working man in the whole concern; he had made himself acquainted with the details of the several branches of the vast trade, and he was the "representative" among all the principal men connected with the business. His hands were full, he was already on the high road to fortune, and he

determined to let the Atlantic steam business alone.

But this was not to be. Away in Halifax, Nova Scotia, dwelt Samuel Cunard, a member of a well-to-do Quaker family, which emigrated from Wales to America early in the seventeenth century, and settled at Philadelphia. The family being Royalists, left the United States for Halifax, where, in 1788, Samuel Cunard was born. After serving some time in a merchant's office, he so much distinguished himself that he was offered a partnership with one of the leading firms of shipowners in Boston. Here he found scope for his great energy and ability, and entered into various enterprises, engaging, with newly-built vessels, in the West India trade and in the South Sea whale-fishery. In 1815, while still a young man under thirty, he proposed to the Admiralty to undertake, at his own risk, the conveyance of mails between Boston, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, and carried out his scheme so satisfactorily as to earn the thanks of the British Government.

He watched eagerly the progress of steam navigation, and as early as the year 1830, the idea of establishing "Ocean Lines," similar to lines of railway, had occurred to him. It was his firm belief that steamers, over a route of thousands of miles in length, might start and arrive at their destination with a punctuality not differing greatly from that of railway trains, the conditions for obtaining this result being that the ships should be

thoroughly well built and thoroughly well manned, and their course laid down with the greatest accuracy. The steam-ship, in fact, was to be the railway train *minus* the longitudinal pair of metal rails. The latter, Samuel Cunard used to observe half jokingly, half in earnest, were needed only on the "ugly, uneven land," with its excrescences of high hills and deep valleys, and the "beautiful level sea" needed them not. His friends laughed; but none could help seeing that there was truth in the seeming paradox.

When, therefore, in 1839, one of the Admiralty circulars, inviting tenders for the conveyance of mails between England and America, fell into his hands, he saw at once that the opportunity for which he had waited so long had come. But Samuel Cunard, although he had all the necessary personal qualifications for carrying out such a scheme, lacked one important element, namely, capital. He tried to induce the merchants of Halifax to join him in the enterprise, but in vain. Then, as he was not a man to quail before discouragement, he determined to proceed without delay to London to see if he could enlist the sympathy and financial support of the merchants there

In Halifax he was agent to the East India Company for the sale of their teas and other produce, and his first step on arriving in England was to put himself into communication with Mr. Melvill, their Secretary, in Leadenhall Street (and the brother,

by the by, of the Rev. Henry Melvill, the Golden Lecturer, who was afterwards intimate with George Burns).

Mr. Melvill could do nothing personally in the matter, but he knew Mr. Robert Napier, the famous Clyde ship-builder and engineer, who had built several steamers for the East India Company, and to him he gave Mr. Cunard an introduction.

Robert Napier was a man worth knowing. He started life as an apprentice to his father, who was a blacksmith. At the age of twenty-four he received from his father the sum of £50, £45 of which he spent in the purchase of tools and the good-will of a small blacksmith's shop in the Gallowgate, Glasgow, leaving £5 for working capital. By rapid steps his business developed; iron-founding and engineering were first added to it, then the building of marine engines, then the building of first-class steamers of all sizes for the mercantile marine and for war purposes for various foreign countries as well as our own. His premises grew from the tiny shop in the Gallowgate to larger ones in Washington Street, engineering works in Lancefield, and the famous ship-building yard in Govan; and his "staff," which at first consisted of only two apprentices, increased until upwards of three thousand persons were in his employ.

Robert Napier knew George Burns well. He had engined most of the City of Glasgow Steam Packet Company's vessels running between Glasgow and

Liverpool—the company with which the firm of G. and J. Burns had become united. Mr. Donaldson, who represented that company, was now a staunch friend of George Burns, and it was to Donaldson that Robert Napier first took Samuel Cunard. Meantime George Burns had been informed of the arrival of Mr. Cunard and of his mission. The sequel cannot be better told than in the words of Mr. Burns when recalling to memory this important epoch in his life.

It was arranged that, when Cunard went to Mr. Napier, he was to take him to Donaldson, who, on his part, was to bring him to me. Donaldson came trotting down from his office, and told me Cunard and Napier were waiting for me, and had proposed that we should do something to get up a concern for carrying the North American Mails. Donaldson said to me, 'I told Mr. Cunard that I never did anything without consulting a little friend of mine (meaning myself), and if he pleased I would bring him down to your office.' So down Donaldson came with Cunard, introduced him, and left him alone with me to talk it over.

It was not long before we began to see some daylight through the scheme, and I entertained the proposal cordially. That day I asked Cunard to dine with me, and also David MacIver, who was at that time residing in Glasgow as agent for the City of Glasgow Steam Packet Company. I propounded the matter to MacIver, but he did not seem to see his way clear; on the contrary, he went dead against the proposal, and advised that after dinner I had better tell Cunard that the thing would not suit us. As talking after dinner generally ends in nothing, so it did on this occasion. However, Mr. Cunard asked us to come down and take breakfast with him and Mr. Robert Napier the following morning in Mr. Napier's house. We went accordingly, and, after going into details, I told Mr. Cunard we could hardly take up such a large concern as the proposal before us would amount to, without inviting a few friends to join us; and that as it would not be fair to keep him in suspense, we would set him free to make any arrangements he thought best with his own friends. He replied, 'How long will it take to ascertain what you can do?' I answered, 'Perhaps a month;' and he said, 'Very well then, I'll wait.'

That same day I set out and spoke first of all to Mr. William Connal, then at the head of a large firm engaged in the commission trade of produce and other things. Mr. Connal said to me 'I know nothing whatever about steam navigation, but if *you* think well of it, I'll join you.' (The shares were then £5,000 for each individual; but when the company was formed it was found convenient to make them £100 shares, which did not, however, in any way extend the number of the proprietors.)

Having secured the valuable co-operation of two such men as George Burns and Robert Napier, the chief difficulties of Mr. Cunard were overcome, for within a few days—entirely through the instrumentality of George Burns—the requisite capital of £270,000 was subscribed, and he was enabled to join in the tender to the Admiralty of a most eligible offer for the conveyance of Her Majesty's mails once a fortnight between Liverpool, Halifax and Boston. A rival offer was made by the owners of the steam-ship *Great Western*, but the tender of Mr. Cunard was considered to be the more favourable, and accordingly a contract for a period of seven years was concluded between the Government and the newly-formed company. The contract was taken in the names of, and was signed by, Samuel Cunard, George Burns, and David MacIver, three names thence

forth indissolubly connected with the success of the famous concern now known as the Cunard Line. Concerning that co-partnery contract, Mr. Burns says:—

> John Park Fleming sat up all night, and wrote out in his own hand the contract of co-partnery from notes which I supplied. He had done the same favour for me when we commenced steamers on the Liverpool Line. Old Hugh Matthie, who was a wonderfully shrewd man, when I sent him the Liverpool contract, returned it with the laconic remark, 'Very tight, but very well drawn.' The essence of this and other contracts was, as some of our partners used jokingly to say, that 'The managers took power to do everything and all things.'

The contract entered upon between the British Government on the one hand, and Messrs. Cunard, Burns, and MacIver on the other, contained a special and important clause providing that the steamers of the contractors should be of such construction as to be available, on demand, for transporting soldiers or military stores, not only to the colonies in North America, but to any part of the world. The payment fixed for the services under the mail contract was on a sliding scale according to the amount of postal matter carried by the steamers. It appeared afterwards, from the evidence given by Mr. Samuel Cunard before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, sitting in 1846, to investigate the subject of payments for American mails, that the actual receipts of the Cunard firm during the seven years

of the first contract with the British Government, amounted to £3,295 per voyage.* This was admitted to be a large sum, but, as explained subsequently, in 1874, by Mr. John Burns (the eldest son of Mr. Burns, and Chairman of the Cunard Company) before another Parliamentary Select Committee, the conditions laid down were very onerous. "The original contract of the Cunard Company," Mr. John Burns explained, "was made with the Admiralty, and there were certain restrictions in the contract as to allowing the vessels to be used in time of war. These ships were all wooden ships, and they had to carry naval officers on board, and do other things which caused a good deal of trouble and expense to us. In the last contract which we negotiated, we said that we would take less money if certain of these restrictions were taken away from us. Therefore we are now under a contract of £70,000 a year, and carry no naval officer on board."

Messrs. Cunard, Burns, and MacIver at once resolved to build the finest ships which the best naval architects could design, and to equip them in an absolutely faultless style, sparing neither money nor patient industry to fit them for the Atlantic

* Mr. Burns adds:—"So far as the so-called 'Subsidy' was concerned, there never was any sliding scale. Mr. Cunard's evidence before a Parliamentary Committee went to show that the Government had not made a bad bargain for itself. I never liked the term 'Subsidy.' It was freight paid for carriage of letters —that is, for work done."

service in such a manner as to carry out Mr. Cunard's idea of "railway trains on the ocean."

Immediately after the original mail contract had been concluded, the three managing partners set about the fulfilment of the conditions imposed upon them. Mr. Cunard made London his headquarters; Mr. Burns remained at the seat of government in Glasgow, frequently, however, paying prolonged visits to London in connection with Admiralty and Treasury negotiations; and Mr. MacIver returned to Liverpool to superintend the practical working of the steamers.

In his "History of Merchant Shipping," Mr. Lindsay says:—"If ever the world's benefactors are estimated at their real worth, the names of Samuel Cunard, George Burns, and David MacIver will rank among those who, by their gallant enterprise, have made the world richer by giving an unprecedented stimulus to commerce, and who have rendered inestimable service to the people of every country. For it was not merely in establishing the first line of Atlantic mail steamers that they deserved credit—but in the framing of the rules for the management of their fleet which has led to such magnificent results. Appreciating the great responsibility there was upon them, they made their plans yield at every point to secure one grand object—safety. They might, without laying themselves open to any complaint, have reduced the cost of their service by minimising the

labour employed, and they might also have engaged a cheaper kind of labour than that which they have always used. But from the first, to their honour be it said, they sacrificed everything to safety. Precious human lives were entrusted to their keeping, and, whatever else had to give way, they were inflexible on this point. Safety first, profit second, was their practical motto; and as good wine needs no bush, the public soon found out the high character of the firm, and from its establishment to the present time this great character has been maintained.

The first four steam-ships provided by the Cunard Company, or, as it was then formally entitled, "The British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company," were the *Britannia*, *Acadia*, *Caledonia*, and *Columbia*, the nomenclature of all the Cunard ships ending in "ia." These four ships were wooden paddle-wheel vessels, built respectively on the Clyde, in 1840, by R. Duncan, J. Wood, C. Wood, and R. Steel, and supplied with common side-lever engines by Robert Napier. The *Britannia*, which was the pioneer vessel of the fleet, measured 207 ft. long × 34 ft. 4 in. broad × 22 ft. 6 in. deep, with a tonnage burden of 1,154, and an indicated horse-power of 740. Her cargo capacity was 225 tons, and she was fitted for the accommodation of 115 cabin passengers, but no steerage. The horse-power and passenger and cargo accommodation of the other three ships were identical with those of

the *Britannia*, while their dimensions and tonnage only varied very slightly from hers. Their average speed was 8½ knots per hour, on a coal consumption of 38 tons per day.

On Friday, the 4th of July, 1840—the "Celebration Day" of American Independence—the *Britannia*, punctual to the very minute of the advertised time, left her moorings on the Mersey, amidst the cheering of immense crowds, acknowledged by Mr. Samuel Cunard, who himself went out with the first mail American steamer. It was calculated that the *Britannia* would reach Boston in fourteen days and a half, but she entered the harbour four hours before the time, having made the voyage in fourteen days and eight hours, at that time considered a rapid passage. The arrival of the first mail steamer in America created even greater enthusiasm than her departure from the English side. It was testified not only by an unprecedented ovation in bunting and cheering, but the citizens of Boston celebrated the occasion by giving a magnificent public banquet, at which their enthusiasm found vent in speeches of the most complimentary nature. During the first twenty-four hours of his stay at Boston, it was recorded in the local papers with justifiable pride that Mr. Samuel Cunard received no less than 1,873 invitations to dinner!

One incident in connection with the return voyage of the *Britannia* gave proof that these expressions of good-will were not of an evanescent character.

The winter of 1840–41 having set in very early with great severity, the *Britannia* was frozen up in Boston Harbour, and there was no little fear that she would be imprisoned in the ice for many months. Thereupon the good Bostonians, at their own expense, and with the willing work of thousands of volunteers, cut a channel of more than seven miles in length to get the steamer into clear water.

Such was the origin of the Cunard Company. Its subsequent success is probably without a parallel in the annals of shipping; and how that success was ensured and maintained we shall see in future chapters.

CHAPTER X.

IN LONDON AND ELSEWHERE.

It was stated in the preceding chapter that although Mr. Burns remained at Glasgow to superintend the management of the affairs of the Cunard Company, he frequently paid prolonged visits to London in connection with Admiralty and Treasury negotiations. These negotiations have little interest for the general reader, who will probably prefer to know more of the personal history of Mr. Burns and the friends by whom he was surrounded.

Notwithstanding the increase in his work, he continued the habit of writing daily to his wife, and as those letters supply the place of a diary, we select a few extracts to show the current of his life and thoughts.

6, Pall Mall East, London, *May* 15, 1841.

. . . It is now past three, and up till this moment we (Mr. Cunard, Mr. MacIver, and myself) have been sitting here as busy as possible preparing our statements for the Government, which are just completed; now Mr. Cunard is away to deliver them, and MacIver away to ask if our American ship has arrived, and both will be back soon. Meanwhile I remain to snatch a moment for my dear Jane.

Sir Edward Parry is on his way to Glasgow, and had I been at home I should have asked him to take a *quiet* dinner with us. I have seen a strictly confidential note and report from him in our favour, and I hope by God's blessing we shall succeed. . . . We yesterday saw the Queen and Prince Albert in the Park; and Mr. MacIver and I, after writing hard all day, went out before dinner to take a walk to Sloane Street, and, in going up Constitution Hill, met the Duke of Wellington walking; he is looking much firmer, and I never before got so thoroughly good a view of him.

London, *May* 18, 1841.

. . . There will be no division till Friday, and every day the present Ministry remain in is of consequence to us, as paving the way for our moving with their successors. I called on Mr. Colquhoun the other evening, and he returned my call yesterday, and was very friendly. . . .

MacIver and I went to the back of the Horse Guards yesterday morning at ten to see the review, which was a very fine sight. We had an admirable view of the Prince Albert, Duke of Wellington, Duke of Cambridge, and the whole of the Staff.

Lord John Russell and other ministers were *groaned* as they passed slowly along, whilst Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were *cheered*. Beside the Duke in his carriage sat his son and his wife; she is very pretty. In the afternoon we dined at Vevey's with Napier, to his great discomfort at getting a French dinner—tell John this. In the evening we took Mrs. Gordon and Miss Napier with us in a coach, and drove round the streets, looking at the illuminations, in honour of th Queen's birthday.

Albion Hotel, *Sabbath*, *May* 23, 1841.

. . . It has pleased our Heavenly Father to give me another opportunity of visiting his house of prayer in comfort, health, and peace. When I was engaged in the service, I thought of you and our children as probably employed in the same spiritual exercises and hearing the same portions of God's Holy Word, and it was my prayer that you might be enjoying the Divine presence. . . .

Walking home from church, we strolled through Christ Church buildings at the back of St. Paul's, and went into the large hall, which is a very fine one, where we saw the blue coats and yellow stockings at dinner. I wished John had been there to see so fine a sight. Afterwards we walked slowly on and went into the park at the back of our hotel, and had a nice stretch of ourselves upon the beautiful grass under a hot summer sun.

May 26.

We are going in two carriages to Richmond at two, to walk about and dine, and I am much disappointed Montgomery has neither made his appearance, nor given us the least clue where to find him. We would have taken him with us. . . .

My heart sickens at the delay here, but I desire to tarry the Lord's leisure. . . .

At this period, Mr. Burns made many friendships which were of life-long duration. In a letter, from which we have given a quotation above, he refers to Sir Edward Parry, who in that year was engaged in a survey of the Caledonian Canal. All the world knows Sir Edward Parry, but there are certain traits of his character unfolded in his friendship with Mr. Burns which may not be so universally known.

At the age of thirteen Edward Parry made trial of a sailor's life, and liked it. His progress was rapid. Before he was twenty-four, he engaged in a successful boat expedition which ascended the river Connecticut as far as Pellipague Point, and destroyed several privateers and other vessels, in all about twenty-seven, valued at £50,000, with the loss of only two men killed. A few years later he entered upon that wonderful series of Arctic expeditions in which he

so greatly distinguished himself. From the day when he offered his services to the Admiralty, saying that "he was ready for hot or cold, Africa or the Arctic regions," until those days, when he and John Franklin received from George IV. the honour of knighthood, and had the degree of D.C.L. conferred on them by the University of Oxford, Parry's life was full of stirring adventure, with which everybody is familiar from his own interesting personal narratives, and from his biography written by his son.

It is recorded that when Parry's expeditions returned to England there was not a man on board who could not read the Bible; and there was not one who did not testify to Parry's unfailing power of combining instruction with amusement. He made "Virtue" his watchword, but he cherished a pure and simple religious faith, and through all the arduous years of his life never neglected a constant study of the Scriptures. How that faith ripened into rich experience, comes out in his correspondence with George Burns. From April, 1837, to December, 1846, Sir Edward Parry was Comptroller of Steam Machinery for the Royal Navy; and it was in his official capacity that Mr. Burns first became acquainted with him. But the acquaintance very soon ripened into friendship (which lasted till Parry's death at Ems, in Germany, in 1855), and in the autumn of 1841 we find him a guest in Mr. Burns' house in Brandon Place,

Glasgow. An interesting reminiscence of the visit is given in the following correspondence, and dates the beginning of the "higher friendship" :—

Sir Edward Parry to Mr. Burns.

ROYAL HOTEL, *Sunday Evening, Nov.* 14, 1841.

I do not think I shall be desecrating the evening of this holy (and to me happy) day by endeavouring to express to you the obligation under which I feel to you for your kind attentions previous to, and during, my stay in your beautiful city. Not less indebted do I feel to you for my introduction to your excellent lady and pleasing family, and the privilege I have enjoyed in the acquaintance and ministry of Mr. Montgomery. For all these advantages I desire to thank God, and you as His instrument. I have indeed passed a most delightful, and, I humbly trust, not unprofitable Sabbath.

Yours sincerely obliged,
W. E. PARRY.

Mr. Burns to Sir Edward Parry.

BRANDON PLACE, GLASGOW, *Nov.* 18, 1841.

I shall not soon forget the pleasure derived from your short visit here — short in point of time, but one that I believe will be remembered in eternity. Individuals who, but for the connecting bond of Christian love, would have known nothing of each other, except through the veil of outward courtesies, have been introduced into a relationship through their Redeemer that makes their spirits acquainted, and that will endure for ever. For my own part I can truly say that during the whole of the day after you left us I was solemnised even to the borders of depression. Not that I was unhappy, but too happy, yet not unprofitably so I trust. But I was glad in the possession of your notes addressed to my wife and to myself on the evening of the Sabbath on which we had enjoyed a rest according to the commandment, inasmuch as they afforded to my mind, as it were, a material evidence of the reality of that union with Christ of which we had been conversing, and which will survive every temporal separation which the providence of God may ordain. It is not unusual to meet from time to time with people who must be acknowledged as belonging to the family of God, and who as such are entitled to our esteem and respect, and yet little more ensues. We cannot penetrate within the circle of some cold influence that surrounds them, and checks and prevents the interchange of Christian love. On the other hand, we are enlivened occasionally by meeting with those with whom in a very limited time we have much spiritual intercourse, with very few words to express it. Such I have just felt to have been my privilege, and were I not assured that I shall not be misunderstood when I give utterance to these sentiments, I should not venture on their expression. I will not say you will pardon, for I believe you will do more, you will appreciate the frame of mind that prompts them.

Yours very truly,
G. BURNS.

Parry did appreciate the frame of mind prompting this letter, and the intercourse which ensued was a mutual help and comfort.

Separations between George Burns and his family were sometimes long and tedious. He was tenderly attached to his children, and everything that concerned them had a deep interest for him.

As no man's character can be truly known until his family life stands revealed, a few passages from the letters of his wife and of his two sons, John and James Cleland, written in their boyhood, will illustrate the freedom of the family affection.

The following characteristic letter was written by

John Burns when on a holiday visit to his father in London :—

LONDON, *March* 30, 1843.

HONOURED SIR,—When I was walking along the Strand, 'West's Optical, Mathematical, and Philosophical Instrument Maker's' shop caught my eye, and, going to the shop window, I saw articles of every description, at least such as engaged my interest. There was a very powerful magnet in the shop, which drew me inside, and there I saw, to my delight, a very nice galvanic battery, which was offered at the low price of twelve shillings. I felt my pockets, but could lay my hands upon but a single halfpenny. Fain would I have converted the copper into gold, but I had not chanced to bring the philosopher's stone with me, so that the halfpenny still retained its original value, that is, the two hundred and eighty-eighth part of the required sum. Honoured sir, my case is hard, but I think it enough to have laid before you the above statement of facts, and therefore do not make any further appeal. You *know* what I want, and hoping that you will *do* what I want,

I remain, honoured sir,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN BURNS.

PS.—The article, it may be proper to observe, is portable.

March 20, 1844.

I have very sorrowful news to tell you concerning poor pussy. I think it is on the point of death; it has not tasted food for three days and looks very ill. . . . Maggie and Cousin Bethia went to Aunt Ritchie's last night to tea, and they went down both of them in one sedan chair.

J. C. B.

March 21, 1844.

As I was standing up in the class to read a quotation from Dryden, I what we call 'stuck,' and I was laughed at.

'Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.'

I must tell you also that we are afraid the cat is dying; the poor brute has not touched food for four days, and is very weak. It got a spoonful of castor oil yesterday, and Uncle B. recommended it a glass of wine.

J. B.

The letters of Mrs. Burns are full of tender and appreciative love, and the heart of her husband was made lightsome and glad because of them. We cull merely an expression or a phrase from one or two letters, but these will be sufficient for our purpose :—

My dear kind George, Brookfield is very cheerless without you; even the forenoons are dull, as they are not gladdened by anticipations of your arrival in the evening. . . .

You are God's best gift to me. . . .

If kindness can spoil me I must be spoiled, for never did wife receive a greater share of unremitting tender kindness than I do. . . .

It was the 'delight of my heart' to hear you were cheerful. My dear husband, *you* can scarcely form an idea of my dependence upon you for happiness. I hope that I am not forgetful, that it is by the Lord's permission, that I am given this enjoyment, nor that it can be continued a moment without His blessing. . . .

The "gospel of the grace of God" was the burden of much of the correspondence between Mr. and Mrs. Burns. It was everything to them. All family joy was brighter because of it; all business was based upon its principles; all hopes and aspirations for themselves and for others were in subjection to it.

It was the silver thread with which the whole pattern of their lives was woven.

Among the friends of George Burns were many distinguished preachers of the day, and in his letters he never failed to give an account of his personal intercourse with them. Thus he writes:—

MORLEY'S HOTEL, LONDON, *Sabbath, Sept.* 18, 1842.

I have been at Camden Chapel, Camberwell, and truly enjoyed the refreshing service there, and heard a sermon from Mr. Melvill upon the words, 'Coming boldly to the throne of grace.' He drew a fine distinction between infirmities and sins, showing that in the former our Saviour partook, although not in the latter. . . .

We met Mr. Melvill on going to church. He took us into the vestry, and Mrs. Melvill went and procured us seats. We afterwards dined with them, and they would hear of no denial to our coming back to dine to-morrow.

Mr. Melvill was greatly distinguished for his eloquence as a preacher, and was at that time at the height of his popularity. He was very intimate with Mr. Robert Napier, at whose house at Shandon Mr. Burns first met him.

Referring to these times, Mr. Burns said to the present writer:—

After hearing him preach in Camberwell, we sometimes went home with him to dinner at one o'clock. He said, 'I make a point of always letting my congregation out in time to dine at one o'clock, and the way I manage is this: If the lessons and other parts of the service are long, I read quicker, and manipulate my sermon to bring it down to the exact time I have prescribed for myself.'

When he was appointed by the Duke of Wellington to the chaplaincy of the Tower, he immediately called on us at Fenton's Hotel, St. James Street, saying he intended we should be the first to hear it. 'I could not conceive,' he said, 'what the Duke had wished or meant in sending for me. When I went to Apsley House he told me that he was going to confer the vacant chaplaincy on me, and in very terse language he expressed what were my duties towards the soldiers; and then he added: "I give no instructions whatever with regard to the spiritual duties you have to perform, but leave this matter entirely untouched in your own hands."'

When Mr. Melvill was appointed Principal of the East India College at Haileybury, Hertfordshire, he repeated what he had done on his appointment to the chaplaincy of the Tower, and informed us, first of all, of the honour that had been conferred upon him. It was on the ground of our intimacy with him that he wished these notifications to be made first to us.

In this year Mr. Burns was brought a good deal into contact with Mr. Thomas Crofton Croker, of the Admiralty, and soon the acquaintance ripened into friendship. Croker was worth knowing. He started life in a merchant's office in Cork, where he made acquaintance with the people and scenery of Ireland, and collected their songs and legends. Tom Moore in 1818 expressed his obligation to him for his valuable researches. Subsequently Croker published several interesting and important works on Ireland, one of which was illustrated by Maclise, then, as Croker states, "a young Irish artist of considerable promise."

In 1819, Croker became a clerk in the Admiralty with a salary of £2 a week, which speedily rose as he distinguished himself for his services. At that time John William Croker, the author of "Croker's

Memoirs," was Secretary to the Admiralty. He was a friend of the family, but in no way related to Crofton Croker.

A very interesting man was Crofton; he knew everybody, and could talk with good sense and judgment on everything. Sir Walter Scott, in his diary, describes him thus: "Little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy, prepossessing manners, something like Tom Moore." Croker was well known in the learned societies. He was early elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and he took an active part in the formation of the Camden and Percy Societies, and edited some of their works. Among other subjects that occupied his attention was that of buttons, which he considered to be characteristic of various ages, and in support of his theory had made a remarkably good collection. Moreover, he was perpetual president of the club of antiquarians called "The Society of Noviomagians." Every year this society gave a dinner at Wood's Tavern, in Portugal Street—"dinner on the table at half-past four for five precisely"—to which, in 1843, he invited George Burns. There, among other notable people, he met Mr. S. C. Hall, with whom he soon became friendly. Ten years later, when staying with his wife at Vichy, Mr. Burns again met him, this time in company with his clever wife, and thereafter they became intimate. At Vichy, Mr. S. C. Hall appeared in a character with which his memory is not usually associated.

There was no English clergyman in the place (says George Burns), and so Mr. Hall supplied the vacancy. He read the prayers most impressively—which is more than many trained clergymen can do—and also an excellent printed sermon.

Crofton Croker (who died at his residence in Old Brompton, London, in 1854) was an excellent correspondent, and some of his letters to Mr. Burns are of considerable interest. We give one specimen. It relates to Mr. Francis Nicholson, the painter:—

ADMIRALTY, *March* 18, 1844.

. . . I send you two or three copies of 'Croker's Chronicle,' and at any time will be happy in forwarding another supply, or attending to any alterations which you may suggest for its improvement. Mr. MacIver left town on Friday; I saw him only once or twice, and he appeared to me very far from well. I cannot help having considerable sympathy for him, as I think he has been somewhat overworked, which I assure you is my case. Many a night when I have laid down my head on the pillow and tried to sleep, I have found my thoughts as to what I had to do the next morning going round and round like the wheel of a steamer, flap-flap, flapping away. Add to a heavy press of official business and calculations without end, the melancholy duties which devolve upon me as executor to my poor father-in-law, Mr. Nicholson, and you will understand what mental and bodily occupation is mine. I remember our speaking, more than once, of Mr. Nicholson; he died on the 6th instant, at the age of ninety-one, and it is a touching incident that on the Friday previous to the day of his death, he caused himself to be helped up on a table to retouch upon the dark sky of a favourite picture, and to put in a bright cloud. His mind was clear to the last moment of his life, and he died, as he had lived, in peace.

Yours very sincerely,

T. CROFTON CROKER.

The year 1843 was memorable in Scottish Church history, but it would be foreign to our purpose to tell of the troubles in the Church known as the Ten Years' Conflict, or of the Disruption that rent not only the Church but the Presbytery of Glasgow in twain.

Dr. Burns of the Barony had passed away, and George Burns and his family were absent from Glasgow during the whole of the stormy period when the controversy was raging. But he took a deep interest in it, and felt its effects, as all persons did, for classes did not come together as formerly, and all social and religious relations were strained. His friend and co-worker at St. Jude's, Mr. W. F. Burnley, was a constant correspondent, and wrote fully upon the subject which was stirring the hearts of most men at this time.

For Mr. Burnley, George Burns entertained the warmest regard. In a letter to Mrs. Burns, written in the previous year, when domestic trial was distressing his friend, he said :—

> I feel the most affectionate interest in poor dear Burnley. Never any friend held a dearer place in my heart. No couple have ever possessed more of my tender regard than he and his affectionate wife. I never cease commending them to the all-wise protection and love of their Saviour, who is alluring them into the wilderness that He may speak comfortably to them, however painful may be the steps on the way.

In many a well-fought battle, as we shall see hereafter, George Burns was to fight shoulder to shoulder

with his friend Burnley. Meantime they watched together the struggle that was going on in another field, concerning which Mr. Burnley writes :—

GLASGOW, *May* 4, 1843.

MY DEAR MR. BURNS,— . . . Things are in a state of great confusion and peril in this part of the world. There is a degree of obstinacy on both sides, and want of Christian forbearance, that is lamentable. I have made a point of studying the subject carefully, and I trust prayerfully, which I think every Christian is bound to do, and I have come to the conclusion, so ably advocated by the 'Record,' that it is a question of expedience, and not one of principle, and, as such, I think the duty of those who love the Church of Scotland is, not to leave her, but to remain in her, and do what they can, by legal and constitutional means, to purify her. There can be no doubt that unrestricted patronage is bad; but I think unrestricted popular election is worse. Our good friend Dr. Muir is getting dreadfully abused, but he quietly pursues the even tenor of his way, preaching Christ and Him crucified, totally disregarding all that is said against him.

He came and took tea with us the week before last, and gave us a most wonderful exposition from Isaiah. His meat and drink seem to be to proclaim Christ wherever he goes; he never enters a house without saying a word for his Master, and such should every faithful watchman do. To-day is appointed a day of prayer and humiliation by the Church, and in the evening the churches are to be opened, and every minister, I believe, is clearly and explicitly to give his opinion—at least such Dr. Muir intends doing. A secession is now inevitable. . . .

Your sincere friend,

WILLIAM F. BURNLEY.

That inevitable secession came. Dr. Muir remained in, but, as George Burns was wont to say years afterwards when the old differences were,

happily, to a great extent forgotten, "No doubt the four hundred who came out had amongst them the best men."

At the Disruption, James Burns, the partner in business of George Burns, joined the Free Church, and became one of her staunchest and most liberal supporters. He was long a member of Free St. Peter's, under William Arnot and Hugh Macmillan.

One who took a somewhat active part in the struggle was Mr. Burns' friend, the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Smith, of Cathcart, who in his old age summed up his view of the story of the conflict and its issues in these words:—

> The work of planting a church in every needy locality, of bringing the means of grace within the reach of every family in Scotland, was to all appearance on the very eve of being accomplished. It was then that there came the sudden and sad crash of 1843, and their Church was thrown back into weakness. He saw it more feeble than he had ever seen it before. A calamity the most deplorable had befallen them. A blow was struck, under which their sacred fabric shook to its centre. It fell not; the rock on which it stood was unshaken. The light of their burning bush was dimmed for a season, but the fire within that bush was not extinguished. Their numbers were suddenly reduced, but they were not dismayed. They were designated, in bad taste, by some of those who left them, *mortuum caput*, but neither head nor heart was dead. They were scoffingly named a mere residuum, but in that residue there was a vitality that soon showed its power. Not one of their missionary enterprises—the best of all symptoms—though crippled, was abandoned. There were left to the Church better leaders, with their cool counsel and experienced wisdom, to aid them in repairing the breaches in their broken walls; and there came forth, too, at the same time, young and gallant champions to successfully maintain their cause on every field of conflict. From the very day that sad secession took place in 1843, their progress, then commencing, went nobly onward. From that day until this, everything, by God's blessing, had prospered with them. They had seen their Church not only rise from its weakness and regain its position, but attain a higher place in point of influence, numbers, and efficiency, than it ever held before. He thanked God that he had witnessed it before he died, and he thanked God for the hope that was before him that the National Church of Scotland, the glory of our fathers, would continue to be the pride of their patriotic children for generations yet to come.*

Between the brothers George and John (Dr. Burns), there was the strongest mutual affection. Each had gifts and graces of character which the other admired, and both were in complete agreement in religious matters. It was usual for them in times alike of joy and sorrow to open their hearts to one another, and very beautiful are the affectionate expressions in their letters.

In 1843, the light of Dr. Burns' life went out. He was devotedly attached to his son, Allan, a young man of exceptional ability, who, with an intimate knowledge of medical science and a strong love of anatomical pursuits, was rising fast into eminence, when intermittent fever, contracted in the prosecution of his duties, ended his career, after a short illness, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

In this sore trial Dr. Burns used to write long

* Speech at banquet on the completion of the sixtieth year of his ministry in the Church of Scotland.

letters to George almost every day, in which he poured out his grief, and, in his weakness, clung to his brother's strength.

I am weak, and my thoughts are wandering; pray for me that I may be strengthened and kept steadfast in the faith. I do not wish to take any false cordial. I hope to go down sorrowing to the grave—not with a repining, but a meek, sanctified sorrow, which shall, by the blessing of God, keep me closer to Himself, and more weaned from the world. He has promised to send the Comforter to His people. I know He can only be the Comforter where He is the Sanctifier.

On Christmas Day in the same year, Dr. John Burns wrote:—

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I am much obliged to you for your kind letter, and hope that I shall see you soon. I am satisfied with my own situation, at least I hope so, for I trust that the affliction is from a Father in mercy. I realise more the prospect of death than I did in any former tribulation. Without attributing this to any premonition or intuition, I wish to be prepared. I am older, more lonely, and my temporal arrangements and ties to life are broken and scattered as they never were before. I have less to do, so far as I see, in this life. Now, if I concluded here, it would appear that I was taken up altogether with myself; but I wish to look to others also, and although you have not had the sore trials I have had, yet for some time past you have had vexation of spirit, which I doubt not will be blessed. We do not prize affliction, disappointment, and crosses, as we ought to do; they are to the children of God precious gifts. Remember me affectionately to all.

J. BURNS.

The death of his nephew Allan was a great blow to George Burns, who loved him almost as a son; and

it was a sore trial to him that the business upon which he was detained in London kept him away not only from his brother, but also from his wife, who at the same time was seriously ill, and was mourning the loss of a child. Many letters of sympathy reached him. One from Lord Sandon—afterwards the Earl of Harrowby, whose name is connected with so many good and philanthropic works—was greatly appreciated.

Lord Sandon to George Burns.

Dec. 8, 1843.

I sincerely sympathise with you in the various afflictions with which you have been visited, during your protracted stay in London. I hope you may have the strength to bear them with as much resignation as you displayed patience and cheerfulness under the protracted annoyances to which the prosecution of your affair with the public offices has exposed you.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

SANDON.

Mr. Burns would never lay claim personally to honours which he could share with others. In the difficult and delicate negotiations in which he was engaged with the Government respecting Postal and other services, although the great burden of responsibility lay upon his own shoulders, he received from time to time important assistance from others. Thus in the matter of the St. Lawrence Service (the conveyance of the Canadian mails by coach-contract between Halifax and Pictou), in

which the Chancellor of the Exchequer decided against him, he wrote to the Company through his brother James:—

I would be doing great injustice to my sense of what is right did I not emphatically state the obligations I consider the Company are under to Mr. Edward Cunard, for the influence he has brought to bear on the subject of our mission, and for his able and assiduous co-operation with me in following it out.

The Company will, I have no doubt, readily admit that we have devoted ourselves to the work, and have not abandoned any point while a ray of hope remained; but the more we have laboured, the more deeply sensible am I that without the blessing of God all our efforts would have been in vain.

The ten months' detention of Mr. Burns in London was not, however, without tangible results. Among other successes, he had made a representation to the Government, through the Hon. Sidney Herbert, that the service performed by the Cunard Company entailed a loss to them; and Mr. Burns effected an arrangement whereby he secured an addition of £10,000 a year to the existing contract!

CHAPTER XI.

ENGLISH EPISCOPALIANS IN SCOTLAND.

On the 31st of July, 1843, the Rev. Robert Montgomery sent to Mr. Burns his resignation as Incumbent of the Church of St. Jude's in Glasgow. Among his reasons were the following:—

That I have now been some six or seven years absent from my native land; that England is my congenial sphere; that each winter my health in Glasgow has grown worse and worse; that a wide sphere of usefulness more connatural to me as an Episcopalian opens before me; that to some extent my peculiar mission in Glasgow is filled up; that I have my feelings and affections and prospects of life as well as my principles as a Christian minister; and above all, that the happiness of a whole family depends on my coming to England. Consider all this, and call to memory how you love a home, a wife's smile, a hearth-side—do all this, and I am sure you will say 'You have done right.'

He added in conclusion:—

I am fully aware of the cry which my resignation will, at the first onset, awaken on behalf of some alarmists—'St. Jude's is ruined!' 'Must be sold!' etc. I do not, and will not, for one minute yield to such silly and senseless exaggerations. There is the element of a noble congregation now formed; within six months there will be only two Episcopal churches in Glasgow, and if we set to

work in faith and prayer, I feel certain that God will send a faithful and efficient man who will rejoice to occupy my place and carry on, with renewed strength and vigour, the work His grace has enabled me to undertake.

Although Montgomery, the popular preacher, resigned, St. Jude's was not ruined. George Burns and his friend William Burnley had pledged themselves to its support, and they were not men to quail before any difficulty.

In the autumn of 1843, the Rev. C. P. Miles was appointed Incumbent of St. Jude's in succession to Robert Montgomery. Mr. Miles had not been long in his new sphere, before he became acquainted with a state of affairs in connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church which filled him with astonishment, and he at once put himself in communication with Mr. Burns on the matter.

In order to understand the nature of the activities in which Mr. Burns was to be engaged for many years, it will be necessary that we should set forth, as briefly as possible, a few points of Church history generally, and particularly a case which gave rise to the controversy in which he took a leading part.

In the year 1722, the chapel of St. Paul, Aberdeen, was opened for an English Episcopal congregation, and, without being subjected to the superintendence of any Scottish diocesan, received its ministers regularly ordained by English prelates. This was no new thing. It was of common occurrence for Protestant Episcopalians in Scotland to be under English

pastors altogether unconnected with Scottish Episcopacy, and, as a matter of fact, the law was at one period so stringent that Episcopalian chapels were not tolerated unless clergymen ordained by English or Irish bishops were appointed to them.

From 1746 to 1792 the English chapels were the only legalised places of worship for Episcopalians in Scotland; but in the latter year, by mutual agreement, the Scotch Episcopal Church received recognition from the British Legislature, the penalties attaching to a Scotch Episcopal minister, which had hitherto prevented him from taking the superintendence of a congregation, were removed, and he was placed on an equality in the eye of the law with his other Episcopalian brethren.

In 1840, the Scottish Episcopal Church obtained another Act of Parliament, which did not however in any degree alter the position previously occupied *in Scotland* by the bishops or clergy; nor did it confer any privilege or jurisdiction whatever on Episcopalians in that country. The only purpose for which it was granted was to permit ministers ordained by Scotch bishops (as also the Episcopal clergy in the United States of America) to officiate, under limited circumstances, in the Established Churches of England and Ireland.

Whether the Scotch bishops misinterpreted that Act or not, we need not inquire here, but in 1842 they entered upon a course of discipline which resulted in the partial loss of their authority.

When the Scottish Episcopal Church received recognition from the British Legislature in 1792, several English congregations, with a full understanding that they reserved to themselves the liturgy of the Church of England (for the Scottish Church had its own liturgy) inviolate and inalienable, tendered their allegiance to the Scottish bishops. Three congregations, Perth, Montrose, and Aberdeen, determined to adhere to their original character; but in 1841 the managers and constitutional members of St. Paul's, Aberdeen, decided to place their chapel under the diocesan superintendence of Bishop Skinner, the Primus or chief bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

Soon afterwards, the Rev. Sir William Dunbar, Bart., a godly and much respected clergyman of the Church of England, then labouring in London, was invited to accept the vacant incumbency. He at first declined, as he objected to important points in the Scottish liturgy; but on the assurance that the Deed of Union guaranteed to the clergyman of St. Paul's Chapel the exclusive use of the Anglican ritual, he ultimately consented and entered upon his duties in 1842.

But "how can two walk together except they be agreed?" He was soon asked to preach in the chapel of the Primus; this he could only consent to on condition that he might retire prior to the administration of the Lord's Supper—an office widely different in doctrine as well as in mode of administration to that required by the rubric of the Church of England.

Then arose a question as to Confirmation, into which we need not inquire: and, finally, a collection on behalf of the Scottish Episcopal Church Society was ordered, which the managers of St. Paul's would not allow to be made.

Matters having reached this crisis, Sir William Dunbar's only alternative was to write the following letter:—

The Rev. Sir Wm. Dunbar to Bishop Skinner.

CASTLE STREET, *May* 12, 1843.

RIGHT REV. AND DEAR SIR,—After a most anxious and careful consideration of the interview which took place on the 8th inst. between your reverence and myself, I am constrained to withdraw my reserved and limited subscription to the canons of the Scottish Episcopal Church, which I gave at the time when I accepted from the managers and congregation of St. Paul's Chapel the ministerial charge over them. That subscription was given in connection with the Deed of Union between the said congregation and the Scottish Episcopal Church, by which deed all the rights and privileges of the congregation, as recognised before the deed was executed, were to be secured to them, and in which deed is the following clause:—'None of which rights and privileges shall be infringed upon without incurring the dissolution of the said voluntary union.' That these have been infringed upon by your reverence is known and felt by the whole congregation; and, as I am threatened with ecclesiastical censure if I do not conform to certain courses, which would have the effect of encroaching still further upon the articles of the Deed of Union, I cannot hesitate as to the proper course for me to adopt. Having never rendered myself liable to ecclesiastical censure while ministering for eleven years under the Bishops of

the Church of England, of which I am an ordained minister, I cannot consent to allow my clerical character to be endangered by any threatened rebuke of the Scottish Episcopal Church, with which my conditional association has not been of one year's duration.

On these grounds I now withdraw my subscription referred to.

I have the honour to be,

Right Rev. and dear Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

A correspondence ensued; the managers and constituent members withdrew from the Scottish Episcopal Church; St. Paul's Chapel reverted to its original character and condition, and Sir William Dunbar was recognised as its minister.

Two months afterwards, without any previous intimation of the proceedings, Sir William Dunbar received, through the post, his accusation, condemnation and sentence, for renouncing allegiance to the Primus.

As Bishop Skinner's writ of excommunication is a literary curiosity, breathing the spirit and language of the days when Roman supremacy and intolerance were at their height, we give it in its entirety:—

In the name of God. Amen. Whereas the Reverend Sir William Dunbar, late Minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen, and Presbyter of this Diocese, received by letters dimissory from the Lord Bishop of London, forgetting his duty as a Priest of the Catholic Church, did, on the twelfth of May last, in a letter addressed to us, William Skinner, Doctor in Divinity, Bishop of Aberdeen, wilfully renounce his canonical obedience to us, his

proper ordinary, and withdrew himself, as he pretended, from the jurisdiction of the Scottish Episcopal Church; and, notwithstanding our earnest and affectionate remonstrances repeatedly addressed to him, did obstinately persist in that his most undutiful and wicked act, contrary to his ordination vows and his solemn promise of canonical obedience, whereby the said Sir William Dunbar hath violated every principle of duty, which the laws of the Catholic Church have recognised as binding on her Priests, and hath placed himself in a state of open schism; and, whereas the said Sir William Dunbar hath moreover continued to officiate in defiance of our authority; therefore, we, William Skinner, Doctor in Divinity, Bishop of Aberdeen, aforesaid, sitting with our Clergy in Synod, this tenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, and acting under the provisions of Canon XLI., do declare that the said Sir William Dunbar hath ceased to be a Presbyter of this Church, and that all his ministerial acts are without authority, as being performed apart from Christ's mystical body, wherein the one Spirit is; and we do most earnestly and solemnly warn all faithful people to avoid all communion with the said Sir William Dunbar in prayers and sacraments, or in any way giving countenance to him in his present irregular and sinful course, lest they be partakers with him in his sin, and thereby expose themselves to the threatening denounced against those who cause divisions in the Church, from which danger we most heartily pray that God of His great mercy would keep all the faithful people committed to our charge, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

This excommunication or "declaration"—applauded by the Tractarian party, deplored by the Evangelicals, laughed at and ridiculed by the secular press—was published far and wide, and each Episcopalian clergyman under the control of Bishop Skinner was enjoined to read it aloud to his congregation from the Lord's Table.

Soon after this, the Rev. C. P. Miles accepted the incumbency of St. Jude's. He was a hater of oppression, and to test the position and show brotherly sympathy for Sir William Dunbar, he determined to preach in his church, and thus give a practical proof of the invalidity of the attempted excommunication. He denied that it was illegal to preach in a place of worship unlicensed by a Scotch bishop, although the synodical sentence warned all faithful people to avoid communion with Sir William Dunbar in prayers and sacraments.

The position then taken by Mr. Miles was this:—he voluntarily retired from the Scottish Episcopal Church, having recalled his subscription to its canons, and on the same day that he renounced the authority of Bishop Russell, his former diocesan, he sent his resignation as incumbent of St Jude's. The managers, however, fearing that the chapel would have to be closed, and from love and respect to Mr. Miles, invited him to continue his clerical ministrations over the congregation; and to this he consented on the ground that, being a presbyter of the Church of England, from which communion he had not withdrawn, he considered himself legally entitled to the exercise of the sacred office on behalf of Protestant Episcopalians in Glasgow.

When Mr. Miles assumed this attitude, the managers and congregation of St. Jude's determined to stand by him through thick and thin, and also

to separate themselves as a body from the Scottish Episcopal Church. They acted harmoniously and quietly throughout, but warily, and sought advice at every step of their way. In the following letter, Mr. Burnley gives the opinion of Bishop Villiers on the situation.

CHRISTIE'S HOTEL, *Nov.* 29, 1844.

MY DEAR BURNS,—I had a very pleasing interview with Villiers this morning, whom I had not as yet spoken to regarding our affair. I am happy to say he goes with us thoroughly. He suggested one or two names that he thinks might be added to our list for sending pamphlets. I asked him what opinion he would give, as to the course we ought to pursue as managers. His advice was, '*Do* nothing, but stand as firm as a rock.' He certainly is not a High Churchman, for when I assured him that we regretted not being under Episcopal jurisdiction, but that we valued Scriptural doctrine more, he said, 'Why, after all, what are bishops? You may stick a piece of lawn on any man and make him a bishop, but the knowledge of the truth and the love of Christ cannot thus be given.' He says the contest is about commencing in Scotland with us, and in England by the Bishop of Exeter, and the spirit that animated Luther is what is wanting. I said, 'I hope the Missionary Society will be more decided this year, as to the line they intend to pursue.' 'What they ought to do,' said Villiers, 'is to send down a judicious and determined man, and let him preach when he liked.'* I wish *he* would consent to come down; he blows the trumpet with no uncertain sound. He said if there was anything he could do to help us in any way, I was to write him.

Yours most sincerely,

W. F. BURNLEY.

The advice of Henry Venn, the clerical secretary

* The Rev. Edward Bickersteth took the bold course, and preached in St. Jude's for the Church Missionary Society.

of the Church Missionary Society, was also sought, and he replied as follows :—

> With regard to yourselves as managers, do nothing without legal advice and the opinion of counsel. Get legal advice for abrogating your Deed of Presentation, and when you have got everything straight and clear, publish your reasons for leaving the Scottish Episcopal Church, and give the opinions of counsel verbatim. Be cautious how you act, and never put down one foot before you know where to place the other.

This was sagacious advice, and it was duly acted upon.

On the 18th of December, 1844, the sentence was pronounced :—

"We, Michael Russell, Doctor of Laws, Bishop of Glasgow, sitting in Synod, . . . do hereby reject the said Reverend Charles Popham Miles, and publicly declare that he is no longer a clergyman of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. We warn the members of our Church, as well as all Episcopalians elsewhere, to avoid professional communion with the said Reverend Charles Popham Miles, in public prayers and sacraments, or in any way to give countenance to him in his present irregular course, lest they be partakers with him in his schism, and thereby expose themselves to the threatening denounced against those who cause divisions in the Church; from which danger we most heartily pray that God, of His great mercy, will keep all the faithful people committed to our charge, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Some gaps in the narrative may be supplied in the words of Mr. Burns, who says :—

> We were living at Brookfield, Greenock, when Miles had the outbreak in connection with Bishop Skinner, of Aberdeen. Skinner had issued an excommunication of Sir William Dunbar, who was under him there, for fraternising with the Presbyterians. Skinner lost much of his authority and influence, but Dunbar was the greater sufferer from the contest, for his uncle was so distressed at the fact of his excommunication, that he cut him off from his inheritance. Miles, while staying with us at Brookfield, said to me that he proposed going to Aberdeen, to preach in Dunbar's church, because he hated tyranny. I responded cordially, and said that I highly approved of his going. He told me that he would get his place in Glasgow supplied by an excellent man, named Gribble, who had been a fellow-sailor with him in the service of the East India Company. Miles's proceeding made a great stir in the Scottish Episcopal Church. Bishop Russell came through from Leith expressly to see me on the occasion, and he found me in my office in Glasgow, nearly ready to start in the train to Greenock. He said he hoped that I would use my influence with Mr. Miles to obtain from him an expression of regret for having gone to preach for Dunbar; and added that he would be satisfied if he would promise not to repeat what he had done. He concluded by saying that he had instructions from the Primus (Skinner) to take this matter up, and finished by using these words, 'If I do not proceed, I shall be proceeded against.' To his great surprise, I told him that Miles had consulted me, and that I had very warmly approved the course he was taking. Bishop Russell walked across with me to the train, talking the whole time about the matter. A number of letters passed between us on the subject, and it was arranged that a meeting should take place between the Bishop, Mr. Miles, and the Vestry of St. Jude's. They met accordingly, and in course of conversation Miles expressed himself in a moderate and conciliating tone, but not wavering one iota in his views; whereupon the Bishop expressed his gratification

with Mr. Miles' manner, but he could go no further. The Bishop, at that meeting, turned to me and said, 'I hope that you look upon the letters that I wrote to you as strictly confidential, and not to be made use of.' I replied that he might depend upon my keeping them to myself; and they have not been made public to this day. The episode led at once to the separation of St. Jude's from the Scottish Episcopal Church, and we coalesced with Mr. Drummond, of Edinburgh, in his separation.

There was a great deal of acrimonious pamphleteering concerning the "unreasonable schism"—as a leading Church luminary described it—which had "deprived the younger portions of several congregations of the holy and apostolic rite of Confirmation, and the consequent benefit of being admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the practice of the English Church."

Into the controversy, Robert Montgomery entered on the side of the Scottish Episcopal Church, contending that the proceedings at St. Jude's were "sad, unscriptural, and schismatic;" that "if it were separated from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Glasgow, and presided over in this rent and riven state by an unauthorised English presbyter, the church would be schismatical and all connected with it schismatics."

He went full tilt against the action of Mr. Miles, and contended that the main point in the controversy was "not whether Sir William Dunbar had been rightly or wrongly treated by the Bishop of Aberdeen; but whether the uncanonical intrusion

of a presbyter into another bishop's diocese was justifiable in order to awaken the question."

He concluded a long pamphlet-letter with the assurance that when he recalled to memory the former peace of St. Jude's at the time he ministered among them, he was filled with sadness. "When the image of St. Jude's," he said, "comes before me, it is associated with sadder feelings than I have courage to describe."

In May, 1845, it was decided to hold a meeting in Edinburgh of all the English clergy then labouring in Scotland apart from Scottish bishops, and also of delegates from the several English congregations. Concerning that meeting, Mr. Miles wrote to Mr. Burns, who was at the time in London, as follows:—

GLASGOW, *May* 19, 1845.

MY DEAR BURNS,—I miss you very much. You are my consulting physician, and, as you give good advice and take no fee, your assistance is invaluable. . . .

The opinions which you expressed in regard to the meeting of clericals and delegates in Edinburgh, coincided most thoroughly with those entertained by myself. You will now be glad to hear that we duly assembled, and that our conference commenced and terminated in harmony. We commenced with the Word of God and prayer. Then certain resolutions and counter-resolutions were proposed, withdrawn, remodelled, and reconsidered, and at length we came to a conclusion that we would love one another! Now here is an epitome of the proceedings of the first annual meeting of the English Episcopalians dwelling in Scotland! However, you must understand that some definite resolutions were carried. I think you will be satisfied with them. We were all of one mind in regard to our position, and, unless my ears have deceived me, I do not

think that we stand committed for any thing beyond the general principles *necessarily espoused by us as members of the Church of England.* It was settled that these resolutions, if approved by the absent trustees and managers of the English chapels, should be printed and circulated among the several congregations.

My next piece of news is that Sir William Dunbar is to preach at St. Jude's on Sunday next, two sermons. Collections in behalf of our chapel funds are to be consequent upon each of Dunbar's sermons.

Yours affectionately,

C. P. MILES.

The position of the English Episcopalians in Scotland was defined at their first meeting thus:—

"That, as ministers and members of the Protestant Church of Christ, established by law in England and Ireland, together with others who are attached to that communion, we express our deep regret, that the doctrines, the spirit, and the discipline of the Scottish Episcopal Church have been recently proved to be of a nature so distinct from the principles of the United Church of England and Ireland, as to forbid our having any connection with the Scottish Episcopate; inasmuch as such connection would involve a dereliction of our duty to the English Church, and a compromise of Protestant principles, thus doing violence to our perceptions of truth, and to our consciences.

"That, as in a recent document put forth by Bishop Low, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, a hope is expressed, which had been previously implied in similar documents by Bishops Skinner and Russell, that

no bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland, or of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, will receive any clergymen who have officiated in Scotland, without letters testimonial from the bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and as such an expression seems intended to convey the idea that the Scottish bishops have some measure of jurisdiction over English Episcopalians in Scotland, we hereby declare that the idea is utterly fallacious, and that such an assumption on the part of the Scottish bishops has no authority, either in Statute, Common, Ecclesiastical, or Divine Law.

"That, although at present we have not the full advantages of Episcopal superintendence, yet as our position has arisen from necessity and not from choice—a necessity, however, which does not in the least invalidate our standing as Episcopal ministers, and members of the English Church—we desire to express deliberately our sense of the benefit of such superintendence, and our readiness to receive and acknowledge it, whenever, in the providence of God, an opportunity for its proper exercise may arise."

In the Rev. C. B. Gribble, Mr. Burns found a valuable friend and a zealous coadjutor. Early in life Mr. Gribble entered the East India Service, and rose to be chief officer of the H.C. ship *Herefordshire;* but, under deep religious convictions, he resolved, after the Company's charter was withdrawn, to enter the Church. He took his degree at Cambridge, was ordained, and, after holding the curacy

of Olney, he went to Canada as a missionary, and was for two years on the shores of Lake Erie at a time when the country was still a comparative waste, and each settler was a "hewer of wood and drawer of water." After his return, in 1843, he became curate of Broseley, under the Hon. and Rev. Orlando Forester (afterwards Lord Forester), and, soon afterwards, was associated with his old friend the Rev. C. P. Miles in the work at St Jude's. Referring to the friendship of these two excellent men, Mr. Burns says:—

> Miles and Gribble were fellow-officers in the Company's service, and were in India together. Miles often told me that, when he was last in Calcutta, in 1830, Colonel Powney, who was very attentive to all young officers, and had them frequently to his house, had invited him as one of his many guests. The Colonel was a decidedly Christian man, and he employed his visitors, one after another, at breakfast, to read prayers. He put the book into Miles' hand to use it. Miles went on swimmingly as long as he was in smooth water, but at the end of the prayer he came on the words, 'Our Father, etc.,' and he said, 'I was completely floored; I had not the slightest idea what the *etc.* included!' He had entirely forgotten it during his seafaring life.
>
> One day Miles was ordered to join his ship at the mouth of the Hooghly, and, on leaving Fort William, the Colonel gave him a book, and said, 'Miles, read that during your homeward voyage.' It was the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Miles read it; became interested; was much impressed with the views set forth, and it became the means of leading him into serious investigation, and to a saving knowledge of the truth.

No sooner had Mr. Gribble entered upon his

duties, as co-minister with Mr. Miles of St Jude's Chapel, than he threw himself heart and soul into the controversy then raging, and was especially earnest in his exhortations to sister churches, such as that of St. Peter's, at Montrose, to refuse submission to the Scottish bishops. He was very plain in his speech upon the doctrinal errors, as he regarded them, of the Episcopal Church. He says:—

> In the event of your submitting to the Scottish bishops, your minister must become a party to error; and if he should have received his ordination from a bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland, he must, though perhaps unwittingly, become a party to falsehood. Every clergyman in connection with the last mentioned Church is bound to the English ritual; but if he unite himself to the Scotch Episcopal Church, he must subscribe to the canon, which declares that the Scotch communion office possesses a primary authority over that of the English Church; in other words, he must declare that error has a higher authority than truth. The error consists in this:—The Scotch communion office prays that the bread and wine may become the body and blood of Christ; we, of the English Church, believe that, in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Christ is received by faith into the heart, and not by the lips into the stomach. Such a notion we repudiate as indecent and absurd.

Persistent efforts were made to prevent all English clergymen who visited Scotland from giving any aid to the "excommunicated," and to close every pulpit in England against them. Pressure from without was brought to bear upon archbishops and bishops of the English Church, but the attempts signally failed. The sympathies of the Protestants of Eng-

land were with the excommunicated clergy; English pulpits were thrown open to them freely, and men like the venerable Dr. Marsh of Leamington, Bickersteth, Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, Hugh Stowell, Dr. Anderson (Bishop of Rupert's Land), and a host of others, preached in the churches of the censured clergy.

In August, 1845, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave new material for controversy in the following oracular utterance:—

> The Episcopal Church in Scotland, he said, is in communion with the United Church of England and Ireland through the medium of her bishops, as, without referring farther back, will appear from a recent Act of the Legislature, the 3 and 4 Vic., c. 33. Of congregations in Scotland not acknowledging the spiritual jurisdiction of the bishop in whose diocese the chapels are situate, yet calling themselves Episcopalian, we know nothing. In order to prove their right to this designation, they should be able to show what bishop in England has authority, by law or by custom, to regulate their worship, and to direct or control their ministers in respect of discipline or doctrine. In default of such proof they cannot be considered as Episcopalian, though the service of their chapels be performed by clergymen who have been regularly ordained by a bishop.

Mr. Drummond, the Minister of St. Thomas's English Episcopal Chapel in Edinburgh, took up the gauntlet so unadvisedly thrown down by the archbishop. An extract, relating to one point only of the issues raised, may be cited here to show the position taken up by the English Episcopalians:—

> It does appear to be very strange, that congregations in Scotland not directly under Episcopal control—from the *necessity* of the case, and not from their own desire—should be considered by some persons as having on that account forfeited their claim to be Episcopalian. If this be so, what of all the 'exempt jurisdictions' in England?—livings held by English clergymen, yet not under the control of any bishop. What of the chaplains of the navy and the army? These have no direct Episcopal control. Are they, therefore, to be considered as beyond the ranks of Episcopalians? What of our two or three missionaries in China? Are not they Episcopalians, though no English bishop exercises jurisdiction over them? An American bishop has been appointed to China. Are the English missionaries and the English chaplain bound to pay canonical obedience to him? . . . As to the communion, the question is very easily settled. I respectfully but firmly ask, What bishop of the United Church of England or Ireland can refuse me induction, were I to accept a living in his diocese? Can a presbyter of the Scottish Episcopal Church be thus inducted? The law peremptorily forbids it. During my temporary residence in England, I have officiated in four dioceses, Canterbury, London, Winchester, and Lincoln, and that without the express written permission of the bishop of the diocese. Could a presbyter of the Scottish Episcopal Church do this? If he were to attempt it, he would subject himself and the friend he assisted to very heavy penalties. This is a practical proof—and can any be stronger?—as to which body of Episcopalians in Scotland are in closest communion with the Church of England.

The upshot of the whole controversy was this. The Act of Parliament (10th Queen Anne) gave ample protection to the English Episcopalian chapels and their ministers in the exercise of their privileges; that Act still remained in full force, and every attempt on the part of the Scottish bishops or their

clergy to disturb the congregations worshipping in those chapels was contrary to law.

And so, despite the harsh and bitter things that were said and written, despite the fulminations of quasi-bishops, despite the poetic grief of Robert Montgomery, the English Episcopalians in Scotland held on their way.

It was a matter of regret to Mr. Burns that the calls of business took him away from Glasgow during a considerable portion of the time when the controversy was at its height; but there was hardly a step taken of any importance in which he did not have a guiding hand. It was his daily joy to know that, notwithstanding the prevalence of the spirit of controversy, Christian work was going on with unceasing activity, and that Mr. Burnley, who was associated with him in every movement, could write to him thus:—

> The congregation is, on the whole, increasing. Gribble has commenced his lectures in Anderston. . . . The Sunday school is to be commenced in a small way next Sabbath. . . . Many of the poor might be got to the church if we appropriated a certain number of back seats at low rents. . . . Of course the subject of a bishop will come before us. We shall be very cautious before taking any step. . . . Drummond has been applying to several clergymen in England to come as a Missionary Deputation, but without success—the numerous meetings at this season prevent them from leaving home. . . . We must join together to send men of God to Parliament.

"The question of a bishop must come before them." Yes, there was the rub; and how the question was answered will have to be told in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

PERSONAL TRAITS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

A DISTINCTIVE feature in the religious belief of Mr. Burns was that, for the Christian, "whatever is, is right;" that all things, apparently good, bad, or indifferent, are in reality the very best; that every circumstance in his lot is influenced by the direct movement of the Divine will; and that, literally, "*all* things work together for good to them that love God."

It may be said that to men who succeed, who know nothing of the hand-to-hand struggle for existence, who live in the midst of luxury, and who flourish under the world's applause, this is a natural and comfortable belief; and so it is. But Mr. Burns had his full share of the trials of life. He knew the bitterness of domestic sorrows, he bore the burden of business anxiety, he knew the weariness of continuous opposition; he endured the discomforts of long separations from family and home—in times, too, when his heart cried out for cessation from toil; he had encountered the jealousies and machinations of rivals in business; he had borne the burden of

religious controversy, and had "fought with beasts at Ephesus;" his life had its dark as well as its bright side (although it is on its latter aspect we have particularly dwelt), and yet, in the face of all these things, he held firmly to the belief that whatever happened was of Divine appointment, and was therefore the best that could have happened. This belief comes out strongly in letters written at times of deep feeling. Thus in September, 1845, when writing to Miss MacIver to condole with her on the loss of her brother, Mr. David MacIver, his late partner, he says:—

GLASGOW, *Sept.* 30, 1845.

It is with a sorrowful heart I have this day received the intelligence of your brother's death. He was one in whom I felt a very deep interest, and for whom I entertained great regard. My wife fully participated in this, and our united earnest desire was, at all times, to promote his spiritual good. Many a conversation we had upon the great truths of the gospel, and he opened his mind to us more freely, I believe, than was his wont with people in general. I mention this as a means of comforting you in this trying hour, when, of all things, the most anxious question with Christian survivors is, whether the departed had fled for refuge to the Saviour. I hope he had, and that he is now realising the blessedness of having died in the Lord. His removal is a solemn lesson to all; nothing that the world can give is worth possessing if unsanctified by the Holy Spirit. But, on the other hand, whatever the believer has, or is destitute of, it is his fixed lot ordained in the wisdom of God, and made to work for the good of his soul. All things are his; all are covenant mercies, whether joy or sorrow, life or death; and what he knows not now, of the intentions of God in the dark and cloudy day of painful visitation, he shall know hereafter, and shall be satisfied with the goodness and mercy

involved in all God's dealings. There is no chance, no uncertainty, in the government of God; we are assured that all things shall work together for the good of the souls of them that are in Christ Jesus. Think of this in your present distress, and may the consolation of the God of all comfort abound in your soul.

One who found it hard to accept the belief to which Mr. Burns tenaciously held, when announcing the death, under very painful circumstances, of a dearly loved and intimate friend, said in a letter, "You do not expect me to be thankful for this, surely?"

Mr. Burns replied:—

Truly, indeed, I do not expect you to be thankful for this sore calamity. I know from bitter experience what it is to have had, once and again, wrenched from me those who were dear to me as my own soul, and I cannot be thankful for that which, in itself, is a dreadful evil. But by the grace of God I hope I have learned some lessons which will be useful to me throughout eternity. It is well, for one thing, to see what a curse sin is, and the consequences it has inflicted on our race, but then let us look to Jesus, who has borne the curse and carried the sorrow. If you knew my heart, you would see that I have been feeling for you and your dear departed one. I know what it is to be unable to realise the departure. Sympathy you have from me, but there the matter stops. I can do no more, but One there is whose sympathy can be carried into effect, to soothe your troubles, and even to bring blessings out of them. It is but a small part of God's ways we can see, or even partially comprehend here. He is working in our souls with reference to their everlasting duration, and we must learn to wait. May He, by His Holy Spirit, speak usefully and peacefully to you in this dark hour.

Another characteristic of the religious life of Mr.

Burns was, that he found meditation to be not only sweet but eminently helpful. In these days of excessive preaching and reading, and of restless religious activity, the meditative element seems to have well-nigh died out of the lives of most Christians. Luther's practice of spending the three best hours of every day in solitary devotion is far more wondered at in these times than imitated, and yet, as a modern preacher has said, "the hours spent in quiet meditation are the sweetest part of any life. David 'sat before the Lord.' It is a great thing to hold these quiet sittings; the mind being receptive, like an open flower, drinks in the sunbeams. Quietude, which some men cannot abide because it reveals their inward poverty, is as a palace of cedar to the wise, for along its hallowed courts the King in His beauty deigns to walk. Quiet contemplation, still worship, unuttered rapture—these are mine when my best jewels are before me. Let us rob not our hearts of the deep-sea joys; let us miss not the far-down life by for ever babbling among the broken shells and foaming surges of the shore."

Many of the best-spent hours in Mr. Burns' life were those in which he sat still and thought, and they were hours full of fruitfulness. Moreover, he loved meditative books, and the works which he read and re-read with always increasing pleasure were the writings of Pascal, for which he entertained a love perhaps beyond all other human productions.

Mr. Burns never at any time kept a diary, and very rarely put in writing the thoughts that arose within him. Sometimes, however, he would jot down a few rough notes, and these invariably show the contemplative nature of his religious life. Thus, at Homburg, in 1847, he wrote in a fly-leaf of a book, when on a holiday tour—and no man entered into holiday-life with a keener or more natural relish—the following:—

July 21*st*.—A beautiful day for our voyage up the Rhine from Coblentz. Some pleasant company on board, among them a couple who replaced our friends at the *table d'hôte* at Ems, on the day they left; but we were not quite prepared to take them to our hearts so soon after having had broken up one of the happiest unions we have enjoyed. Arrived at Frankfort the same evening; welcomed at the Hotel d'Angleterre; reminded of former happy days; the night serene and air balmy, but still something a-wanting. Proceeded next day to Homburg; liked it better than formerly; remembered its shaded walks, fragrant meadows, wooded hills, and old-fashioned garden of the Schloss—greatly superior to Ems or Weisbaden. The freshness of nature reigns around, notwithstanding the evils that seem to be inseparable from a German watering-place. We get up betimes in the morning, and join the busy and cheerful throng at the springs; we were much touched and solemnised on hearing again the beautiful band play the customary hymn at the commencement of the morning operations. Surrounded with mercies and comforts, thought of the past, looked forward to the future, when, in the full realisation of God's love, we shall love one another with pure hearts fervently. Desired to rest in submission to His sovereign will who orders all things well, who reminds us by oft-repeated discipline that here we have no continuing city, who teaches us by a touching experience that separations await us, and constantly interrupts the current of our

happiness, so that we are forced to say of all earthly unions, be they what they may, the best and the purest, that time is scarcely allowed to form them, until they are dissolved; that the paths through the wilderness diverge in many a direction; that the people who are in Christ, and afterwards to be gathered into one, must meanwhile be dispersed and travel alone; that they must pass through tribulation more or less ere they feel that they have escaped from the curse that hangs over this world, and are permitted to join in the song of Moses and the Lamb, and to walk in the brightness of that City which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof, and into which nothing that is unholy shall ever enter.

'Christian friendships are soon formed, but will never end,' so said Dr. Marsh to us last year, on a break-up in Switzerland.* May the God of love and peace be ever with us, and our times in His hand as our unerring Guide, then will all the meetings and all the partings in this life be good for us, and blessings will flow from them into eternity; we shall meet with one another, and mingle among the nations of them who are saved, and enjoy the perfected communion of saints in the heavenly house not made with hands.

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* In the Life of the Rev. William Marsh, D.D., by his daughter, is the following:—"On another visit to Scotland he (Dr. Marsh) found that whenever he and his family travelled by the steamships belonging to a Glasgow company, no payment was accepted. At first he was rather perplexed by the refusal, being so much more in the habit of giving than receiving; but upon further inquiry he found that the head of the firm was one of a large number of guests who used to assemble in his room for family prayers when travelling in Switzerland the year before; and that on hearing of my father's intention of spending a little time at Dunoon, and visiting the Western Highlands, he had generously given orders that all passages on board Burns's steamships should be free to Dr. Marsh and his family" (p. 202).

These exceeding great and precious promises are scattered all over the Scriptures; the subjects of them are brought into light in the concluding chapters of the Revelation. David comforted his soul with them even in the Seventy-first Psalm; he expressed his belief that after passing through great and sore trials he should be quickened again and brought up from the depths of the earth, that his greatness should be increased, and that he should be comforted on every side. That we may surely participate in these ineffable blessings, may God the Holy Spirit incline our hearts to accept, without cavilling, the great salvation wrought for man by Christ, the gift of the Father's love. May He teach us to use this world as not abusing it, to receive all our comforts as covenant blessings; and may He, in great condescension to our weakness, confer upon us the well-grounded assurance that we are one with Christ, and walking in safety, waiting for the great salvation, the completion of our longing desires after happiness, will be the praise and glory of His name.

FRANKFORT, *Aug.* 2.

Heard the parting hymn this morning at Homburg, and afterwards left for this on our way home.

Although Mr. Burns was never a "public man" in connection with the social and religious questions of the day, his tastes and sympathies, and his practical knowledge, brought him in contact with many of the leaders of men.

One of his great personal friends was Sir Andrew Agnew, who was strong on the Sabbath question. When railways were beginning to intersect the land, he foresaw that the new system of traffic would bring about a sensible increase in "Sabbath desecration." Already it had commenced, and by many the reproach of being Sabbath desecrators was thrown upon the committees and directors of rail-

ways. But Sir Andrew Agnew pointed out in pamphlets and in the public press that the regulating power, and consequently the responsibility, was placed by Act of Parliament in the hands of the shareholders and proprietors, to be exercised by them at every half-yearly general meeting, at which, by the statute law, the executive powers of the directors might be continued or withdrawn for each ensuing half-year. He regretted, therefore, that many well-known men, hitherto connected with railways, had retired from them in consequence of the prevalence of Sunday traffic, and he set to work to urge Sabbatarians everywhere to become shareholders and prevail upon others to do so.

This was his novel argument: — "Freedom of speech and of debate being given, we can reiterate our principles, and make all half-yearly meetings so many Lord's Day societies!"

He entertained a fear lest English shareholders in Scotch railways should be the authors of a new system of Sabbath profanation in Scotland, and he spent much of his time, money, and thought, in organising meetings, circulating pamphlets, and forming public opinion in order to obtain the protest of Christians of all denominations "against the profanation of any one of the twenty-four hours of the Lord's Day."

Sir Andrew was a voluminous correspondent, and "the Sabbath" was the burden of the majority of his letters. Thus, to Mr. Burns:—

LOCHNAW CASTLE, *March* 4, 1845.

The last number of the *Aberdeen Banner* will, I think, interest you. The meeting regarding the steam packets seems to have been sustained in an excellent spirit; the speech also of Mr. Leslie in presenting the resolutions of the meeting to the Steam Navigation Company was good, and the first part of the resolution moved by him was also good, but in the latter part of his resolution he fell into a strange mistake at a moment when contending for a principle. He forgot on the moment that a preconcerted arrangement for working on alternate Sabbaths was as much a violation of his principle as an arrangement for working every consecutive Sabbath, which may be thus tested, viz.: If I make myself a party to such a compromise to-day, I must, if true to my principle, oppose to-morrow the carrying out of my own compromise, for it implies working on a Sabbath day by premeditation. In point of fact, 'Necessity' and 'Mercy,' the two great exceptions to strict abstinence from Sabbath work, must needs be *unpremeditated*, *incidental*, or *providential;* otherwise, if premeditated and systematic and predetermined, they make the commandment of God to contradict itself, for He who knew beforehand what necessities of society would require, deliberately commanded 'no work' to be done on the Sabbath day.

I send the Aberdeen paper, which, when you have made all possible use of it, I would beg you to preserve for me. May I request you to explain to Mr. Miles the subject of our conversation regarding the desirableness of prevailing upon members of his congregation to procure railway shares for the purpose of qualifying themselves for raising their testimonies against 'Sunday trains.' Mr. Burnley also will, I trust, use his influence. A little leaven may, with the blessing of God, do much; but if that little is withheld, what will become of the lump?—it will crush our National morality.

With many thanks for all kindness,

Believe me, your faithful

ANDREW AGNEW.

A few days after the date of this letter, Sir Andrew Agnew wrote again to Mr. Burns, urging him to call at the office of the Lord's Day Society at Exeter Hall, Strand, for "some interesting information regarding the Lord's Day," and enclosing an introduction to Mr. Joseph Wilson—cousin of the Bishop of Calcutta, and honorary secretary to the society. This circumstance led to the appearance of Mr. Burns on the platform of Exeter Hall as a public speaker, for the first and last time in his life.

Mr. Burns says:—

I was busy in London, as usual, and could not find time to see Mr. Wilson, so I thought I would go to the annual meeting of the Lord's Day Society, which was being held at Exeter Hall, and that if I sat on the platform I should probably find him. While I was sitting there, a gentleman came up to me and said, 'You must speak to-night; the Archbishop of Canterbury was to have moved a resolution, but he cannot come, so you must do duty for him.' I was obliged to speak, and I spoke. Afterwards General Mac Kinnon, Mr. Syme, of Montague Square, and others, came round, shook me by the hand, and thanked me. Mr. Syme asked me to dine that day with all the Directors of the Society, who were to be there. I accepted, and in the drawing-room, before dinner, asked Mr. Wilson what induced him to urge me to speak, saying, 'I never saw you before, nor you me.' He answered, 'That may be, but you were turning over some letters in your hand, and I caught sight of Sir Andrew Agnew's handwriting.' It was the letter of introduction Sir Andrew had given me to Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Burns, notwithstanding his contemplative habits, was always a very busy man. Although he had a large correspondence in connection with his

shipping business, an almost equally large one concerning Church and philanthropic matters, and an exceptionally large one with personal friends, there was, as his name and influence increased, another class of correspondence growing up, of which the following may be taken as a specimen. Sir William Hooker was already a personal friend, but it often happened that those who commenced a correspondence with Mr. Burns as strangers were not long before they subscribed themselves as friends.

KEW, *June* 29, 1843.

I wish much to see you and to speak to you on the subject of a privilege which I believe the Government possesses of sending certain packages by the mail steamers. This, I understand from the Admiralty, is an arrangement with the companies. But at present our Garden has only taken advantage of it in the West India steamers. You, I am sure, will kindly facilitate the little intercourse I may wish to have with North America, and will tell me whether or not I may send *direct* to Liverpool (and to what address), simply putting on the packet 'On H. M. Service,' I pledging my word that the contents are on account of the Royal Botanical Gardens. In general, my packets will be small—seeds, perhaps, and bulbs. But now and then a box of *living* plants will require to go or come, and such box should be placed on deck. I should also like to know at what periods the packets sail. Before I was aware of this privilege, I sent a noble case of five hundred plants (about two months ago) to Boston. I sent them to the railway station, and paid freight to Liverpool. My correspondent did not receive them by first vessel, nor by the next a fortnight after, and when they did arrive four hundred out of the five hundred were dead!—and a great loss they were to the Boston (or rather New Cambridge) Botanical Garden. I believe the fault was

that Master Pickford, or some sluggish conveyance, took up the box, and that it was more than a fortnight on the *road* to Liverpool. Now the fact is that if we take proper advantage of *steam* conveyance, it is of inestimable service to botanical communications. I do hope you will be able to come and see our Garden, and I am sure you will kindly further our wishes in regard to the transport of plants.

Faithfully yours,
W. J. HOOKER.

It was characteristic of Mr. Burns to give a word of praise or of affectionate appreciation whenever he felt that it was deserved. He did this in his offices, and cheered the lives of those who were working under him; he did it to preachers and teachers for whose ministrations he felt grateful, and he did it to those of his own household.

A word of praise, an expression of gratitude, or a tribute of admiration, costs little to the giver, but it acts as a powerful stimulant to the toiler, and the world would be a thousandfold happier to-day if this grace of Christian courtesy were only cultivated a little more than it is. Many a philanthropist, worn out with the grinding routine of the machinery of benevolence, has had new life put into him by a few incoherent and ungrammatical words penned by some poor sufferer whom he has been the means of helping; many a preacher, who has felt as if all his words had fallen upon asphalt, has started on a new career of helpful activity by a pressure of the hand, and the simple utterance, "Sir, your words have, by God's blessing, given a

new impulse to my life;" and many a home has been made full of sunshine by the expression of only a few words of kindly appreciation.

In letters of Mr. Burns to his wife, written in 1845–7, the following passages occur:—

The longer you are my wife, the fonder I love you, my darling old Jeanie. May God in His infinite mercy bless and keep you. I have great reason to render thanks to His holy name.

I have loved you for nearly thirty years, and I have a more affectionate heart towards all around me.

Duty is before me: pray that I may be helped, in faithfulness and kindness, to walk circumspectly.

Our cup overflows with goodness, and we have fresh cause to bless our Lord that our separation, which took place from duty, has not been so irksome to either of us as we dreaded. Your improved health has comforted me greatly, and our mutual love exchanged in daily letters has kept up a sweet intercourse. May the Lord grant that we love Him supremely.

This gift of grateful utterance was the origin of many of the friendships which Mr. Burns formed and highly valued. When a preacher had been particularly helpful to him, he would tarry behind to express his thanks; if a cause had been pleaded which aroused his sympathy, he would seek out the pleader and hand in a contribution with a generous and cheery word. He writes to his wife:—

I penetrated this morning into the far east, and have just trudged back from hearing God's word faithfully and manfully preached by Dr. McCaul in his church, which is off Aldgate Street, beyond the

India House. After the sermon I went into the vestry, and gave Dr. McCaul a contribution for the Moggodore Jews. He asked me to come and see the Jews' school.

In a similar way a friendship sprang up between Mr. Burns and the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, of West Street Chapel, St. Martin's Lane, one of the places of worship in London where Mr. Burns always felt himself "at home" on the Sabbath day. In his letters to his wife he often refers to the ministrations of Mr. Dibdin. Thus:—

March 16, 1845.

My beloved in the Lord, I have just come from the house of God, where I have had a feast of fat things in the worship, and edification and comfort to my soul in the preaching of Mr. Dibdin.

April, 1845.

Evening. Mr. Dibdin preached from 2 Chronicles xix. 2, 'Shouldest thou help the ungodly?' He applied the subject to the Maynooth grant, and in a very fine spirit, because in the spirit of love and faithfulness. I signed the petition as one of his congregation, and so did John, against the grant. Mr. Dibdin told me he used in former years to preach much on such subjects, and predicted what would happen, but considering the matter hopeless, he had given it up and applied himself simply to offering the gospel.

Referring to his intercourse with Mr. Dibdin, Mr. Burns says:—

My wife and I and family attended Mr. Dibdin's church whenever we were in town. At one time John Wesley preached in that church, and Mr. Dibdin pointed out to us a window overlooking the lane, where a number of timid people of the higher class assembled to hearken to Wesley's discourse, not venturing to be seen inside.

It was remarkable that, in Mr. Dibdin's church, there was a large number of very poor people, and a great many young people, who partook of the Communion, as we also did. In reply to a question of my wife, he said he had every reason to believe that each one of them was a truly converted person.

On one occasion there was sitting in the same pew with us a rather notable farmer-looking man, who, when the offertory was being collected for the Communion, put a sovereign into the plate. My wife had chanced to observe the circumstance, and when we came out she called my attention to the fact, thinking that the man had perhaps made a mistake. I told her that the gentleman was the Duke of Manchester.

When we were living in 16, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, Mr. Dibdin frequently paid us visits, and once during my absence he proposed to my wife to have prayer, saying that he had not much time to spare for ordinary chit-chat visits. He was, as this incident shows, a very earnest and direct man in his ministrations, although such methods are not always 'convenient,' and my wife said to me on the occasion to which I refer, that she was suffering considerable uneasiness lest some of my particular official friends should drop in. Our intimate friendship with Mr. Dibdin was sustained all our lives. Every New Year's Eve he delivered a special address to his congregation, and ushered in the new year in this interesting way. These addresses were printed, and he invariably sent me a copy.

On one occasion, many years later than the time to which we now refer, Mr. Burns wrote to Mr. Dibdin asking him to occupy for a few Sundays the pulpit of a church of which Mr. Burns was patron. The reply gives a glimpse of love of work probably unique in clerical annals:—

12, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C., *Jan.* 27, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. BURNS,— . . . As for leaving my pulpit at West

Street, I have not been absent twenty-eight Sundays during the twenty-eight years I have been its preacher. The annual *holiday of a month* never formed part of my ministerial plan. I have never felt the need of it. Perhaps if I were troubled with the routine of parish surplice duty, and the amount of secular work which is required in a parochial minister, it might be with me as with most others. I have (very rarely) gone away to preach in some country town for the 'Aged Christian's Society' on the Lord's Day, or for some other great cause. But as for leaving my people for 'rest' or 'pleasure,' I have never done so. I am never tired of my work and need no rest, and I need go nowhere else for pleasure, when I always find it among my many spiritual children. More than half of my 250 communicants have grown up from childhood under my teaching; many of them are married, and are bringing their sons and daughters to hear their old pastor. Every day, too, brings its pastoral work, and I never go to bed without having seen from two to twelve of my congregation privately. Work like mine can only be done by myself. The longer I am in it, the better I love it. . . . With our united kindest regards,

I am most truly yours,
R. W. DIBDIN.

'Judge before friendship,
Then confide till death,'

was the advice of Young the poet, and it was religiously followed by Mr. Burns. To him friendship was a very sacred thing implying a great responsibility, and thus we shall find that, as the years went on, although troops of new friends gathered round him from time to time, the freshness of his love for the old ones never wore off.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW ENTERPRISES.

IT was the custom of Mr. Burns to travel on the Continent almost every year. He loved the "sights" of strange cities and countries, the variety and novelty of foreign experiences, and the freedom from business care which could not follow the traveller in those days as it can now.

In 1847, the year of distress, when famine was in the Highlands of Scotland as well as in Ireland, Mr. Burns was asked by the Admiralty to render what assistance he could in conveying supplies, and he at once placed some of the Western Highland Steamers, the whole of which were at that time in his hands, at the disposal of the Government. Captain Hamilton, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, was then Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty, and when Mr. Burns was in London on his way to the Continent in the summer of that year, he called upon him.

As soon as I saw him (says Mr. Burns), he said, warmly, 'You're the very man I wanted to see. We have got the Grand Duke Constantine to look after; he wishes to go to the Western

Highlands, and I want you to tell me what you can about them.' In conversation with Captain Hamilton, it transpired that it was the intention of the Admiralty to place at the disposal of the Grand Duke the surveying steamer they had there, under the command of Captain, now Admiral, Robinson. I replied, 'I will give you one far better for the purpose.' He said, 'Oh! but that will be too expensive.' I replied, 'It will not cost you a farthing. I will give it free.' He then expressed his regret that I should be from home, but I told him that Mr. Hutcheson, our head man in the office, would do everything necessary. And I added, 'As a compliment to the Grand Duke, in giving him officially a Captain of the Navy to attend upon him in full uniform, I would suggest that you should desire Captain Rawsterne to attend throughout the voyaging. It will also be a great compliment to him, and he will be delighted to mount his cocked hat and epaulettes.' My absence consequently left to others all the gold snuff-boxes which the Imperial Russian family were wont to scatter in their route.

Mr. Burns proceeded to Paris:—

It was the year of threatened revolution (he says). Nevertheless, I fully intended going on to Holland, where I had never been before; but there were staying in the same hotel (Meurice's) two English judges, who took alarm at the aspect of affairs, which pointed to war on the Continent, and the judges thought it prudent to return immediately to England. As I had no desire to be a captive in France, we followed their lead, and lost Holland, for which I was sorry, as the threatened war did not break out.

When at Boulogne, on my homeward journey, I read in the newspapers that the Queen had determined to journey on the same route that the Grand Duke Constantine had taken in his tour in the Highlands. I immediately hastened homewards, and called on Captain Hamilton at the Admiralty, when he asked me to take charge of the voyaging and pilotage. I readily assented, hurried back to Scotland, and rigged out

the small passenger boat from the Crinan Canal in the best way I could, taking out of my own drawing-room, in Glasgow, a large mirror to place in the saloon. When the Queen arrived in the Clyde in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, she was accompanied by H.M.S. *Scourge*, in command of my old friend Captain Caffin, and went up to Dumbarton Rock to inspect it and the garrison. While she was there, I went on board her yacht to confer with Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, who was in command. In the evening we proceeded to Rothesay, which was on the occasion illuminated, and lay off there, the Queen being on board. The day following, the Queen went to visit the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray, where everything was, of course, in high preparation for her. I remained at Ardrishaig waiting her return, to conduct her through the Canal, the *Victoria and Albert* and the *Scourge* being sent round to join her at the other end. The canal boats were at that time tracked by horses through the Canal, and I clothed the boys who ran the horses in scarlet. We went through the Canal in the track boat already mentioned. There my brother joined me, and subsequently my son, James Cleland, and I did all that was necessary for the occasion. I went through the Highlands with Her Majesty. The Highland Service then received the popular name of 'The Royal Route'—a name it has ever since retained.

Her Majesty refers to the incident in her "Leaves from a Note Book in the Highlands" as follows:—

We and our people drove through the little village (Lochgilphead) to the *Crinan Canal*, where we entered a most magnificently decorated barge, drawn by three horses, ridden by postillions in scarlet. We glided along very smoothly, and the views of the hills —the range of *Cruachan*—were very fine indeed.

Captain Caffin (afterwards Admiral Sir Crawford Caffin) wrote to Mr. Burns:—

I am delighted to hear everybody speak so highly of your arrangements; Lord Adolphus FitzClarence told me they were admirable, and the *silent system* so well preserved, which pleases Her Majesty more than anything.

Between Mr. Burns and Captain Caffin the most cordial relations existed. They had a strong interest in each other's personal welfare; they took counsel on subjects connected with ships and navigation; they were in complete harmony on religious matters, and there was on the part of each a keen desire to be more closely associated. The following correspondence throws light upon their friendship, and upon the movements in which Mr. Burns was at this time engaged:—

From Captain Caffin, R.N., to Mr. Burns.

H. M. S. Scourge, LISBON, *Nov.* 9. 1847.

MY DEAR MR. BURNS,—As you were kind enough to say you wished I would write to you from Madeira, I must find time to send you a line from hence, if only to announce that which I dare say the papers have already done, namely, my promotion. This is joyous news, and I am sure I have the good wishes and prayers of yourself and Mrs. Burns and family on this happy occasion. I don't know anything more delightful than the prospect of returning to the bosom of one's family, and that too from an *existence* on board ship. This you can hardly appreciate, never having been dragged from your own happy home. I do hope this may be my last service afloat, and I trust in God's providence it may be, and yet I hope I should not murmur if it were to be made clear to me that my duty was to glorify God afloat, and not on shore, by a life spent in my profession. I desire to have no will of my own in these matters; but I find this so hard a task as not to be able to perform, and I pray most earnestly that I may be permitted to spend the rest of

my days with my family, yet *not my will, but His be done*. He has been so merciful to me hitherto through life, that it would be the deepest ingratitude on my part were I not to trust Him for the future. I am thankful to say we landed the Queen Dowager at Funchal, quite safe and well, on the 2nd, after a most delightful passage out. We performed a novel feat in towing the ship upwards of 300 miles across the Bay of Biscay—little wind, but a very heavy swell; such an experiment in towing has never before been tried. My relief (Captain Hingson) has come out, and taken my ship from me. I hope to return before the next packet, if any man-of-war arrives homeward bound. I must bring this to a conclusion, by praying that God, whom you serve, may guide and direct you in all your concerns, and finally lead you and yours to the mansions of eternal glory. God bless you. With kindest Christian love to Mrs. Burns and all your family,

Ever am I very affectionately,

J. CRAWFORD CAFFIN.

Mr. Burns to Captain Caffin, R.N.

GLASGOW, *Dec.* 15, 1847.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN CAFFIN,—In the middle of November I went to London with my wife, in order to arrange with the Admiralty and the Post Office for the commencement of our increased service between Liverpool and America on the 1st of January, and which arrangement I accomplished most satisfactorily. I told Mr. Cowper we were bound to do two things on the 1st of January, viz., to give an increased number of sailings, and to have an increased number of vessels ready for survey. The first we could accomplish with ease; the second we could not, owing to the heavy nature of the work. But, as a set-off, I said if Government would grant a little indulgence as to the new vessels, we would fill up, at our own expense, the sailings in the *middle* of December, which by our present contract we were not bound to do; but which, in the excited circumstances of mercantile affairs, would be received as a great boon by the public. This arrangement was at once entered

into, as being very advantageous for all parties. It prevented a return to the old system of monthly sailings in winter, and in effect started the new scale at once. I added likewise in reference to our own vessels that we were giving 700 horse-power, whereas, by contract, we were only bound to give 400 horse-power. This, no doubt, was for our own benefit; but it was also good for the Government, and accounted for the delay in having the work completed. I met Mr. Cowper in private, and had a talk about you. Whilst in London, I received your letter from Lisbon, and it gave Mrs. Burns and myself very great pleasure to hear that, having got your step, you were likely so very soon to be in the bosom of your family. It is true I have not gone through the same experience that you have; but nevertheless I have had my trials arising from separation. There is, moreover, if not uniformity in the great features of God's dealings with His people, at least such an analogy as enables them well to sympathise with each other. If one member suffers, all suffer. There is such a wondrous adaptation in the discipline applied to individual believers, that it not only suits their peculiar cases, but it is so wisely apportioned that it appears to be the very kind of discipline and none other that could have reached the secrets of their hearts; and yet it so expands their views that they are enabled to rejoice with those who rejoice and to mourn with those that mourn, to look not each man on his own things, but on the things of others. This is, in a sense, 'filling up the afflictions of Christ in our flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church.' In dealing out afflictions to us, and in shaking us terribly out of our spirit of self-dependence and ease, as God frequently does, how blessed is it for us if, taught by His Spirit, we are able to say, as Hezekiah did, 'O Lord, by these things men live; and in all these things is the life of my spirit.' . . .

When I was in London I was asked to meet some of the parties engaged in the Australian scheme, but declined seeing them, assigning to the party who spoke to me as a reason, that not being at present prepared to go forward in the matter, I wished to leave

them entirely free to follow their own course, which, in the present state of money matters, will be (as an Irishman would express it) to stand still. I repeated, as I had done before, that there were two points in the inquiry: first, would the question be entertained at all; and second, if so, the merits of it must be examined carefully;—but never having decided on the first, it was needless to entertain the second. I said, 'Go on irrespectively of me, and if at any future stage you should choose to renew your communication to me, what I have now said need not prevent it' (this I had said before); but I was very careful to add that even this was not to lead them to found any expectation on me. It would be unfair to them not to say so expressly. On the first view of the subject it occurred to me that the only way I could contemplate any connection on the line proposed, would be through the instrumentality of our smaller vessels, now employed in the Halifax trade. When in London, I alluded in general terms to this, as being the ground on which I felt inclined to turn the matter over in my mind. So far as the employment of our smaller vessels in any new trade, or in any portion of a trade, is concerned, I can readily conceive that, under some circumstances, it might be done to advantage; but so far as amalgamation with the Australian Company is to be viewed, I think it certain, that even if we were ready, they would be found *not* ready. I have been told I might get the control very much into my own hands; so, very possibly, in the present state of matters, I might, but *that* could only effectively be got by taking a grasp far beyond what any prudent man would attempt. I am in this view for the present, setting aside all Christian scruples, which might probably be found insurmountable by an enlightened conscience. I can conceive that although not on so rich a field, but on a safer one in *every* point of view, employment might be found at a future period for our smaller vessels, which would enable us to bring on larger ones for our American trade; but in making this remark, I have no specific object in view (I have sometimes thought of the Cape of Good Hope and branching out). I make this remark as I have done all the rest I have written, for the purpose

of making you acquainted with my inmost thoughts on the subject. Most thankful would I be, if, in the course of God's providence, you and I were to be brought together, either in steam arrangements or in any other suitable way; and although I see not an inch before me at the present moment, I shall not hesitate to write to you on any subject that may occur, and may seem to hold out even a chance of being suitable. From what you said to me, I would not be deterred from bringing before you even an object unconnected with ships and confined to land affairs, if it came in my way.

I feel very much obliged to you for the kind interest you have expressed towards me in reference to the Queen's visit.

My wife, Margaret, John and James, all unite in kindest remembrances and in good wishes for the welfare of Mrs. Caffin and your family, and I remain,

Most affectionately yours,

G. BURNS.

The narrow escape of Mr. Burns from accepting the Australian mail contract, is told in a further letter to Captain Caffin, written early in the following year:—

Mr. Burns to Captain Caffin, R.N.

BRANDON PLACE, GLASGOW, *Feb.* 22, 1848.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN CAFFIN,— . . . I had an unexpected visit from a gentleman from London about ten days ago, who said he had come down for the purpose of informing me that the Grand Australian Company was now in the hands of five gentlemen; that the Admiralty had (and he laid before me the official letters) applied to them to contract for the conveyance of the mails from Marseilles to Malta, and Malta to Alexandria, in connection with the Indian mails. Liverpool to Malta would probably follow, in fact it must have been made part of the scheme. He said the

matter is now narrowed down, and that I had it in my power to mould the company to anything I pleased, &c., &c. I went at large into the business with him, and recommended him to go to Mr. MacIver, of Liverpool, and talk it over with him, equally confidentially as he had done with me. He started that same night by railroad, and next day Mr. MacIver wrote to me the result of their meeting, which was favourable to the proposal. I had previously expressed to him, very strongly, that my grey whiskers admonished me to be gathering in, rather than spreading out; at the same time we had vessels very suitable for the proposed work, and I should wait till I heard what Mr. MacIver said to it. If we made up our minds to go into it, I said, I saw it would be necessary for me to join him in London, which I would try to do in about a fortnight.

My intention was to have brought Mrs. Burns up with me, and to have seen you either at Ryde or at London. Do you know what it is to have a thing that at one period of your life would have looked quite dazzling, brought before you, and to feel sad thereat, and to wish that it had never been offered to you? Such was my case. In the midst of my uncertainty, the news of the French revolt came like a thunder-clap, and has dissipated the dream. For the present, at all events, my being called on to take any fresh part in steam navigation seems to be ended. Well, God is perhaps, in tender mercy, keeping both you and me out of much trouble and vexation. Blessed is the thought, 'The Lord reigneth.' Looking at His dealings beyond the narrow circle of our own interests, how wonderful are His dealings at present among the nations—yet I fear they will not repent of their deeds. The Lord has scattered the wisdom of men. The talk used to be, we were to have no more wars, the people were now too enlightened to permit it. Poor, vain man! but the counsel of the Lord, it shall stand.

Believe me yours affectionately,

G. BURNS.

The year 1849 was eventful in every phase of

George Burns's life. The principal event in the domestic circle, was the engagement and marriage of Margaret, his only surviving daughter, to Mr. Charles Reddie, the son of James Reddie, advocate in Edinburgh, who had become Town Clerk of the City of Glasgow. He was, in early life, an intimate friend of Henry, afterwards Lord, Brougham, who left on record, in his writings, a very strong opinion of his legal knowledge and sound judgment. An amiable and able gentleman was old Mr. Reddie. Dr. John Leyden, the celebrated Eastern traveller and linguist, refers to him in the following extract from a letter written to Mr. Chalmers in 1798.*

EDINBURGH, *Sept.* 24, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . I am not anxious to transport myself to St. Andrew's from the charming coterie of true hearts and sound heads which, almost in spite of myself, attaches me to Edinburgh, and where one numbers Erskine, *Reddie*, Brown and family, Dr. Anderson, Thomson the poet. . . . If you can come to Edinburgh, it will be very agreeable to us. . . . Compliments from Brown, Brougham, Erskine, and Reddie, who regrets he did not see you again.

I am, ever yours,
JOHN LEYDEN.

In announcing to a friend the approaching marriage of his daughter, Mr. Burns wrote :—

Our Maggie is going to change her name from that of Burns to Reddie. Our friend belongs to the legal profession, as his father has done for more than half a century before him. His father was an advocate in Edinburgh, but for a long period has filled the situation of Town Clerk in Glasgow, and as a consulting lawyer has ranked at the head of his profession here. . . . You will not be surprised when I say that our feelings on this occasion are of a mingled character. We lost all Margaret's sisters in early childhood. Healthy children they were, but were carried off by children's complaints. She has been left alone, and her removal from us now will cause a blank in our domestic circle. The blank might have been of a very different character. We have had our trials, but God has dealt with us in tenderness, and we trust is still leading us and ours in the right way.

* Quoted in Hanna's "Life of Dr. Chalmers."

In commercial matters the great event of the year 1849 was in connection with a new and important enterprise. In 1825 (the year in which the Company was formed with which Mr. MacTear of Belfast and the Messrs. Burns of Glasgow were associated), steam was first employed in the conveyance of the Scotch and Irish mails. But Her Majesty's mails were carried with "regular irregularity," and at a sluggish pace, between Port Patrick and Donaghadee, while Messrs. Burns were sending goods and passengers between the Clyde and Belfast in larger and swifter ships, and with such punctuality and despatch that it was a saying of the times that people along the line of route set their watches by the passing vessels.

Irrespective of the outlay for the maintenance of harbours—and wretched harbours they were—the annual cost of this Mail Service to the Government was some £6,000. It was reported that, "Except in respect of the shortness of its sea voyage, this postal

route was remarkable for little else than its costly defectiveness," nevertheless Government apologists bolstered it up, and for twenty-four years it continued in its defective state, a practical inconvenience to the commercial and general interests of society.

Although, on the direct Clyde route, Messrs. Burns had things very much their own way, on the Ardrossan route they met with considerable opposition. The sea passage *viâ* Ardrossan is much shorter than that *viâ* Greenock, and in 1849 an influential company started opposition vessels on the Ardrossan route. They were supported by the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company and by the late Lord Eglinton, owner of the harbour and lord of the manor of Ardrossan, who brought all their influence to bear to divert the mails, from the ineffective route from Port Patrick to Donaghadee, to their Ardrossan route. Lord Eglinton was very sanguine of success, and even went so far as to let it be known that Lord Clanricarde, then Postmaster-General, had come to him in the House of Lords and had said, "We intend to give you the mails to carry between Ardrossan and Belfast." But in the meantime George Burns had appeared upon the scene, and had offered to carry Her Majesty's mails *free of all charge*, between Greenock and Belfast; to put on extra and faster vessels which should sail from each port every evening in the week except Sunday, and at such hours as might be fixed by the Post Office!

Colonel Maberley, with whom Mr. Burns had already been brought much in contact, was then the Secretary to the Post Office, and when he heard the offer he exclaimed, "Burns, you are a fool!" However, he sent for Mr. William Page, and they discussed the matter fully, when, after hearing the details, the Colonel said, "No, Burns is no fool. He knows what he is about!"

The offer of the Glasgow Company, it is hardly necessary to say, was accepted by the Marquis of Clanricarde, Postmaster-General, to the discomfiture of the other party.

For some time the extra sailings between the Clyde and Belfast entailed a considerable loss, but the service was, from the first, admirable, and the mails were from that time carried free of expense for thirty-three years.

Of course, in the long run, the scheme was a financial success. The route was popular; travellers from Scotland to Ireland seemed to prefer a night passage and sleep to a day passage and scenery, and objected to being transferred at Ardrossan out of the railway into the steamer.

For a long time the competition was very keen, but an arrangement was entered into between the Ardrossan Company and the Messrs. Burns as to fares, rates of freights, number of sailings, and so forth, which was acted upon by both parties down to the year 1882, when, by amicable and friendly negotiations, the Ardrossan steamers were purchased

by the Messrs. Burns. Prior to this there was a heavy contest between the Glasgow Company and the Directors of the Glasgow and South Western Railway, who applied to Parliament for an Act to incorporate their vessels with the railway, and thus to get the mails on the Ardrossan and Belfast route. This Mr. Burns opposed, on grounds which led him to oppose many similar undertakings, and which are clearly set forth in the following letter to Lord Canning*:—

HOWCHIN'S HOTEL, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
April 21, 1855.

MY LORD,—For thirty years I have been assiduously engaged in rearing a trade between Glasgow and Belfast by means of steam vessels, and with my partners have expended a large amount of capital upon it. Our exertions having been attended with success, I felt justified in offering to the Postmaster-General to carry Her Majesty's mails, every day, Sundays excepted, between these two ports free of charge, and accordingly a contract to this effect was concluded of date July 16, 1849; since which period we have performed the service with entire satisfaction to the Post Office and the public.

I claim no exemption from ordinary competition by private traders like myself—I have been all my life accustomed to it, and in the most formidable shapes. But I dread opposition from an incorporation of railroads and steam-boats. Such a competition is proposed by the Glasgow and South Western Railway, in a Bill now before Parliament for the purpose of enabling them to own and run steam vessels between Ardrossan and Belfast. There is at

* Lord Canning was the last of the Viceroys under the "John" Company, as Henry Melvill, to whom we have referred in these pages, was the last of the Secretaries in Leadenhall Street.

present a private company engaged in sailing steam vessels between these two ports. From Glasgow there are two routes to Belfast, one *viâ* Greenock Railway, and the other *viâ* Ardrossan Railway, and the fares being in all respects on an equality, the public can choose, without suffering any pecuniary disadvantage, whichever way they please. In reference to the postal service, it is a fact notorious that the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company are most anxious to divert the conveyance of the mails from Greenock to Ardrossan, for the purpose of obtaining from Government a contract payment for the same. A formal application was made to me nearly four years ago, by a deputation from the Railway Company consisting of the present chairman and a number of the directors, to obtain my co-operation to bring this about, which I unhesitatingly declined.

If the Railway Company to Ardrossan obtain power to incorporate steam vessels with their land operations, the Caledonian Railway Company to Greenock are equally entitled to obtain power for a similar amalgamation—which, being consummated, there will be an end put to all private trading. I repeat I have no right to complain of competition by private companies unincorporated with railroads, but it would be most impolitic, and injurious to public interests, were the Steam-boat Bill of the Glasgow and South Western Company allowed to pass. It is not called for on any grounds of necessity whatever, and the mail service which I have performed during six years, with the utmost efficiency and regularity, without cost to the country, having well supplied all postal requirements, I respectfully submit whether on public grounds your lordship, as Postmaster-General, may not consider it necessary to object to the passing of the Bill in question by calling the special attention of the Right Hon. Lord Stanley of Alderley, President of the Board of Trade, to it, or by such other steps as may seem proper to your lordship to take. I beg to add that, as the Bill before the House of Commons is to be in Committee on Tuesday next, the 24th of April, the case will speedily be determined.

I have the honour to be, &c,

GEORGE BURNS.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Canning.

Referring to the Parliamentary inquiry which ensued, Mr. Burns says:—

Sir Andrew Orr was Chairman of the Railway Company, and he was examined at great length. I was examined for 4½ hours before the Parliamentary Committee; and after the examination I was asked if I wished to make any remarks, which I did, pointing out the impolicy of allowing railway companies with large capital to shelter steam vessels against private competition. There was a great crowd, and on coming out a gentleman shook hands with me and said, 'You have converted Sir Stafford Northcote' (who was Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee) 'by your lecture on political economy.' I did not know who the gentleman was, but Mr. Graham, parliamentary solicitor, told me it was Mr. Wason, M.P. for Dumfries.

I may mention a very handsome compliment paid to me by the Earl of Eglinton. He was asked by the Committee about Ardrossan, which he said belonged to him, and about the steamers in which he was interested sailing from thence. 'Are they doing well?' 'No,' said he, 'I am sorry to say they are not.' He was then asked, 'Has not Mr. Burns steamers running from Glasgow and Greenock to Belfast, and are not they well managed?' 'Yes,' he said. 'And are they not doing well?' 'I understand they are,' he replied; and turning round to me and making a bow, he said, 'And long may they continue to do so!' This was very handsome in an opponent, and I have never forgotten it.

The project of the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company was defeated, and Messrs. Burns triumphed. That same day the Directors of the Company, headed by Sir Andrew Orr, came in a body to Howchin's Hotel, St. James's Street, at which Mr. Burns was staying, to urge a compromise. But, as shown in his letter to Lord Canning, the

question with Mr. Burns was one of principle, and not all the offers of all the railway companies combined, could move him when a matter of principle was at stake.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

In 1850 a sorrow of a peculiarly painful nature came to Mr. Burns in connection with one of his Liverpool steamers.

About one o'clock in the morning of the 18th of June of that year, when the sea was smooth as a mirror and most of the passengers were asleep, the *Orion* struck on a sunken rock off Portpatrick, and in five minutes heeled over in seven fathoms of water. Out of a large number of passengers many perished, among them being Dr. John Burns and Miss Morris, a niece of his wife.

George Burns was attending a meeting in Glasgow of what was then styled the Council of the Forth and Clyde Canal, when he was called out of the room, and informed of the terrible occurrence by his friend Mr. Hugh Moncrieff, the law agent of the Council. On the instant Mr. Burns started by rail to Greenock, where he found one of his own coasting vessels, which happened to be lying in the harbour ready to sail; and without a moment's delay he was on board,

steaming across to Dunoon, where his family was then residing.*

Twenty-two years afterwards the Rev. C. B. Gribble, who was at the time of the wreck staying with Mr. Burns at Dunoon, wrote of the sad event to Mr. James Cleland Burns as follows:—

"It has fallen to my lot to share with your family many of the joys and sorrows which have marked and chequered their course. I was with you all in the calamity which so distressed you when the *Orion* was wrecked, and I remember the affecting scene at Dunoon, and how your dear father said, 'Let us call together the household and pray.' We went into another room and humbled ourselves before God, acknowledging our sins, submitting to His dispensations, and imploring His mercy to console the relations of those who had been drowned. I remember the energy of John in sending off a steamer, and our sad view of that vessel as she passed down the Clyde, and the grief of that sweet sister of yours as the news arrived of one or another known and loved, being lost; but this I recollect, that the catastrophe was met by your honoured parents in the sweet spirit of submission to God."

It was a great shock to George Burns, from which he did not fully recover for some years. He was very tenderly attached to his brother John, and although George was twenty years his junior, they had long

* Captain Baillie Hamilton, Secretary to the Admiralty, at once despatched Captain Caffin in the *Scourge* to render assistance.

taken sweet counsel together; in their religious views and hopes and aspirations they were in thorough sympathy; in their sorrows they had always found comfort from the same sources, and in each other's successes they had taken an ardent interest.

Now, at the age of seventy-five, in the midst of terrible circumstances, Dr. John Burns was suddenly removed from the world in the attitude and exercise of prayer.

His portrait, one of Graham Gilbert's best works, hangs in the Hunterian Museum of the University of Glasgow and it is a faithful representation. "Dr. Burns's appearance," says one who knew him well, "must still be familiar to many of us—the long white hair, the bright face, the trig figure, the quaint costume, collarless coat, knee breeches, black silk stockings, shoes and buckles. He was the last man in Glasgow who stuck to this fashion, and he stuck to it to the end of his days."

There were many who wrote to Mr. Burns at this time to condole with him. We will only quote one letter written by the Rev. W. H. Havergal.

DUNOON, *Sept.* 2, 1850.

The sentence has just been told to me. It will afflict you, but 'It is the Lord,' therefore 'It is well.' You *know* it is not of yourself; it can be of no one but *by permission*. Here lies your solace—you have not brought it on yourself, but your God, for righteous reasons, has brought it on you. He means much by it to a gazing world around you. 'Hast thou considered my servant Job?' will be a new question to the commercial throng of Glasgow. I hardly meant to say so much, but simply to certify you that *you are remembered* by one at least. The Lord comfort you! He will not forsake you. May dear Mrs. Burns, and all your dear ones, find the God of Israel a very present help in time of trouble. I pray you think of no sort of reply to this, but believe me, in quietness,

Gratefully and faithfully yours,
W. H. HAVERGAL.

The freshness of his grief for the loss of brother and friends had not passed away before Mr. Burns had to bear another severe heart-trial. His beloved sister Elizabeth ("Bess"), Mrs. MacBrayne, was called to her rest after a long and useful life of great influence and activity.

Yet another trial befell Mr. Burns much about the time of which we are writing. On the 5th of February, 1851, when the *Plover*, one of his ships, was getting up steam in Glasgow Harbour, the boiler burst, the engineer was killed, and great damage was done to the vessel. Only a very short time before the explosion, Mr. John Burns, the eldest son of Mr. Burns, was in the engine-room; and his narrow escape, while overflowing the heart of his father with gratitude, at the same time affected him deeply.

It could hardly be otherwise than that this combination of sorrowful and terrible events should cause Mr. Burns great distress of mind.

Letters of sympathy poured in from all quarters. We select an extract from one only:—

Mr. Andrew Aldcorn, M.D., to Mr. John Burns.

OBAN, *Feb.* 8, 1851.

I am sure I need not say to you that I sympathise deeply with your father, yourself, and all of you in the renewed distress into which you are again thrown by the recurrence of another, or *more*, it is said here, of those sad accidents that have been so frequent of late. This is another trial sent, I have not a doubt, for good and gracious purposes towards all of you, by Him without whose permission not a sparrow falleth to the ground; and I hope and pray that every one of you may be enabled by His grace to improve this and every dispensation of His providence that He may see meet to order in your lot. We, blind and ignorant as we are, know not what is best for us, but He knows who seeth the end from the beginning,; and it is our duty as well as our interest to submit in all things to His wisdom which is infallible, and to His goodness which is unbounded. . . . I know I need not apologise to you for writing thus, for I am satisfied that, whether you think it proper or not, you will at least believe it to be meant in true kindness and from sincere friendship. Remember me very kindly to your father, mother, and James, and

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

ANDREW ALDCORN.

Soon after this, Mr. Burns, finding the burden of business laid upon him somewhat greater than he could bear, and being anxious to meet the pressure of larger enterprises in the Cunard business and the Irish service, resolved to abandon some of his smaller lines of steam traffic; and the first to be surrendered was "the Royal Route," or Western Highland service.

The Highland trade had been commenced in a small way in 1832, and three years later it passed entirely into the hands of Messrs. Burns. How that came about is an interesting episode.

Mr. Burns had in his employment, as head of the Quay Department at the Broomielaw, a very able and valuable man, one James Mitchell, who had the knack of picking up useful information on trade matters. One day Mitchell went to Mr. Burns, and said that Mr. Young, a plumber, who owned three small vessels in the West Highland trade—the *Rob Roy*, the *Helen Macgregor*, and the *Inverness*—was anxious to make some arrangement, as he was not succeeding, and wondered whether Mr. Burns would take the agency. Mr. Burns immediately replied that he would not, but that he would at once buy one-half of his vessels on condition that he had power to purchase the other half if he wished. This was done, and it became the nucleus of what was hereafter to be a very large trade. Of course there was opposition, but, as in other instances, it was overcome. William Ainslie, of Fort William, backed by a wealthy firm, was the first to start a rival company, but his vessels did not run for long. Being hard pressed, he was glad to come to a compromise, and sold his vessels to Mr. Burns. A similar fate awaited the steamers which belonged, *sub rosâ*, to the Greenock Railway Company, until at length the West Highland trade was in the sole hands of Messrs. Burns.

From a small beginning "they worked up a whole

system of steamers for the day passage through the Crinan, or the night passage round the Mull, gliding along the canals or battling with the Atlantic, meeting at Oban, crossing and recrossing, plunging into the locks, winding along the sounds, threading their way among the islands; fine pleasure-boats for the flock of summer swallows, stout trading-boats summer and winter serving the whole archipelago, linking with the world the lonely bay or the outer islet, freighted out with supplies of all sorts and shapes, freighted in with wool and sheep, Highland beasts and Highland bodies; surely the liveliest service in the world." * In 1851, the whole of this fleet was handed over to Mr. David Hutcheson, one of their old "hands" who had been with them ever since the days when the six smacks, the origin of the whole shipping business, were first managed and subsequently purchased. He was joined by his brother, Mr. Alexander Hutcheson, and by Mr. David MacBrayne, a nephew of Messrs. Burns, in whose hands the trade has ever since remained.

But "there has been many a change since then in the service," observes the writer from whom we have already quoted. "Fairy steamers have replaced the Crinan track-boats of our youth and the boys galloping in their scarlet jackets; the *Iona* and the *Columba*, the *Clansman* and the *Claymore*—we had not dreamt of such vessels; in every detail

* J. O. Mitchell, in article already quoted on "James Burns."

there have been improvements. But in all its main features the service is as the Messrs. Burns made it. To their initiative, which others have only followed up, thousands of travellers from all parts owe the most delightful of their travels—thousands of ourselves" (Glasgow men), "worn by the strain of the town, owe the new life sucked in with the breath of heather, the music of the ocean, the untold delights of the West Highlands."

In the time of trial Mr. Burns found great comfort in the counsels and sympathy of friends with whom he corresponded—although none were able to give him such help as his large-hearted and clear-headed wife. We append some extracts from her letters written at this time, letters full of the most excellent practical advice:—

GLASGOW, *Dec.* 5, 1852.

Whether in London or Ryde, I trust that you are able to be in church, and are comforted with the services, especially 'in the breaking of bread.' May your heart burn within you as He opens up to you a view of His love, even in the discipline which He is causing you to pass through. But, my dear George, see that you do not make your burden heavier than He intends. There is such a thing as nursing sorrow, which often arises from the same cause that made Jonah think 'he did well to be angry.' . . .

Do not be careful for the things of this life further than as a duty to which God has called you. . . .

Look forward and upward, my dear George, but, except to thank God for past mercies, never look back. It is not safe for you, nor is it honouring to God to murmur at His providence.

Next to his wife there was no one who knew the

innermost heart of George Burns better than his friend Captain Caffin, to whom he writes thus :—

GLASGOW, *Oct.* 14, 1852.

MY DEAR CAFFIN,—I was comforted yesterday by the receipt of your letter of the 12th. 'Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head'—PSALM cxli. 5. I can truly say, I thank you for your faithfulness and kindness. I have indeed been in deep waters for several years, yet they have not been permitted to overwhelm me. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; I have found that God has not laid on me more than He has given me strength to bear, but has really made a way of escape for me, not only in temporal matters, but more especially in my soul's experience.

When sad, travelling alone in the railway, the first time I went to Liverpool lately (for I have been twice there), I was much comforted by the words, 'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.' All the discipline I have been receiving, and am still receiving, is little enough to promote my sanctification, and perfect my resemblance to my Lord. Yet, blessed be His name, He is working in me, and by degrees, through His Holy Spirit, perfecting that which concerneth me.

You are going upon a very important undertaking. It will have its trials for you; one has already commenced—separation from your wife and family. How strangely you and I have been mixed up together, apparently tied together in our course so that we cannot separate.

. . . The Duke made 'duty' his guiding principle. Let us, having an eye to the recompense of reward hereafter to be enjoyed through the merits of Christ, make 'duty' also our rule, and by faith go through with our business as appointed for us. All is '*appointed*' from eternity, and that is our comfort. He who goes to war, and he who stays by the stuff, shall be equally blessed when acting in the fear of the Lord.

I take very sober views of all that is proceeding in our business, but God moves all, and He will protect and bless us to the measure that will be good for us. I was enabled on Tuesday night to attend a public meeting, and to say a few words of sympathy in behalf of the Madiai which brought a blessing to my own soul.

May God bless and protect you, and cause His face to shine on you. My wife, beside whom I am writing, joins her prayers to mine in your behalf.

Yours very affectionately,
G. BURNS.

We cannot digress in order to follow Captain Caffin in his adventurous career further than to append one extract from a letter written by him two years later, in which he gives a graphic account of the taking of Bomarsund :—

H.M.S. Penelope, FARSUND, PORT GOTTLAND.
Nov. 21, 1854.

" . . . You allude to the peril we were in off the large fort at Bomarsund; indeed if our hearts were never grateful before, that should have melted them, and in returning thanks in our prayers on the following morning I made an appeal to the men to that effect. We were from half-past eleven till half-past three under fire, and at the lowest computation they must have fired three hundred shot and shell at us. How we escaped with so small a loss passes human comprehension; three killed and three wounded. I must tell you the particulars, which you may not have heard. Sir Charles Napier sent for me on the morning of the 12th of August, and said he had been examining the large fort, and he was under the impression that it had no guns from the twenty-second embrasure to the end, and that he wanted me to go in and ascertain this, saying that I was to go up abreast of the twenty-second embrasure, and stop and coax them to fire at me to draw their guns out; and, having done this, then to go to abreast of

the eleventh embrasure, and anchor, and await further orders. He asked me if I knew the navigation, and said he would send the Master of the Fleet to pilot me. I immediately returned to my ship, and up anchor. Sir Charles Napier hoisted the signal to me 'Very smart,' and in we went slowly and steadily, and had not quite got into one station when *bang, bang, bang!* came their shot at us, the two first falling short, and the third passing across our cutwater; the fourth came into us just abaft the bridge, and through both sides of the paddle-box boat. At this moment I said to the Master of the Fleet, 'Sir Charles Napier will be satisfied that the fort has plenty of guns here at all events,' for the shot and shell followed in rapid succession. I hoisted the signal '*Permission to engage enemy*'—which Sir Charles answered by hoisting the negative. I then told the Master of the Fleet we would now proceed as slowly as possible into our berth abreast of the eleventh embrasure. The ship had not gone twice her own length when she took the ground, broadside on to the fort, which now peppered us most unmercifully, and which continued until we floated at half-past three. We all had many hair-breadth escapes necessarily; the top of one of my poor fellow's heads was taken clean off above the eyebrows, and the scalp hit me on the right arm just below my elbow, covering me from head to foot with his brains; this shot knocked down at least a dozen men with the splinters, but they were not much hurt. One red-hot shot came through the midshipman's berth just between wind and water, passed through two of their chests in the steerage, setting fire to their linen, and fell, spent, in my clerk's office. The Admiral made the signal for me to throw my guns overboard, which I did—all of which I recovered after the fort capitulated; in the meanwhile I was fresh armed by subscription from the fleet.

One of the Russian guns was presented by Vice-Admiral Sir Crawford Caffin to Mr. John Burns, and stands at the present hour in a commanding postion on the terrace of Castle Wemyss, bearing the following inscription:—

This Gun was taken at Bomarsund, 12 August, 1854, by Vice-Admiral Sir Crawford Caffin, K.C.B., then in command of H.M.S. *Penelope*, and by him presented to John Burns, on 10th August; it took part, with other guns of the large fort, for four hours in a heavy fire of shot, shell, and redhot shot on the *Penelope*, as she grounded in reconnoitring that Fortress.

Among the trials incident to family life, there are few things more painful than to witness the extinction of one of its branches. This, however, was the case in the family of Dr. Burns. We have narrated how he lost his daughter Rachel, his son Allan, and how he himself perished in the *Orion*.

In 1853, his son, Colonel John Burns of the 2nd Royals, the last surviving member of his family, died at the Cape of an illness, the result of fatigue and exposure in the Kaffir War. By a curious coincidence, the place where he was struck down in Kaffraria was Burns' Hill, a mission station that had been founded from Glasgow and named after Dr. Burns of the Barony—as "Lovedale," another station founded at the same time, was named after Dr. Love, of Anderston.

In the early autumn of 1854, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, in company with Mr. James Agnew (who afterwards was best man to Mr. John Burns at his wedding), a son of Sir Andrew Agnew, went on a tour through the English Lakes.

Soon after their return, Mr. Burns was called upon to endure the heaviest sorrow, save one, that ever overshadowed his life. The story of that severe trial we can only tell in his own words as given in a letter to a friend:—

14 *Oct.*, 1854.

Our much loved and only daughter died on the 30th of September. She was in her thirtieth year, and has left behind her three infants, a boy and two girls. The second child took gastric fever, and from attendance on her she caught the infection, and, being nursing at the time, was unable to stand the violence of the attack. At the end of a month, after most severe suffering, her Redeemer took her to Himself. When she was taken ill, she expressed unreservedly to her mother her full assurance of safety in relying on Jesus as her God and Saviour, but saying 'her faith was not a conventional one.' She told her not to be alarmed at her speaking as if she were going to be taken from us. She had no wish to die, and fully expected to recover, but, as the issue of fever is always uncertain, she wished to speak of her state while she was able, lest her mind might become clouded. She was most faithful to her attendants. She sent for her nursery-maid, Jane Kenneth (who is held in high esteem by all our family), and urged on her the necessity of looking to Jesus for safety, saying it was only assurance in His love that gave to herself the peace she enjoyed amid all the restlessness of the fever. She desired her at once to go to her own room and pray for the obtaining of this blessing, adding that she would at the same time join in prayer for her. We heard afterwards from the sick nurse that she had said to her she would willingly go through all she was suffering if it might be the means of bringing only one soul to Christ. Many touching proofs we received of her being one of the beloved in the Lord. . . .

The parting has been a sore wrench, but blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. She possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, combined with beauty and ability, and, shining as a light in our little circle, was deservedly very precious to us.

The funeral service was performed by the old friend and pastor of the family, the Rev. C. P. Miles, and the mortal remains of the young wife and mother were laid to rest in the Glasgow Necropolis.

Letters of sympathy and condolence poured in from all quarters, from one of which we make a quotation. It was written by Mr. J. O. Mitchell, an old friend of the family.

DUNOON, *Oct.* 6, 1854.

. . . So young and so pretty, so clever and so good, with such work to do (in bravely doing which she met her death), and with so many to love her, it seems puzzling that she should be the one called away, and so many useless ones left behind (though they have their use too, if they will). One day, when we see the disjointed bits of the puzzle all put up, we shall no doubt understand it all, but now you must feel 'like infants crying in the dark, and with no language but a cry.' The blow that has been dealt must be borne as well as may be. It is no use trying to make little of a sorrow that cannot be magnified to the widower and the little orphans, to Mrs. Burns and yourself, and to the boys. In presence of this great grief it is not for others to speak, but none who have been privileged to know Mrs. Reddie will soon forget or replace their loss.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BURDEN AND HEAT OF THE DAY.

It must needs be that every successful adventure should give rise to many jealousies and to keen competition, and the Cunard Company was no exception to the rule.

Mr. Burns was, by nature, one of the most peace loving of men, but he was also a man of great determination, and having set his hand to the plough, he was not one to look back. We cannot attempt to give a systematic account of the progress of the enormous business transactions in which he was concerned; to do so would involve an epitome of the whole history of merchant shipping since the introduction of steam, but we must glance at some of its most salient features in order to see the important part he played in that history.

After the first four vessels to which we have already referred * were placed in the mail service between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, in 1840, others followed in quick succession, and in each the newest and most reliable advances in scientific

* See p. 201.

engineering were introduced. Thus in 1844 the *Cambria* and *Hibernia*, each of 500 horse-power and of 1,422 tons, with an average speed of 9¼ knots, were brought into the service; in 1848 the *America*, *Niagara*, *Europa*, and *Canada* followed, each of about 1,820 tons and 680 horse-power, with an average speed of 10¼ knots—and so on, continually, each fresh batch of vessels corresponding to the increasing demands of the public for greater speed and for improved accommodation.

Of course this could not be continued without opposition. The *Great Western* Company complained of a monopoly having been granted to their injury, and a Parliamentary inquiry was the result. But it ended in a report of the Select Committee to the effect that the contract made with Messrs. Cunard, Burns, and MacIver was more advantageous than any other that could be made, and that the service had been most efficiently performed.

In 1847, the American people aroused themselves, for they saw their most valuable maritime commerce passing away from them. They established a line of steam ships of their own to run from New York to Southampton; but their first ship, the *Washington*, started on the same day that the *Britannia*, the first of the Cunard ships, started from Liverpool for New York, and the first race ever run between American and British steamers was won by the *Britannia* by two full days!

In 1850, the British Government entered into a

contract with the Cunard Company for the conveyance of the mails between Halifax, New York, and Bermuda in small vessels, one of which should leave Halifax for Bermuda and another for St. John's within twenty-four hours after the arrival of the packet from Liverpool; a third conveyed the mails monthly between Bermuda and New York. A year later, the British Government concluded another contract with Mr. Cunard for a monthly conveyance of the mails between Bermuda and St. Thomas, with the view of connecting the West Indies with the United States and the North American Provinces.

It is not surprising to find that when the eyes of the Americans were opened, and it was seen that the Ocean mails along their southern coasts had been placed in the hands of foreign carriers; that the Cunard line, under British contracts, constituted the only medium of regular steam navigation between the United States and Europe, and that the commercial and political interests of their country were at stake, their national pride was wounded, and Congress resolved "to make their postal arrangements altogether independent of foreign and rival agencies. They had subsidised to advantage a line of steamers between New York and Chagres, *viâ* New Orleans and its auxiliaries; they had repossessed themselves of the power of transport of their mails for Mexico, South America, and their possessions in the Pacific, which, in consequence of

the discoveries of gold in California, had become of no ordinary importance. As the steamers for this line were of the highest class, possessing great speed and superior passenger accommodation, and capable, besides, of being converted at small expense into war-steamers, they estimated that similar successful results would attend the establishment of another line of steam-ships of their own between New York and Liverpool." *

The right time, as it was thought, having come, the man was ready, and Mr. E. K. Collins, of New York, and other American citizens, commenced the establishment of a line of splendid steamers with the avowed object of driving the Cunarders off the Atlantic.

It was unfortunate for the Collins Company that they started their gigantic concern upon wrong principles; first, by asking from their Government a monopoly of the business, and next, by alleging in their memorial that "the rival English line was sustained to a very great extent by the English Government;" the fact being, as we have shown, that there was no subsidy whatever, but simply a freight paid for carrying the mail bags, from which the Government profited.

The Collins Company obtained their subsidy, but that fact brought forth the unanimous protest of sixty-three distinct houses—the oldest and most enterprising shipping firms in New York—against

* Lindsay's "History of Merchant Shipping," vol. iv. p. 212.

fostering a dozen eminent capitalists at the expense of the whole shipping interest of the country.

Notwithstanding this, four magnificent vessels were contracted for—the *Arctic*, *Baltic*, *Atlantic*, and *Pacific* (the nomenclature ending in *ic*, as that of the Cunarders ended in *ia*), vessels equal, if not superior, to any constructed of wood then afloat.

The contest was for the supremacy of ocean steam navigation, and the combatants were a wealthy company backed by their Government with a subsidy of $19,250 per voyage, which was soon increased to $33,000 per voyage, equal to about £178,750 per annum, and a private firm of a few individuals, absolutely without Government subsidy.

In 1850, the Collins Line began to run, the head and front of their scheme being to sweep the Atlantic of the Cunarders. To attain this, it was made a *sine quâ non* by the Government that the Collins vessels should be run at a *greatly increased rate of speed.*

The Cunard Company were equal to the occasion; they put on new vessels—but they would not move a finger towards any plan that should in the slightest degree endanger their ships or the lives of their passengers.

"The competition between these two great lines of steam-ships," says Mr. Lindsay, "excited extraordinary public interest at the time on both sides of the Atlantic, and indeed in all parts of the world;

numerous records were kept for twelve months of the length of the respective voyages of the ships of the contending companies, and large sums of money were expended in bets on the result of each passage."

The result for the year was that the Cunarders were beaten in respect of the time occupied in the voyages, although they gained steadily in general estimation on the score of comfort in their accommodation and in a sense of safety.

Great were the rejoicings in America at the seeming triumph of the Collins Line, and not less hearty were they among lovers of progress in our own country. Meanwhile the Cunard Company quietly laid their plans for producing a fleet of steamers which should surpass all competitors in speed as in every other requirement, and while the world was ringing with plaudits upon the triumph of America in the "great ocean race," as it was incorrectly called, Charles MacIver wrote to Samuel Cunard: "The Collins Company are pretty much in the situation of finding that breaking our windows with sovereigns, though very fine fun, is too costly to keep up." And so they found it. For four years the Collins Line encountered no accidents worthy of note, but in 1854 a terrible series of disasters commenced. In September of that year the *Arctic* went down, with fearful loss of life, the wife, son, and daughter of Mr. Collins being among the number who perished. A little more than twelve months

later the *Pacific* left Liverpool, and was never heard of again.

Still the Collins Company persevered; capital was found to replace the vessels they had lost, but before they were ready for service, the new Cunarders were on the seas defying all competition, their average speed for the year 1856 eclipsing not only the Collins Line, but of another line specially adapted for the conveyance of emigrants, and, in fact, of all the principal steamers of all countries then engaged in the Transatlantic trade.

In 1858, it was found that the Collins Company were competing with the Cunard Company at a ruinous rate: the losses had been stupendous; every attempt at revival had failed; and the opportunity was taken by the merchants and ship-owners of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places to renew their protest against monopoly and Government subsidies. The result was the total collapse of the Collins Line, and the determination of the American Government not to aid from the public purse any company which might take its place.

While the fierce competition of the Collins Company was at its height, the Cunard Company largely extended the field of its operations. In 1853, six iron screw steam-ships, specially adapted for the purpose, were built, and branch lines established between Liverpool and the principal ports in the Mediterranean, Adriatic, Levant, Bosphorus, and

Black Sea, and also between Liverpool and Havre. Although originally intended to act chiefly as feeders to the main line, these off-shoots of the parent stem have sprung forth and become important adjuncts to the Company's business.

It was about this time (1853) that a Select Committee was appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the matter of contract packets, and the following extract from their report shows the estimation in which the Company's Transatlantic service was held and the manner in which it was conducted:—

> This line of packets (the Cunard) has of late years had to contend against serious foreign competition. We find that the vessels employed in the line are much more powerful, and, of course, more costly than is required by the terms of the contract, and that, as regards their fitness for war purposes, they are reported by the Committee of Naval and Military Officers as being capable of being made more efficient substitutes for men-of-war than any of the other vessels under contract for the packet service. The service has been performed with great regularity, speed, and certainty—the average length of passage, Liverpool to New York, being 12 days, 1 hour, 14 minutes.

It was a curious coincidence that the collapse of the Collins Company took place in the year in which Mr. Burns, having amassed a handsome fortune, and having seen his ambition realised in placing on the seas a fleet of the finest vessels afloat, retired from business to enjoy the rest which is only appreciated to its full extent by those who

have had to toil hard and to buffet against opposition.

Some further account of the Company which he had been instrumental in founding, and with which his name will always be associated, may not be uninteresting. To him is due a large share of the credit for the inauguration and establishment of that splendid system of administration, which has been faithfully adhered to until the present time, and has proved the foundation of the honourable reputation it now enjoys.

The most remarkable fact in connection with the history of the Company is, the wonderful immunity from accident, although hundreds of thousands of passengers and millions of letters have been conveyed across the stormy Atlantic in their ships. The dangers have been manifold on this the most dangerous and boisterous ocean known to navigators; high speed has been maintained, fogs, storms, and icebergs have been encountered; and yet there has been from the foundation of the Company in 1840 to the present time, singular exemption from misadventure. By some this has been looked upon as "a wonderful run of luck," and by others as "a special interposition of Providence." Neither view is a correct one. Luck is far too fickle a thing to attend upon any scheme for forty or fifty years in succession, and Providence does not favour one particular commercial firm to the disadvantage of others. There was a story current,

which had its origin in America, that the sailing of every ship of the Cunard fleet was made the subject of special prayer, and that Mr. Burns was wont to attribute his success to this source. Such was not the case. While trusting in Providence and believing implicitly in the power of prayer, he was also a firm believer in doing work well, and in subordinating profit and speed to safety, comfort, and efficiency.

To the excellent measures adopted by the Company to prevent casualties, and to the rigour with which they are enforced, the immunity from accident may safely be attributed.

One of the principles actuating Mr. Burns and the Cunard Company was, that each ship added to the fleet should be superior to those which had preceded it; at the same time the greatest caution was observed never to adopt new inventions, or to be influenced by new theories, until they had been thoroughly tested. It was always the policy of the Company that others should experimentalise, and when the novel principle had been proved by indubitable tests, then, and not till then, to introduce it into their next vessel.

Thus, although scientists had urged since 1830 the adaptability of iron in the construction of the hulls of ships, and for several years prior to 1852 had been recommending the adoption of the screw propeller, it was not until the latter year that the Cunard Company had sufficient confidence in either invention to give it a trial.

A few of the precautions observed in order to ensure that their vessels should be well-built, efficiently manned, and carefully sailed, may be mentioned here. "Their solicitude," says a writer in *The Naval and Military Magazine*, "begins at the keel of each vessel, and continues throughout the whole course of construction. The progress of the work is closely scrutinised by the Company's general and engineer superintendents; and, in addition, a foreman, carpenter, and rivet inspector are constantly employed in the building-yard, for the sole purpose of detecting defective material or workmanship and having it rectified. Before every voyage a thorough examination of ship and crew is made by the general and marine superintendents and other officials. The men are mustered and exercised in boat drill, fire drill, and pump drill; heed being taken that every man knows his proper position, so as to avoid panic or confusion in the event of a sudden emergency. An inspection is then made of the store-rooms, the rockets and other signals are critically examined, and the doors of the water-tight compartments are shut and tested; and each day while the ship is at sea the men stationed at the water-tight doors are mustered, and every water-tight door in the ship is closed; the chief officer and chief engineer reporting to the captain at 1 p.m. the condition of the doors in their respective departments. Knowing how much depends upon the acuteness of vision possessed by the officers and look-out men, the

greatest care is taken to guard against weak sight or colour-blindness in every person connected with the sailing department. An exhaustive code of instructions has been compiled for the use of captains, officers, engineers, and every man on board, plainly stating their individual duties, and laying down distinct rules for their guidance under all circumstances. Lastly, with the view of diminishing the chances of collision, the Company's Atlantic steamers take specified courses according to the seasons of the year. Indeed, all the means which human forethought can devise, and long experience teach, are enlisted to secure the safety of lives and property."

With all these precautions we cannot wonder that Mark Twain should say "he felt himself rather safer on board a Cunard steamer than he did upon land."

The success which crowned the labours of Mr. Burns, in conjunction with Sir Samuel Cunard (and his son, Sir Edward Cunard) and Messrs. D. and C. MacIver, has been continued without variation by their successors.

The original shareholders had by degrees been bought out by the founders, until the whole concern became vested exclusively in the three families of Cunard, Burns, and MacIver, each holding one-third of the property.

Sir Samuel Cunard died in 1865, and his shares were inherited by his son, Sir Edward Cunard. He died in 1869, and the Cunard interest devolved upon

his brother, Mr. William Cunard, who from that time to the present has continued to represent the Company in London.

David MacIver died in 1845, and his share fell to the lot of his brother, Charles MacIver, whose sons have since retired from the Cunard Company.

George Burns, upon his retirement in 1858, divided his holding in the Company between his two sons, John and James Cleland Burns.

In 1878 it was considered expedient to consolidate the interests of the partners by registering the Company under the Limited Liability Acts. A Joint-stock Company was accordingly formed, with a capital of £2,000,000, of which £1,200,000 was issued and taken by the families of Cunard, Burns, and MacIver. No shares were offered to the public until 1880, when a prospectus was sent forth stating that "the growing wants of the Company's Transatlantic trade demanded the acquisition of additional steamships of great size and power, involving a cost for construction which might best be met by a large public company." The available shares were at once subscribed for, the directorate was re-constituted, and Mr. John Burns was elected Chairman of the Board.

It will be remembered that it was one of the terms of the original contract with the British Government that the vessels of the Cunard Company should be available in time of war for the transport of troops and stores. In 1854, war was declared

against Russia, and the Company was called upon for the first time to assist the Government in the emergency by furnishing troop-ships and transports. An immediate response was made, and eight of the best of the Cunard steamers were placed at the disposal of the Admiralty, and were employed in various important commissions throughout the tedious Russian campaign.

On many subsequent occasions the Cunard vessels were requisitioned for similar purposes. Between 1856 and 1878 they conveyed troops and stores at various times to Halifax, Quebec, Gibraltar, Malta, and other ports. In 1879, when war broke out at the Cape, four vessels were under charter to the Admiralty for a considerable period as troop-ships. Among the first vessels dispatched with troops to Alexandria in 1882, were three of the Cunard fleet.

"In the spring of 1885, in consequence of the Russian war scare, the Admiralty chartered the *Umbria* and the *Oregon* for six months as merchant cruisers, and retained the services of the *Etruria* also if required. The two first-named vessels were completely armed and fitted up under the superintendence of Admiralty officers, and when the great naval demonstration took place in July, 1885, the *Oregon* was chosen to accompany the evolutionary squadron under the command of Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, G.C.B. She was the only armed merchant cruiser present with the fleet, and proved herself invaluable as a scout, gaining the admiration of the officers of

the squadron for her wonderful speed and sea-going qualities."*

Few people have any conception of the vastness and variety of the provisioning necessary for the proper maintenance of the enormous number of persons carried in the "floating hotels" of the Cunard Company, or of the internal economy generally. A few particulars may not be uninteresting.†

The pioneer vessel of the Cunard Line, the *Britannia*, built in 1839, took for her outward journey from Liverpool 600 tons of coal, and burned 44 tons a day, whilst her steam pressure was 9 lbs. and her speed a little over 8 knots per hour. Contrast that with the *Etruria*, built in 1885. Her average speed is 18 knots an hour, which is equal to nearly 21 statute miles, or somewhat greater than the average speed of the ordinary train service on any railway in the world. Her engines indicate 14,000 horse-power, and are supplied with steam from 9 double-ended boilers, each with 8 furnaces, or a total of 72 furnaces. The total consumption of coal is 300 tons per day, or 12 tons per hour, and if the whole of the fires were raked together and formed into one large fire there would be 42 tons of coal, or a mass 20 feet long, 20 feet

* *The Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine.*

† These particulars are gleaned from an article in *Good Words* for April, 1887, entitled, "Something about the Cunard Line. By John Burns."

broad, and rather more than 4 feet high, burning fiercely. Her crew consists of 287 hands, all told.

The victualling department is under the charge of the chief steward, who is responsible not only for the good order of the servants and the cleanliness of the saloons and cabins and baths, but for providing the passengers with a good and liberal table.

For a single passage to America the *Etruria*, with 547 cabin passengers and a crew of 287 persons on board, carries the following quantities of provisions: 12,550 lbs. fresh beef, 760 lbs. corned beef, 5,320 lbs. mutton, 850 lbs. lamb, 350 lbs. veal, 350 lbs. pork, 2,000 lbs. fresh fish, 600 fowls, 300 chickens, 100 ducks, 50 geese, 80 turkeys, 200 brace grouse, 15 tons potatoes, 30 hampers of vegetables, 220 quarts ice cream, 1000 quarts of milk, and 11,500 eggs (or at the rate of one egg per minute from the time the ship sails from Liverpool until her arrival in New York).

The quantities of wines, spirits, beer, &c., put on board for consumption on the round voyage comprise 1,100 bottles of champagne, 850 bottles claret, 6000 bottles ale, 2,500 bottles porter, 4,500 bottles mineral waters, 650 bottles various spirits.

Crockery is broken very extensively, being at the rate of 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine-glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water-bottles in a single voyage.

As regards the consumption on board the whole fleet for *one year*, the figures seem almost fabulous:

4,656 sheep, 1,800 lambs, 2,474 oxen are consumed—an array of flocks and herds surpassing in extent the possessions of many a pastoral patriarch of ancient times—besides 24,075 fowls, 4,230 ducks, 2,200 turkeys, 2,200 geese, 53 tons of ham, 20 tons bacon, 15 tons cheese, and 831,603 eggs.

Other articles are in extensive demand, and in the course of a year there is consumed: One ton and a half of mustard, one ton and three-quarters of pepper, 7,216 bottles pickles, 8000 tins sardines, 30 tons salt cod and ling, 4,192 four-lb. jars of jam, 15 tons marmalade, 22 tons raisins, currants, and figs, 18 tons split peas, 15 tons pearl barley, 17 tons rice, 34 tons oatmeal, 460 tons flour, 23 tons biscuits, 33 tons salt, 48,902 loaves of bread 8 lbs. each.

The Cunard passengers annually drink and smoke to the following extent:—8,030 bottles and 17,613 half-bottles champagne, 13,941 bottles and 7,310 half-bottles claret, 9,200 bottles other wines, 489,344 bottles ale and porter, 174,921 bottles mineral waters, 34,400 bottles spirits; 34,360 lbs. tobacco, 63,340 cigars, and 56,875 cigarettes.

The heaviest item in the annual consumption of the Company is of course coal, of which 356,764 tons are burnt—nearly equal to 1000 tons for every day in the year. This quantity of coal, if built as a wall four feet high and one foot thick, would reach from Land's End to John o' Groats' House.

With regard to the aggregate employment of labour by the Cunard Company, it includes 34 captains, 146 officers, 628 engineers, boiler-makers and carpenters, 665 seamen, 916 firemen, 900 stewards, 62 stewardesses, 42 women to keep the upholstery and linen in order, with 1,100 men of a shore gang, or about 4,506 people to run the ships, which traverse yearly a distance equal to five times that between the earth and the moon!

Since the time when George Burns became connected with shipping, the large fleet over which he presided, and his firm owned, has represented from first to last no less a sum than upwards of seven millions sterling.

Thirty years after his retirement from business, Mr. Burns took as keen an interest in everything that related to shipping as he did when he was bearing the burden and heat of the day. As he sat upon his lawn and watched the Clyde steamers skimming over the waters, his thoughts would often go back to the old, old days of which he, alone of all his compeers, had any remembrance. During his lifetime greater changes had taken place in the shipping world than in the three thousand years that had elapsed since the *Argo* was launched. He watched the rise and progress of the power of steam, which has brought together all the nations of the earth for their common good, and has done for the material well-being of mankind what printing did for the inter-communication of ideas and the development of intellectual power. He saw the little

Comet start on her first journey; and he saw the *Great Eastern* as she lay off Greenock in her last days. Between these periods all the great problems of naval architecture had virtually been set at rest, and it had been demonstrated that there were no engineering difficulties in size, and no practical limit, except expediency, to the amount of power that might be applied to steam navigation.

To glance, however rapidly, at the great changes he witnessed during the period specified, would require much more space than we have at our disposal. To one aspect of the subject, and one only, will we call attention here. For the last half-century, and more, there has scarcely been a session of Parliament without legislation on Merchant Shipping; numberless committees and commissions have been appointed to consider schemes for the improvement of our mercantile marine, and measures innumerable have been passed having for their object the safety, welfare, and progress of British ships and seamen. The result has been that lighthouses have been multiplied and improved; sound-signals have been established; harbours have been constructed, deepened, and made accessible; charts have been perfected; the classification of ships has been revised; tonnage measurement has been reformed; an excellent system of ship registry has been established; masters, mates, and engineers have been required to pass examinations, and can be cashiered if drunken or incompetent; offices are

set up where seamen are engaged and discharged, where they receive their wages, and where their characters are recorded; savings banks and money orders are provided for them; they have summary means of recovering wages; special provision is made concerning their food, medicine, and lodging. Lifeboats and rocket apparatus for saving life from shipwreck are established round the coasts; every wreck is made the subject of an investigation more or less stringent; shipwrecked property is protected from plunder; international rules have been made for preventing collision; an international code of general signals has been established, as well as an international system of signals of distress; and the old law of merchant shipping has been once and again codified. Above all, burdens and restrictions of all kinds, general and local, have been removed, so that ship and sailor are now absolutely free from all burdens, except such regulations and such taxes as are needed for their own welfare.*

In procuring these measures, Mr. Burns played an important although not always a conspicuous part. His wide knowledge of everything connected with ships and shipping, his keen business capacity, his far-sightedness, and his unwavering integrity, gave value to his advice, which was eagerly sought and generally acted upon. Not invariably, however.

* See an article in the *Quarterly Review* on "The Progress of Engineering Science," No. 228, 1863; and one on "Merchant Shipping," No. 281, 1876.

When the Amended Shipping Act was passing through the House of Commons in 1854, for instance, Mr. Cardwell* placed the manuscript of the Bill in the hands of Mr. Burns with an introduction to Mr. Thring (afterwards Lord Thring), of Lincoln's Inn, who had the charge of drawing it up, in order that they might go over it together. Referring to this interview, Mr. Burns, in conversation with the writer, said:—

I went very carefully into it, and effected, as I supposed, some improvements. I especially drew attention to the penalties attachable to owners in case of accidents to life or property. Lord Campbell's Act, which was applicable at first to railways and not to shipping, was, to a considerable extent, incorporated in principle into the Shipping Bill. To this I was strongly opposed, and my argument was briefly this: Let there be penalties stringent, but not fatal to a shipowner. The Board of Trade reserves to itself the power of sanctioning officers in the mercantile marine, and an owner has to comply with their rules. Suppose that an owner has bestowed very particular attention to the quality of his ships and the character of his officers; his ship sails to India, or elsewhere, an accident takes place, and he (through no fault of his own) is liable to be punished to the extent of the whole value of his ship, and ruined. When a change of Ministry took place, Mr. Cardwell left the Board of Trade and was living at Whitehall Gardens, where I saw him. 'I can now speak to you,' he said to me, 'much more freely than I could when I was on the other side of the street.' He approved of my views on the subject.

A long time afterwards, when Lord Stanley of Alderley was President of the Board of Trade, I had occasion to argue very much in the same strain with him. Mr. Cardwell's Bill having been passed,

* Afterwards Viscount Cardwell.

I used the argument with Lord Stanley that one of our American steamships cost upwards of £150,000 (the cost of steamships now amounts to more than double that sum), and that we were liable to be amerced in the whole amount. He laughed and said, 'You're very well off to have such a ship.' I replied, 'Yes, but if you are lying at night with the knowledge that you may wake up in the morning and find yourself ruined by such a loss, you would not sleep very comfortably.' His reply was that hitherto the law had not operated severely upon shipowners who took every precaution to prevent accidents. 'True,' I replied, 'but that is not a sound basis to rest such vast interests upon.' Eventually a much more sensible and satisfactory basis was found.

For himself and his own ever-increasing commercial relations, Mr. Burns had laid it down as a business principle that his highest interest lay in the *safety* of every enterprise—that the loss of ship, cargo, passengers, or crew, would be *his* loss; and therefore, while trusting in Providence for protection, he looked with an anxious eye to everything which could conduce to the safety of his ship—to her build, her equipment, her loading, her manning, and her navigation.

The secret of Mr. Burns' success is not however to be attributed to his sagacity or his shrewdness, or even to the soundness of the business principles on which he acted. His success was the outcome of his character. No man ever knew him say a word that was not the exact and literal truth; no one ever heard of any business transaction of his that was not absolutely honourable in the minutest particular. He was accurate in all his dealings, faithful to every

trust, tenacious of every promise, disdaining to take the least advantage of the weakness, or cupidity, or incapacity of any man. Every action, great or small, came before the tribunal of conscience, and, disregarding the judgment of men, he could not and would not engage in any undertaking upon which he was unable to ask God's blessing.

It was this honest, straightforward trustworthiness that drew men to him, and justified the confidence of more than one who said, "If George Burns is prepared to go into any scheme, I am prepared to go in with him."

"A sincere man," says a quaint old writer, "is not gilded, but gold; not a splendid and burnished plating outside to cover some baser metal within, but all the way through to the heart what he outwardly appears to be."

And such a man was George Burns. What he was in the counting-house or the committee-room, he was in the chamber of prayer or at the communion table, and the self-same principles that made him a faithful servant of God made him a faithful man of business.

CHAPTER XVI.

LIFE AT WEMYSS BAY.

WHEN Mr. Burns retired from business, he purchased the whole of Wemyss Bay, and built for himself a handsome house in one of the most charming positions of this lovely spot. Wemyss House is a picturesque structure, lying back from the road and nestling under a luxuriantly wooded cliff. It stands only thirty or forty yards from the shore, and commands delightful views over the Firth of Clyde. Just opposite is Innellan and Toward, with Rothesay in the distance; in front is Bute, with its magnificent background of the mountains of Arran; to the left lies the pleasant village of Skelmorlie, stretching towards Largs, while Great and Little Cumbrae lie low on the horizon.

Lawns and gardens, fringed and interspersed with fine clumps of evergreen and flowering trees and shrubs, surround the house, at the rear of which rises a background of rock to the height of about 112 feet.

Once it was rock, and rock only; inaccessible for

use to the regions beyond. But some years after Mr. Burns had made Wemyss House his summer residence, Mrs. Burns, who was incessant in her philanthropic labours throughout the neighbourhood, happened to say how pleasant it would be if it were possible to pass over the rock instead of always having to go round by the road. It was one of his chief pleasures in life to give surprises of affection, and to gratify any wish of one to whom he was so tenderly attached, and, keeping his own counsel, he determined to make those rough places plain. Calling to his aid the good services of his head gardener, Mr. Henderson, he set to work, with the result that the almost perpendicular rock was converted into a region of fairy-like beauty.

Viewed from below, there is nothing to suggest anything but crags tastefully clothed with deciduous trees and choice shrubs intermingling with each other in natural fashion. No one would imagine that all this wealth of arboreal growth is a skilfully contrived screen to conceal the existence of a score or more of surprises in the shape of irregular terraces cut out of the solid rock, bowered walks, grottoes, and exquisite flower-gardens. From every change of elevation a fresh and interesting view is obtained of the lovely landscape which spreads out in wonderful breadth and variety to the south-east and west. Access to these terraces is by a series of flights of steps from the western end of the lower lawn, and from the eastern end by zigzag walks of easy

gradients, all perfectly concealed, so that no artificial line is visible.

On the uppermost terrace is a fine range of plant and fruit houses, the largest of which is devoted to a superb specimen of the New Zealand fern-palm (*Cyathea dealbata*), believed to be the largest and finest in Europe. This last terrace is 112 feet above the level of the lawn surrounding the house, and its outer edge is only about 100 yards in direct line from the shore of the Firth.

It has been well said that "the working out of so much picturesque beauty from bare, barren crags in so limited an area has been no mean feat of landscape gardening skill, and the result seems like a realisation of the Babylonian gardens of Nebuchadnezzar."* A year after Mr. Burns had taken up his residence in Wemyss Bay, his son, John Burns, was married to Emily, daughter of George Clerk Arbuthnot, of Mavisbank House, Midlothian; and in the following year his second son, James Cleland Burns, was married to Selina Louisa Colquhoun, daughter of William Laurence Colquhoun, of Clathick, Perthshire. Mr. James Cleland Burns took up his abode at Lochside, Lochwinnoch, while Mr. John Burns settled down at Castle Wemyss.

Unless the reader can picture to his mind's eye the position of the house of Mr. Burns, and the

* The *Gardener's Chronicle*, August 18, 1888, in which a full description is given of the gardens of Wemyss House and of Castle Wemyss.

castle of his son, much of the succeeding part of this narrative will be to some extent unintelligible. Castle Wemyss is a lovely mansion, built upon a rock at the extreme edge of the promontory where the river Clyde widens into the Firth of Clyde. Every one acquainted with the West Coast of Scotland, knows this well-situated and elegantly designed castle. It was built in three different portions at three different times, and was converted into one harmonious whole, in the old Scotch baronial order of architecture, by a man of distinct genius, one Mr. Billings, who unhappily died soon after the completion of the work, upon which he has left literally the impress of his own hand in some singularly good stone-carving.

Sweeping lawns surround the castle on the landward side, studded with clumps of evergreens and flowering shrubs, where, through vistas of ornamental trees, exquisite views—never the same for two hours together—are obtained of Dunoon and the rugged peaks of Arran. Gardens and plantations slope down to the shore, where a handsome red sandstone pier forms a harbour and a landing place for the boats of the yacht in which Mr. John Burns spends most of his summer-time.

Wemyss House is just outside the castle grounds, but, handsome as is the residence of Mr. Burns, it bears no comparison with that of his son. The reason may be readily explained in this manner. Mr. Burns, when he retired from business, naturally felt

that he was nearing the end of his journey, while his son was, comparatively speaking, only just beginning. Both were "given to hospitality" in an unusual degree, and such perfect harmony existed in every wish, thought and feeling between parents and son, that, while ready to share all things in common if need be, the elders reserved to themselves those chances of quiet repose which were not so necessary to the happiness of their children.

So it came to pass that the guests at Castle Wemyss were guests at Wemyss House and *vice versâ*, and the interests of all, in working for the common good, were one.

Mr. Burns' life at Wemyss Bay was "full-orbed," and we can only in this chapter glance at some phases of it.

Works of philanthropy in divers forms became the main business of his life in his retirement. He was a conscientious man in all things, and he gave liberally to almost every form of charitable work. But he did not let his "right hand know what his left was doing," and nothing can be said here of the extent of his benefactions.

It is not the cost, however, that makes the real value of any gift, but the painstaking kindness, the thoughtful tenderness, the kindly sympathy that accompany it. And through all those thirty years and more of his retired life at Wemyss Bay, scarcely a day passed in which he and his wife

did not make some home happier, cheer the heart of some poor weary plodder, or minister to the necessities of "him who was ready to perish."

The demands upon the benevolence of Mr. Burns were almost innumerable, and he was wont to respond to them all, or nearly so. It was his custom not to give large sums to any one object, but to contribute to an infinite variety of objects.

He not only gave himself, but in so far as he could he inspired others to give, and no man knew better than he how to put a charitable petition in train.

He loved to assist poor and struggling churches, and to help towards building new ones; he and his wife put into circulation books that they thought would be as silent messengers in households and do good; he was interested in evangelization on the Continent, and rarely withheld a solicited subscription; he watched the good services to the poor of London and other cities rendered by his friend Lord Shaftesbury, and backed up his labours by contributions to such movements as, for instance, the Watercress and Flower Girls Mission.

The demands were incessant. A packet of letters from applicants lies before the present writer. In one, a poor family, wishing to leave Ireland, ask Mr. Burns to give them a free passage. In another, a minister has a friend who is extending Sunday-school operations in Rio de Janeiro, which "will be like a lighthouse on a dark and dangerous coast, the light of

God's truth streaming from it." Another says, "I always remember what Mr. Burns said to me after the misfortune I had, when he gave me the £100: that he had pleasure in doing a good turn when good comes out of it." Good came out of it in the case in point; it was the social salvation of the man and his family.

One letter is from the secretary of a society who grumbles because he has not had a larger subscription, instead of giving thanks for what he has received. To this Mr. Burns appended the reply he sent:—

> I reserve to myself the right of judging from time to time what I will give, or whether I will give anything at all. This practice is and has been my custom with regard to all institutions.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Burns joined together so successfully in their works of charity, they had to share the common lot of philanthropists, and suffer occasional imposition. To one such occurrence, Sir T. H. Farrer, writing from the Trinity yacht *Galatea* on the 6th of September, 1883, to Mr. John Burns, refers:—

> I was sorry that I did not see your father, with whom I had so much pleasant intercourse thirty years ago. Indeed his name, and our visit to Iona yesterday, carried me back to a still earlier memory when my first wife, then Fanny Erskine, was taken by Mrs. Burns in one of their steamers to Iona, and where, after Mrs. Burns had kindly and charitably purchased all the stockings they

had knitted, she found on opening the large packet they had bought that they had sold her all their old stockings, worn in holes and dirty. Innocent, helpless Islanders!

In the welfare of seamen, it was only natural that Mr. Burns should take a special and a lifelong interest. He had done much for the men of his own fleet, but he hailed every opportunity of advancing the moral and spiritual condition of seamen generally. It grieved him to find, for example, from official documents forwarded from our North American Colonies and from the West Indies, that in about the year 1854, more than 58,000 seamen (British subjects) annually frequented those harbours, while the provision for their moral well-being was of the most scanty description, and none whatever by the direct and immediate agency of the Church of England.

Various societies were originated, and agencies set to work to alter this state of things, in which he took part in conjunction with his old friends, the Rev. C. B. Gribble, Admiral Sir Edward Parry, Admiral Sir James Hope, and others.

One of the institutions in which Mr. and Mrs. Burns took a lively interest, was the Irish Island Society, founded by Mrs. Pendleton, of Dublin, in 1818, for promoting the scriptural education and religious instruction of Irish Roman Catholics, chiefly through the medium of their own language. By this instrumentality, thousands of Irish-speaking people have been instructed in the art of

reading in the vernacular, their text-book being selected portions of the Bible. Flowing from this, there has been a constant succession of Scripture-readers and missionaries, with churches and school-houses in their train.

From those early days when Mr. Burns, as a young man, commenced his business career by travelling in Ireland, he had taken a deep interest in the people and the unhappy state of their country. It was borne in upon his mind that the only remedy lay in the enlightenment of the young by education, the unfettered circulation of the Scriptures, and kindly help and sympathy.

The "Irish question," whether taken up by private philanthropists or public bodies, or by the State, bristles with difficulties, and so Mr. Burns found. He was greatly interested in the spread of education in Scotland, and especially among the ever-increasing population of Glasgow; but work in that behoof was sadly hindered by the immigration of the Irish, and the parochial school system, in consequence, received its death-blow.

At one time Mr. Burns was brought much into communication with Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who visited him at Glasgow, and was extremely anxious to know about the progress of immigration from Ireland.

I gave him (says Mr. Burns) all the information I could obtain as to the number we carried from Belfast, especially in harvest

time, and the result for the whole year came out very much as follows: Of every hundred brought across, ninety-four were returned by our steamers to Ireland, most of them being harvest labourers, leaving only six per cent to settle in Scotland. After that period, the number remaining in Scotland increased to a marvellous extent.

An admirable institution in which Mr. and Mrs. Burns were much interested was the Pilgrim Mission of St. Chrischona, near Basle. It was established in 1840 by Mr. C. F. Spittler, who, in 1815, had founded the celebrated Basle Missionary Society. He conceived the novel idea of utilising an old ruined church, which had been turned into a cart-house by the farmer who owned the adjoining fields. Having obtained the permission of the Government to use the church, Father Spittler gathered around him a number of young men of the artizan class with the object of training them as Christian missionaries, and then sending them forth to gain their livelihood by the work of their hands and at the same time to preach the gospel. From a very small beginning the Pilgrim Mission grew and prospered; scores of young men were sent forth as evangelists in Palestine, Egypt, Nubia, Central Africa, as well as in Austria, Germany, and Switzerland; a cluster of houses sprang up round the old church, a printing-press and book-binding establishment did good auxiliary work, and many other forms of usefulness came into operation. Associated with the institution was a Home of Rescue for men of all ages and

conditions who had gone astray, and who, submitting to strict discipline, constant manual labour, and total abstinence, expressed their wish to return to paths of righteousness.

All the teachers of the institution, as well as the students, worked without salary, satisfied with the apostles' rations, "having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." Mr. and Mrs. Burns went to Basle on one occasion on purpose to inspect the mission, and to acquaint themselves fully with the scope of its operations, and thenceforth they never ceased to take an active interest in its welfare. They received a hearty welcome from the leaders, but venerable Father Spittler was absent. He died in 1867, in his eighty-sixth year; and his adopted son, now working in a distant country in the same good cause, was for a long time the guest of Mr. Burns, who held him in high esteem.

Mr. Burns was President of the Glasgow Branch of the Church Missionary Society, and this brought him into contact with many great and good men, who rallied round him not only when he presided at the annual meetings, but whenever there was any fresh wave of activity. The annual deputations from the parent society, of which Mr. Burns was also a governor, were always received and entertained at his house in Brandon Place, Glasgow; and the visits of such men as Weitbrecht, whose abundant labours are known in all the churches, or of Leupolt, the missionary at Benares at the time of the Mutiny,

were occasions of great pleasure, for Mr. Burns entered into all the minutiæ of their work with the keenest interest, and greatly relished the stories of peril, adventure, and success they had to tell.

Every organisation that had for its object the welfare of the Jews, he not only supported with his contributions, but aided by all other means within his power. To him the Jew was God's standing miracle on earth.

One day the present writer drew Mr. Burns into a long conversation on God's ancient people, and a recollection of that conversation is, briefly, as follows:—

For sixty years I have never omitted praying for the Jews in the daily prayers of our household. I have from early life taken a strong interest in them, and the societies established for their spiritual welfare. My wife and I were always fond of attending their synagogues both in London and abroad. In the synagogue at Carlsbad, one of the officials came to me and asked that I would read the law. I declined, but sitting next to the Chaplain to the English Embassy in Berlin, himself of Israelitish descent, I asked him what was meant by it, as I was not a Jew. He said, 'It is meant as a compliment, but it is always expected in such cases that some contribution to the funds should be given.' I said, 'Will they put a phylactery upon me?' He said, 'No, they will only invest you with a scarf.' I have since learned that the custom of expecting a subscription is disapproved of now. In Carlsbad it is usual for visitors to subscribe to some of the public institutions, and one of the police calls and asks to which of such institutions the contribution is to be devoted. I desired that mine might go to the Jews' Hospital, when the canvasser looked at me with astonishment, and said, 'Oh, nobody ever subscribes to that!'

The study of prophecy may be said to be almost limited in the present day to the Evangelicals. It does not advance the interests of the High Church party—it is a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to Broad Churchmen.

The views of a man of strong common sense, combined with strong Christian principle, who for sixty years not only studied the whole of the Bible, but made it a subject of daily prayer, cannot fail to be of interest. Here are some crude recollections of a conversation with Mr. Burns, in which he stated his opinions to the present writer:—

I have always found much comfort in the doctrine of the Second Coming of our Lord, and to a considerable extent I agree with the writings of Elliott, and more recently with those of Mr. Grattan-Guinness, but I do not understand or appreciate fanciful interpretations, except as they agree exactly with the Bible. It seems to me to be helpful to one's faith to think of things to come. We meditate upon God in the past and in the present; we should think of Him equally as in the future. I have never had a feeling in common with those whose gloomy views represent the world as growing more and more wicked, until the Lord should come to destroy and annihilate. At the same time I do not overlook the saying, 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?' I would rather think of the knowledge and love of Christ as growing and expanding until He came, and with Him the restitution of all things. I believe that there will be upon the earth a Millennial glory; that subsequently there will be a falling away, and after that the end will come. But I have not arrived at the opinion of many of my most intelligent and valuable friends that our Lord may be expected to appear to-day or any present day. But when He shall appear we shall see Him, and every one who has this hope in *Him* will purify himself even as He is pure.

'With regard to the Jews, I certainly gather from the Scriptures that they will return to their own land, and I read the passages relating to their restoration in as literal a sense as I read those relating to their dispersion. For me, every individual Jew has an interest; he is a living witness to the truth of Christianity and of the Bible; and for centuries has been God's witness in the world. Every Jew is a warning to those who reject God's mercy or despise His threatenings. Although a homeless race, and clinging to a hopeless faith, they are still the 'People of God,' and I think the blackest pages in the history of our country have been those in which we, as a nation, have taken advantage of their unhappy position, and have treated them with injustice and cruelty. Although the veil is still over their hearts, I cannot doubt that it will be removed. God hath not cast away His people whom He foreknew, but for the individual Jew, as for the nation at large, the only hope lies in a reception of our Lord as the Messiah of God.

Closely allied to the concern of Mr. Burns for the Jews, was his interest not only in their country, but in all the Bible lands surrounding it. He watched with intense pleasure the growing prosperity and usefulness of the Cairo schools under the able management of Miss Whately, and did what he could to assist them. But there was nothing in the East which absorbed him more than the education of the children of Mohammedans, Druzes, Maronites, and Greeks, in the hill-country of Lebanon.

In 1852, a Methodist gentleman, Mr. Lothian, of the neighbourhood of Carlisle, went to Syria, and there became acquainted with a Syrian family named Saleebey. He lived with them for a considerable time, and assisted in getting up schools in their district, El Schweir, near Beyrout. On his return to this country he brought with him young Saleebey. After a time, Lady Leith wrote to Mrs. Burns introducing him, and asking if she could render him any assistance. She found that when he arrived in this country he had asked a porter where he could lodge, and had been sent to a dwelling, which, on visiting, she considered to be anything but a desirable one. She therefore invited him to Brandon Place, and there he stayed for a long time. Mrs. Burns energetically took up the cause of the schools, and through her influence a society was formed in the Lebanon, having for its object the education of the children of Mahommedans, Druzes, Maronites and Greeks, in a very populous neighbourhood.

It is no exaggeration to say that every fresh step in the progress of these Lebanon Schools was under the immediate observation or direction of Mr. and Mrs. Burns. It would not interest the general reader to narrate the many vicissitudes through which these schools passed, but in the spring of 1870, at the instigation of Mr. Burns, Principal Lumsden of the Free Church, and Dr. Alexander Duff, the celebrated Indian missionary and reformer, went out to Lebanon to inspect them. Their report was in all respects satisfactory, and the result was that the schools were taken up by the Foreign Mission Scheme of the Free Church of Scotland,

that they are still carried on under the same management, and are not in connection with any other Lebanon schools.

Mr. Burns did not sympathise with the "uttermost parts of the world" at the expense of his own neighbourhood.

The Royal Infirmary of Glasgow, of which Dr. John Burns was the first house-surgeon; the Magdalen Society; the Glasgow Branch of the London City Mission, whose founder, the justly esteemed David Nasmyth, was a personal friend; the Cottage Home for Infirm Children, and the House of Shelter for Women—these, and many more, were all institutions in which Mr. Burns delighted. Nor was he interested only in the philanthropic labours which made so heavy a demand upon his own time and that of his wife; he participated in and sympathised with the good works of his children, all of whom have been distinguished for their ready and liberal support of measures calculated to improve the moral, social, and religious condition of the people of Glasgow, so that an appeal for support to a deserving object was never made to them in vain.

Mr. Burns watched with fatherly pride the valuable services rendered by his son John in assisting to establish the *Cumberland* training-ship—an institution which, in its proved results, has done more than all the rest of the industrial institutions of Glasgow put together to reform the street Arabs, and to inspire

them with higher aims and better motives in life. Nor were Mr. John Burns' activities less in connection with other societies, which embrace within their pale those of the humblest ranks of life.

Mr. Burns spent much of his time in reading, and kept well abreast of the current literature of the day. It was a never-failing source of delight, and at the age of ninety-three he was studiously reading Landell's "Central Asia," in two volumes, having just before finished Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," concerning which he wrote: "The consequence of his Biogenesis chapter is so decisive in favour of evangelical teaching on the subject of conversion, that it is impossible it could be palatable to the carnal mind." He guarded himself, however, against giving unqualified approval of the work.

One of his chief pleasures was the study of religious books, and all through life everything he could lay his hands upon dealing with the Evidences of Christianity he read and studied carefully. He was a life member of the Victoria Institution, and received regularly its valuable publications, which he read with interest and profit, as evidences in support and proof of the historical accuracy of the Scriptures. It was not that he was in any kind of religious difficulty, but that he liked to be furnished with a good reason for the hope that was in him. Nor did he confine himself to the works that advocated the tenets of any particular sect. Wherever,

and by whomsoever, good was being done, therein he rejoiced, yea and would rejoice.

It was characteristic of the man that he could say:—

> For sixty years I have never turned away from the Lord's Supper in any church whatever, where I had the privilege of partaking of it. Many a time in our travelling days we found the Table spread for us. And my practice is continued by those spared to be still around me, and dear to me. I love the Communion of Saints.

He was singularly free from religious doubt, and had a childlike faith in the efficacy of prayer. He agreed with what Justin Martyr said in his "Apology": "When we say that prophecies have been delivered respecting future events, we assert not that they were foreseen, because they happened by a fatal necessity, but that God, well knowing what the actions of men would be, and having determined that He would reward every man according to his deeds, declared by His prophetic Spirit that His dealings with them would correspond with those actions, thus always leading the human race to reflection and repentance, and showing His care and providence for them." From which he argued that they who would have the Divine blessing must, in order to ensure it, walk in the appointed way. All God's ways being regarded as part of God's plan, it did not matter what the circumstances might be—the state of the weather, cattle plague, pestilence, bereavement, domestic anxiety—he believed that

the laws which governed these things had been formed with reference to the conduct of men towards Himself. If these things humbled men into sincere prayer, their conduct became incorporated with God's own plan; if they hardened men's hearts, they stood alien to God and liable to His hot displeasure. Blessings *might* be lost through the neglect of prayer—therefore he would pray, without inquiring too closely in what way "the laws of Nature" might be bent to grant an answer. "Ye have not, because ye ask not," says St. James, and therefore George Burns was wont to take everything to God in prayer, believing, as Dr. Chalmers said, that "God *may* interfere among the physical agents beyond that limit to which human sagacity can trace the operation of law."

The plain statements of Scripture on the subject of prayer were, however, ample for the faith and practice of George Burns. We are not aware that he ever attempted to justify either philosophically. Had he done so, he would have used an argument like that employed by John Foster in one of his "Lectures delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol," in which he says: "God has certainly pre-determined what He will do, and His purpose cannot be changed, yet, in many instances, He has pre-determined it to be done, *as in answer to prayer*, and not otherwise, not separately from it; so that, not to petition for the supposed good, involves a certainty of not obtaining it, and *vice versâ*."

One little incident which, although it occurred quite late in his life, was nevertheless characteristic of any period of it, will illustrate the character of his faith and prayers.

Mr. Burns was always a lover of dogs. One that was a great favourite was lost, and his master mourned for him. Every search was made, but without effect, and one evening, when at last he was obliged to give it up as hopeless, he talked much about his old and faithful friend. It was a trouble to him, for he loved the dog, and in the simplicity of his faith he believed that every shadow of a trouble might be brought before the Heavenly Father in prayer. And so in the family worship that night he prayed "to Him who preserveth man and beast, and without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground," and reverently asked that "wherever his old friend and companion went, it might please God to find for him a home where he would be kindly treated."

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Like all really good men, Mr. Burns was a lover of humour and bright innocent merriment in any and every form. He saw no piety in dulness.

There was always fun of some sort or other going on where he was; everybody who had a really good story to tell would take it to him, certain that he would not only see and enjoy the point of it at once, but would "cap" it with another. Everything that made life glad and bright and beautiful, song of bird, scent of flower, love of friends, pursuit of ideals, merry jest and "happy thought"—quip, crank, subtilty, oddity, even nonsense itself, were enjoyed in their proper time and place. He was a wise man who said—

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Men of mirth were those in whom Mr. Burns delighted, provided their mirth was not

"Of the nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache."

A number of such men formed themselves into a society which was styled "The Gaiter Club"—their bond of union being walking tours in Scotland in gaiters, and an annual dinner at which humorous speeches were made and the doings of the members recorded.

Of this Club Mr. John Burns was President, and Mr. J. Cleland Burns, Secretary; Dr. Norman Macleod was the Chaplain; and among the members were Sir Daniel Macnee, the painter, Presi-

dent of the Royal Scottish Academy, Laurence Oliphant, Anthony Trollope, John Mac Gregor ("Rob Roy"), Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Admiral Sir James Hope, Lord Kinnaird, Professor Ramsay, Sir William Thomson, and a host of others; Mr. Burns being for a long time the only honorary member. He took an unfailing interest in the Club, and well he might—his son and Dr. Norman Macleod were the life and soul of it. Norman Macleod was minister of the Barony Church for twenty-one years, and this fact alone would account for his intimacy with Mr. Burns and his family. Of that intimacy but little will be said here; but how interesting and refreshing it was, those will appreciate best who knew Dr. Macleod personally. He was one of the most genial, generous, and delightful of companions; a man of sparkling wit, of pathos and humour to touch the springs of laughter and of tears at will; of great intellectual force; of delicate poetic fancy—a man with an impressive personality, a many-sided character, and a lovable nature. He was at home with old and young, rich and poor, educated or uncultured, and everywhere and with every one he was always frank, open-hearted, cheerful, sympathetic, and manly. He was a frequent guest at Castle Wemyss, and most of the stories he told found their way to Wemyss House. Once, when staying at the Castle after a yachting cruise, the minister of the Barony was conducting family worship, just at the intended commencement of which the

Rev. Dr. Honey, the minister of Inchture, came into the room rather late. He had curly hair; and Dr. Macleod immediately saluted him with, "Come away, Honey; fresh from the comb." But a better story is told of Norman Macleod and John Burns, when together with Anthony Trollope on a tour in the Highlands. On arriving at an inn in Oban late at night they had supper, and then told stories and laughed without stint half the night through. In the morning an old gentleman, who slept in a bedroom above them, complained to the landlord that he had not been able to sleep on account of the noise from the party below; and added his regret that such men should "take more than was good for them." "Well," replied the landlord, "I am bound to say there was a good deal of loud talking and laughing; but they had nothing stronger than *tea and herrings*." "Bless me," rejoined the old gentleman, "if that is so, what would Dr. Macleod and Mr. John Burns be *after dinner!*"

When Norman Macleod got hold of a good story it was torture to him to keep it in. One day his brother, Sir George Macleod, heard a capital tale and told it to Norman, taking care, however, to add that he intended keeping it for the Gaiter Club. But Norman was too sharp for him. No sooner had he sat down at the Club meeting than he blurted it out before his brother had a chance of opening his mouth.

On one occasion at a dinner on board the *Heron*,

Dr. Norman Macleod proposed the health of Mr. John Burns, who was at that time a bachelor—though there was a rumour afloat that he was no longer heart-whole—in these words:—

"Gentlemen," said the Doctor, "I remember a minister of my persuasion taking for his text the word 'Deevil.' 'Deevil, my frien's,' he said, 'is an awfu' word. If ye tak the "d" from it, it maks the word "evil"; if ye tak the "e" from it, it leaves the word "vile"; if ye tak the "v" from it, it leaves the word "ill"—ill, vile, evil, deevil—eh, my friends, it's an awfu' word!'

"In like manner, gentlemen, I take for my text the word 'Heron'—the name of the good ship we are now aboard. If you take the 'n' from it, you have the word 'hero'—the gentleman whose health I have the honour to propose; if you take the 'o' from it, you have the word 'her'—her whom we hope soon to see sitting beside him; if you take the 'r' from it you leave 'he,' the gentleman himself; and if you take the 'e' from it you leave the letter 'h'—and we all hope there'll be no *hitch* about it."

The 2nd of April, 1863, was a red-letter day in the history of the Gaiter Club, when a breakfast was given to Admiral Sir James Hope, fresh from his exploits in China. He was the guest of Mr. Burns in Park Gardens, and when he came out of his bedroom in the morning he was greatly astonished to find the lobbies and staircase lined with the blue-jackets of H.M.S. *Lion*, who saluted him.

Lord Palmerston was at that time in Glasgow, where a few days previously he had been installed as Lord Rector of the University. He was to have been the guest of Mr. Burns, but the Lord Provost, who lived close by, had also invited him, and very properly he went as guest to the chief magistrate. But he came to the breakfast of the Gaiter Club to be enrolled as an honorary member—the only other honorary member being Mr. Burns. Fifty gentlemen sat down to breakfast—at which Mrs. Burns presided—a goodly assembly of distinguished men.

After breakfast, on the motion of the President, (Mr. John Burns), seconded by the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Lord Palmerston was duly elected an honorary member of the Gaiter Club.

There is a famous rule of the Club, which is as follows: "Rule xvii.: "That at 'Gaiters' there shall be no upright speaking." But Norman Macleod induced Mr. John Burns to waive it upon the occasion of the Prime Minister of England being made a member of the Club; and although the President demurred, he *rose* proposing Lord Palmerston as a member, followed by Norman Macleod, who also rose, both making upright speeches.

The minister of the Barony was in great force, and said that "he was sure that the highest Lady in the land would wish all honour to be paid to Lord Palmerston, but he did not know what the Sovereign would say to a subject receiving both the Garter and

the Gaiter"; and so on capering away to the great delight of Palmerston and the other Gaiters.

When it came to Lord Palmerston's turn to reply, he not only did not rise, but buried half his body under the table, and in that quaint, dry style which distinguished his humour, said, amongst many other good things—

"Gentlemen, I am very proud and flattered to be associated with such a distinguished body. I am informed, though gaiters have an intimate connection with legs, that no gaiterman is allowed to speak upon his legs. He may speak about his legs, but not upon his legs. Now, as we in these days never show our legs, inasmuch as trousers would conceal even the gaiter if we wore it, you will excuse me if I am very short in my thanks. I can only assure you that whether I wear long gaiters or short gaiters, my memory of your kindness will be long, and not short."

A well-known reporter on the *Times* staff begged permission of Mr. John Burns to be present at the breakfast, who assented on the distinct understanding that he was to take no notes. However, Norman Macleod's speech was too much for him, and down it went. But after the breakfast was over, it dawned upon Norman that everything would appear in the *Times* next morning—and sure enough it would, had not Mr. John Burns succeeded in arresting the appearance of the speech in print, to the great comfort of the Doctor.

Lord Palmerston's speech was telegraphed north, south, east, and west, to the utter confusion of mind of the majority of those who read it.

Not so, however, to Mr. Archibald Campbell of Blythswood, father of the present Baronet, who wrote the same day to Mr. Burns: "I see you have been presenting Lord Palmerston with a pair of gaiters; if you could have given him a new pair of legs as well, the gift would have been complete."

Apropos of the visit of Lord Palmerston to Scotland, it may be mentioned that Mr. John Burns gave him a sail down the Clyde in the Royal Mail Steam-ship *Wolf*, and on going past one of the ship-building yards, he pointed out to the Premier a blockade runner then being constructed. Palmerston looked at the vessel with great interest, but, putting his sleeves across his eyes, he said slyly, "I don't see her." What most affected the Premier upon this voyage was the *Wolf* carrying the flag of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports at the main, the flag having been woven on purpose from a sketch obtained from the Admiralty to do him honour, as he then held that office. When the *Wolf* arrived at the Tail of the Bank (off Greenock), H.M.S. *Lion* and other war-ships saluted the flag with nineteen guns, to which it was entitled; yards were manned, and all honour paid to the chief of the State. The flag now hangs in the hall at Castle Wemyss, as a memento of a great man and a great occasion.

To return to the Gaiter Club. At one of the annual dinners, Sir Daniel Macnee,—always abounding in anecdote,—told one of his long and most humorous stories of a Highland family in Argyleshire, who, like Rob Roy, had the propensity of "lifting," that is, of stealing cattle wholesale. It was a story full of humour, and Mr. Burns followed it the same evening by a sequel. The story was this. Mr. Robert Stuart, Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and also Clerk to the Circuit Court, had recently told him that on the last occasion he was at Inveraray a case of cattle-stealing was brought before the court. Mr. Stuart said the evidence was so imperfect that the judges thought a conviction could not possibly be obtained, although there was no doubt whatever in the minds of all connected with the case that the parties concerned were guilty. The usual proceedings went on; the Crown lawyer stated to the jury his view of the case for the prosecution, and, in due course, the advocate for the panels pled their cause. The jury retired to consult, and brought in a verdict of "guilty." This greatly surprised the court, and when, shortly afterwards, Mr. Stuart met the foreman of the jury in the street, he expressed his surprise at the verdict, and asked how the jury arrived at a conclusion. "Well," said he, "I said to the jury, 'I have no manner of doubt of the guilt.'" Then, turning to Mr. Stuart, he said, "You read the indictment so impressively, and it was so clear, that I made up my mind from the first!"

Time would fail to tell the thousand and one stories that cluster round the Gaiter Club. Lord Lawrence, grave at times, was almost as full of fun as Lord Kinnaird, grave as *he* was at times. When, as Sir John Lawrence, he became a member of the Gaiters, Arthur Kinnaird (as he then was) made a most amusing speech in seconding his election, and wound up by saying:

"Sir John Lawrence has been extolled as the Saviour of India—that, no doubt, is an honour; but does it not pale into insignificance beside the fact that he has been elected a member of the Gaiter Club!" and so on, *ad lib.*

We have but glanced at a few of the occupations, the interests, and the visitors that made up the sum of daily life at Wemyss House. Until the reader can appreciate the number of the friendships, the amount of the correspondence, the fulness of the hospitality, the burden of Church cares, of the "Patriarch of Wemyss Bay," as Mr. Burns was called, he will only have, however, a very partial view of life at Wemyss Bay.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME NOTABLE FRIENDSHIPS.

When Mr. Burns was living at Kirn, near Dunoon, some years before his retirement, he was introduced by the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird to Captain Trotter and his family, who were at that time making a prolonged stay in Scotland. Captain Trotter was a remarkable man in his day, and his influence lives in the lives of many to whom he was made the means of great spiritual benefit. George Burns found in him at once a man after his own heart, and thenceforth they were fast friends till death separated them.

Captain Trotter was thirteen years younger than Mr. Burns, having been born in 1808. He was educated at Harrow, and in 1825, at the age of seventeen, entered the 2nd Life Guards, and obtained his troop in 1830. In 1833 he married the Hon. Charlotte Amelia Liddell, the daughter of the first Baron Ravensworth, and left the Guards three years afterwards.

He was a young man of great energy and activity, an adept in the art of skating, a lover of dancing and

of the society in which that amusement was most cultivated; and withal a man of peculiar susceptibility and deep affection.

In a short biographical notice of him by the late Rev. William Pennefather of Mildmay, it is stated that in a memorandum-book which Captain Trotter kept there was found the following entry:

"Converted at Paris, by God's grace. Feb. 24, 1839."

One day Mr. Burns said to the present writer:—

> Did I ever tell you the story of Captain Trotter's conversion? it is very remarkable. His sister was married to Sir Henry Lindsey Bethune, who was Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia at Teheran, and whose son subsequently became ninth Earl of Lindsey. Lady Bethune, during her husband's absence, had gone to Paris, and while there was brought under very deep religious convictions. When Trotter heard of it, he said to his wife, 'I must go to Paris to look after my sister.' His wife replied, 'You need not try to do anything to change her views; she is like the Methodists, you can make no impression on her in the way you wish.' However, Trotter was not to be dissuaded, and he urged as a reason why he should endeavour to rescue her from the associations by which she was surrounded, 'I owe it as a duty to Bethune.' Captain Trotter went to Paris, and he was so far successful in his mission that Lady Bethune agreed to return with him to England. She only asked one favour, which was that he would remain over the ensuing Sunday, in order that she might once more hear Mr. Lovatt—the Chaplain of the English Church in the Rue Marbœuf, to whose ministrations her change of views was attributable. Trotter went with her, and there and then he was so much impressed with what he heard, that he said to his sister, 'I stayed over the Sunday and went to church to please you, and now

I have to ask that you will remain over next Sunday and take me to church this time to please me.' They went, and Trotter was again deeply stirred in his spirit. After the sermon he went into the vestry, and introducing himself to Mr. Lovatt said, 'I come to you as an Englishman, to tell you my feelings and to ask your advice.' He opened his heart fully, and ended by saying, 'Am I mad, or if not, what is the meaning of all this disturbance in my mind?' Lovatt dealt wisely with him, and it ended in both Captain Trotter and his wife becoming truly converted people.

When he returned home, preparations were in progress for a grand ball to be given in his house at Dyrham Park, Barnet, to which he had made some additions, but instead of the ball a meeting was held for the advancement of home missionary work.

Dyrham Park soon became a centre of Christian influence and activity. His first systematic labours were for the poor of his own neighbourhood; that same year he became Chairman of the Board of Guardians at Barnet, an office he retained till the end of his life; and the religious institutions in which he first took an active public interest were the "Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews," and the "Irish Church Missions."

He soon began meetings in Soho Square for the study of the Scriptures, which were attended by many gentlemen of his acquaintance, who derived much spiritual benefit; while, in the summer months, he instituted a similar kind of meeting for the farmers on his estate.

Few men ever possessed in a greater degree the art of speaking naturally upon the deepest spiritual themes; he could talk without preaching, and being

intensely in earnest, his words went as barbed arrows to the hearts of men. It did not matter whether his hearers were humble cottagers, waifs and strays of London, or persons holding high position in society; he spoke to the hearts of all, and told the simple story of the Cross of Christ with inimitable power and pathos, while every passage of Scripture seemed to be at his fingers' ends.

Some of the brief entries in his memorandum-book, from which we have already quoted, are *multum in parvo* records of the great labours in which he engaged. Thus—

"£10,000 raised for Irish Church Missions" summarises years of toil and prayer and sympathy for the spiritual woes of Ireland, while the entry, "Cholera, Tarbert, Limerick, September, 1849," is the only record of his faithful personal services among the people when they were stricken by the plague.

He owed a debt of gratitude to Paris; how he sought to repay it is told in the entry, "Paris City Mission, began 1852." He had loved his profession, and the brave men who had been his associates, and could "never see a red coat without his heart yearning over the soul beneath it." Here is the record of his energy: "Army Prayer Union organised, 1851." But the story of what that mighty organisation wrought, extending wherever a regiment of the British Army was to be found, can never be told. As Mr. Pennefather said, "Many gallant officers and

soldiers gave up their lives in the Crimean War in the certain hope of a blessed immortality, whose first religious impressions may be traced to the interest which Captain Trotter took in their spiritual welfare."

He was a sound Protestant, and in company with the Earl of Roden and the Earl of Cavan went as a deputation from England to the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to plead for Francesco and Rosa Madiai, who were imprisoned in Florence for circulating, and assembling a few persons to read the Scriptures. On his return he was asked in all quarters (the incident being regarded with intense interest in Evangelical circles) to give an account of his journey and of his interviews in the prison with the Madiai. He did so, here, there, and everywhere, and this became the means of introducing him to the world as a public speaker. He utilised his opportunity, and became one of the most influential lay preachers of his day. One of his constant themes was the enforcement of a diligent study of the Word of God, and he was wont to say "there is no such thing as a short cut to a deep knowledge of the Holy Scriptures."

Of the home life of Captain Trotter, Mrs. Burns wrote to her son, James Cleland Burns, on one occasion as follows:—

DYRHAM PARK, *Oct.* 22, 1856.

. . . We are at present visiting Captain Trotter. Such visits are more likely to do your father good than all that the world can bestow apart from religion. When I look at a family like this, surrounded by all the attractions of the world, in wealth and position in society, yet counting them all as nothing in comparison with those things which belong to the life to come, I feel surprised at the small amount of self-denial I or mine have ever made for the sake of that blessed Saviour who has done so much for us.

Captain Trotter's influence among men of education and position in society was incalculable. An illustration may be given here. One day Mr. Burns showed me a manuscript paper headed, "A Confession of Faith drawn up by Lord Lyndhurst and submitted to Captain Trotter."

Lord Lyndhurst (formerly John Singleton Copley) was, as everybody knows, a man of brilliant abilities, who, from the time when he was called to the bar, rose in fame and honour until he became in turn Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Master of the Rolls, Chief Baron of Exchequer, and three times Lord Chancellor—a man of whom the Bar and the Bench were alike proud.

The story of his life and labours, his marvellous ability and his far-reaching influence, has been told by Sir Theodore Martin.*

An important episode in his life has not, however, been included in that admirable biography, and we therefore give it here. On asking Mr. Burns what this "confession" by Lord Lyndhurst meant, he said:—

* "Life of Lord Lyndhurst," by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. Murray, 1883.

I will tell you the story as it was told to me by Captain Trotter. At the house of Lady Gainsborough, a series of meetings was established for the purpose of gathering together members of the higher ranks of society who could not otherwise be induced to attend any religious assemblies. Among those who were always present was Lady Lyndhurst. Captain Trotter was in the habit of addressing the meetings, and on one occasion Lady Lyndhurst came to him and said that she was earnestly desirous that he would come to her house and speak to Lord Lyndhurst. Trotter replied that he could not think of doing so unless he had an invitation in the regular way from Lord Lyndhurst, with whom he was not acquainted. It was not long before Lady Lyndhurst had exerted her influence at home, and had contrived to get the proper invitation for Captain Trotter, who immediately responded, and went with the direct purpose of broaching religious matters. On his first visit he laid down plainly his intended plan of campaign, saying, 'I have not come here, my lord, to argue, but simply to take the Word of God, and to found upon it whatever I may have to say to you.' For six months Captain Trotter visited Lord Lyndhurst at regular intervals, and lost all heart, for he fancied that he was making no impression upon him whatever. When he was there, numbers of carriages would arrive, but the visitors were informed that Lord Lyndhurst was engaged, and some of them would say, 'Oh, he's with that man Trotter again!' In course of time a change seemed to be coming over Lord Lyndhurst, but frequently, when Trotter was speaking from the Bible, he would say, 'Oh, you have told me all that before!' This was disheartening, but Trotter persevered, and some time afterward, when he was at Tunbridge Wells staying with a gentleman whose name I forget, he had a large meeting upon the lawn, and was surprised and pleased to see Lord Lyndhurst wheeled in, and sitting amongst the audience.

I should mention that Lord Brougham, although differing from him in politics, was a sincere friend, and at a meeting of the British Association in York spoke in very warm terms of his great intellect,

and said 'that he reverenced the Scriptures, and constantly testified his delight in them.'

For some time before his death, Lord Lyndhurst was becoming blind in both eyes from cataract. During this period the subject of religion occupied much of his thoughts, and he made an earnest study of the Evidences of Christianity. He employed much time in getting by heart the daily services of the Prayer Book, and the greater part of the Psalms.

"One morning," says Miss Stewart, a lady who lived as governess and companion to Lord Lyndhurst's daughters, and whom he held in high regard, "I went into his room with some message or request, and was witness to a scene that I shall never forget. He was in his easy-chair, with a grave, almost a solemn expression on his face, so intent on his employment that my presence was unnoticed. Before him, the Church Prayer Book held open by both her small hands, stood his youngest daughter of seven or eight years of age, hearing him repeat the prayers, and now and then prompting and correcting him. The old man, the judge and statesman, and the little child, so occupied, made a picture that could not be seen without bringing tears to the eyes. He liked no one to hear him his lessons, he said, but his little girl."

He died in the autumn of 1863, at the age of ninety-two, and his last words, in reply to a question whether he was happy, were "Happy? yes,

happy!" and then with a stronger effort he added, "supremely happy!"

Lord Lyndhurst's "Confession of Faith" submitted to Captain Trotter was as follows:—

Man, as created, was liable to sin; our first parents committed sin, their descendants have continued sinful. God, loving man, whom He had created after His own likeness, resolved to raise him from this sad state, and so take away the sins of the world. God sent His beloved Son as a sacrifice (and who offered Himself as a willing sacrifice) for the accomplishment of this benevolent purpose. God has declared that those who sincerely believe in Jesus, and in His suffering for man's redemption, shall inherit everlasting life. This we cannot fully effect by our own unaided efforts, but only by the grace of God, and through the influence of His Holy Spirit. Through faith so attained, we may hope to be accounted worthy of the Kingdom of God, and shall be led to the performance of good works, and to abstinence from sin. It will give us the assurance of God's love and the love of His blessed Son our Saviour, and as a natural consequence be followed by man's love of his Maker and of his Redeemer. Thus, through God's grace and favour, is opened to us the blessed hope of everlasting life in its fulness of joy and blessedness unspeakable.

A well-known and much-loved man in his day, was the Rev. John East, of Bath. He was very intimate with the Rev. W. H. Havergal, of St. Nicholas, Worcester, and with Captain Trotter, by whom he was introduced to Lord Ashley when he was staying at Roseneath in 1850, and thus became acquainted with Mr. Burns.

Between him and Mr. East there was a warm friendship, and long after the latter had passed

away, Mr. Burns used to tell interesting stories of his former friend.

One incident in his life is very striking (says Mr. Burns); it was told to me by himself. When he was a young man, a candidate for ordination, he and several others met in the drawing-room of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The young men generally were chatting with the young ladies—the Bishop's daughters. Mr. East sat apart, very silent and thoughtful. Many years afterwards, when travelling, he attended service in a church—the place and name of the incumbent I do not remember. He was so pleased and satisfied with the sermon that he went into the vestry and introduced himself to the clergyman, from whose conversation he soon perceived that he was an earnest and devoutly Christian man. Then the clergyman said to Mr. East, 'If I know the gospel at all, or preach it acceptably, it is to you that I am indebted for being able to do so.' Mr. East opened his eyes in amazement. 'How is that?' he asked. 'Well,' answered the other, 'you may remember a time when a number of young men were assembled in the Palace of Wells, waiting to go in to the Bishop; they were all very merry, save one who sat apart, thoughtful and quiet. That made a deep impression upon me, and I said to myself, there must be something earnest and serious in the religion of that man. The impression never left me, and, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, it was the means of awakening me to a knowledge of the Truth, as I now see it.'

Mr. East died in 1856, full of years and of honours, and up to within five days of his death he was actively engaged in the service of his Master.

Mr. Havergal preached his funeral sermon. They had been schoolfellows together, and, as boys in a strange place, Havergal had said to him, "East, do you love home?" That was the bond of their

friendship, the altar on which they first swore fidelity to one another. The last audible sound on John East's lips was "Home, home!"

Between Mr. Burns and Mr. Havergal there was a hearty mutual friendship. They believed in each other, and each loved the other's gifts. Mr. Havergal was a true poet of the sanctuary—his sermons were models of natural, unaffected eloquence, rich in poetic feeling. He knew nothing of the modern theologies. When he left Astley, where he had ministered for nearly twenty years, he said, in his farewell sermon, "I am not conscious of the slightest change of sentiment upon any topic of importance since the day I first came among you." When he resigned the living of St. Nicholas, Worcester, where he laboured for fourteen years, he might, with equal truth and propriety, have uttered the same words.

Another member of this circle of mutual friends was the late Earl of Roden. Every one who knew him well, recognised at once those amiable qualities which distinguished him. He was a country gentleman and a genial friend. At the same time he was an Irish politician of the old Orange school, a staunch champion of those principles of Protestant ascendency associated with "the immortal memory of William III." and the crowning victories of Aughrim and the Boyne. He always regarded the Irish Protestants as the bulwark of the Throne, and looked with suspicion on united Ribbonmen acting under the influence of Romish priests.

The great turning point of his life, when heart and character were changed and he stood forth as a soldier and servant of the Lord, occurred when he was in his thirty-sixth year. He was walking through the streets of Dublin on the anniversary of a Bible Society, and idle curiosity, as he supposed, led him to enter the Rotunda where the meeting was being held. He sought a quiet corner, for he was rather ashamed of the company he was in, and as he sat there he heard opinions delivered and sentiments declared which were altogether strange to him, and he said to himself, "If these opinions be true, then I am wrong; if these sentiments are founded on the Scriptures, which I profess to believe, then I am in error."

The arrows had hit their mark. He went home and prayed for light, and light came. Henceforward he was "on the Lord's side," became an active supporter of all the leading religious societies in Ireland, and used his heart-stirring eloquence not only on great platform occasions, but as lay-preacher in his private chapel at Tullymore in Ireland, at Hyde Hall in Hertfordshire, and as Sunday school teacher and cottage visitor on his estates.

George Burns greatly admired the character of Lord Roden, and found infinite pleasure in his society. He had headed the deputation to Florence for the release of the Madiai; he had attended the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva, and had been brought much in contact with Malan, Gaussen,

Merle d'Aubigne, Tronchin, and others. He had known sorrow, too—the death of his eldest and beloved son, Viscount Jocelyn, in 1854, and that of Lady Roden in 1861, dissolving a union of forty-nine years.

Towards the later years of his life, Lord Roden was in frequent correspondence with Mr. Burns. In one letter written in 1867, after deploring that "from the crippled state of his limbs, which would make him only a burden as a visitor," he could not accept an invitation to Wemyss House, he adds:—

I am rejoiced to hear of the improvement in our dear friend Captain Trotter's health. He is indeed a bright and shining light, and a blessed witness for our dear Master. I trust his health will be long continued, and that there will yet be many who will, under God's blessing, be benefited by his example and ministration. It is wonderful how our Lord blesses the most simple means to comfort and enlighten His people. Some years since, I had a visit from dear Dr. Marsh. He wrote four lines which I pasted up over the chimney-piece in my room; my friends coming in to visit me, were led to read it, and I had the great happiness of hearing afterwards that one of them, an elderly man and a general in the army, had been converted by this simple occurrence. The clergyman who attended him on his death-bed, wrote me word that my friend charged him to write to me and tell me that those few lines, which at the time I made him learn by heart, had opened his eyes to the Truth, and were the last words he uttered previous to his dissolution. This encouraged me to get the lines printed on a little card, which I have widely distributed, and I have heard of continued blessings which have followed it. I enclose you one of them herewith as a proof how God even by such simple means effects His purpose of mercy to naturally ignorant sinners. . . .

The card bore these words:—

"In peace let me resign my breath
And Thy salvation see; *
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me." †

* St. Luke ii. 29, 30; Psalm xxiii. 4; Psalm xxxi. 5; 1 Corinthians xv. 55, 56, 57; St. John xiv. 2, 3.

† Psalm li. 3, 4, 5; Isaiah xliv. 6; Daniel ix. 5; Isaiah liii. 4, 5, 6; St. John i. 29; St. John iii. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18; Acts xiii. 38, 39; Galatians iii. 8–13.

Mr. Burns could not acknowledge that Lord Roden would, under any circumstances, "be a burden as a visitor," and in September of that same year he had the pleasure of welcoming him as a guest at Wemyss House. Referring to this visit, Mr. Burns says:—

Lord Roden was very infirm in his limbs, and was carried upstairs by his own servant and my butler Walker. He was a strong Protestant, as you know, and I said to him, jokingly, 'I have a number of Roman Catholics working for me here; if I brought them in to carry you, they would perhaps let you fall.' 'No, no,' answered Roden, 'they would not do that; Roman Catholics have always been very kind to me.'

He had his house at Tullymore open every evening at nine o'clock for reading the Scriptures and for prayer, and all living round Dundalk and neighbourhood were welcome to attend.

On one occasion, when Dr. Marsh was staying with him, he said one morning at breakfast-time to Lord Roden, 'I'm glad, so far, your coachman was not here this morning.' 'Why?' asked Lord Roden. 'Because he was so terribly out of tune last night in

the singing.' Lord Roden said to me, 'He did not know it was myself!'

Lord Roden told us that when he had Dr. Wolff of Bokhara staying with him, knowing his peculiar habits, he took him along the corridor of the bedrooms, and showed him particularly the one he was to sleep in, saying, 'If you sit up to a late hour, as we hear you do, you will have no difficulty in finding your room.'

Wolff did sit up long after all the rest had retired to their beds. When he went upstairs he had entirely forgotten the geography of the house, and opened first the door of one bedroom, and then of another, and so on, finding each one occupied. At last he went into a room in which there was a gentleman lying in bed very soundly asleep, and as there chanced to be a large bearskin-rug on the floor, Wolff determined to take up his quarters there, wrapped the bearskin-rug about him, lay down before the fire, and fell asleep. In the morning, when the gentleman awoke, he saw a figure covered with a huge bearskin, and in surprise, not to say alarm, he gazed upon the object, totally unable to make out what it could be. The gentleman in question was the Duke of Manchester.

In 1869, Lord Roden sent a very pressing invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Burns to visit him at Tullymore, but owing to the illness of Mrs. Burns they were unable to accept it. In his letter to that effect, Mr. Burns wrote:—

It would be pleasant and profitable also, but we receive it as of God's appointment that we cannot avail ourselves of your and Lady Roden's invitation. We have lately had many visitors good and pleasant. My son John has a large steam-yacht, which was a source of great enjoyment to our friends. Now we are alone—the last of our visitors, Lord and Lady Charles Clinton and family, left us this week in the yacht, to be deposited on a visit to friends in the Highlands. They enjoyed our little chapel services and the

faithful preaching of the gospel. We had also Canon Conway and his family visiting us and joining in little cruises.

My wife has never been able to go to church to hear Dean McNeile. I have been telling her he is not the McNeile we used to hear more than thirty years ago in Liverpool, but what he wants in vigour is made up in matured Christian experience. . . . Miss Trotter is at present staying with my son and his wife at the Castle. It is only during an interval of relief that she is able to be absent from the vicinity of her father. When we saw him in London he was comparatively bright, but afterwards relapsed, and was ordered to go to the Continent for a year. Mrs. Trotter and he got as far as Ostend, when they were obliged to return by an increase of his illness. He is now at Lowestoft, but none of his family can see him but Mrs. Trotter and one of his daughters; therefore Miss Trotter is better here. In spring he was wheeled about for a little at Bristol in a Bath-chair. A friend of ours met him, to whom he said, 'I am in the same school, but now you see the Lord has put me on a higher form.'

That same year Lord Roden went to Edinburgh to have the advice of the celebrated physician, Sir James Simpson, and there, in March, 1870, he died, leaving behind him a bright example of pure religion, consistent and unsullied.

Six months later Captain Trotter, around whom so many of these associations cluster, also died. In 1868, in the midst of abundant labours, he had been smitten down with illness. It was said of him "that the earthly house of this tabernacle in which he dwelt was taken down pin by pin." His strength gave way, his spine became affected, and gradually he lost the power of one limb after another, until the whole frame was paralysed. It was this that

brought him, as he said, into "a new class in God's school;" the once active, energetic man became helpless as a little child, and to the last he retained the Christian simplicity of a little child.

While Captain Trotter was staying in Scotland in 1850, and a short time after he had become acquainted with Mr. Burns, he wrote to him the following letter:—

TARBET, *Aug.* 16, 1850.

Let me express my very hearty thanks for your great kindness to us, and for all the trouble you have taken. I have received both your letters, and look forward, please God, very much to have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow.

We have Lord and Lady Ashley here with us for two days from Roseneath, where they are living at the Duke of Argyll's. I have been telling him about you, and he wants *much* to know you and have some conversation. I don't know your plans, but could we not go over from Dunoon on Monday to Roseneath direct, on to the Duke's new pier? I have arranged with him to do this on Monday or Tuesday, and they will not be taken by surprise if the weather is fine. You ought to know him. He is a devoted man of God, and just now making such a noble stand about the Lord's Day.

Yours very truly,
And obliged greatly,
J. TROTTER.

This letter dates the commencement of a friendship which lasted through life, and which demands at our hands a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CARE OF THE CHURCHES.

ONE of the principal labours of Mr. Burns in his retired life was the "care of the churches." At Wemyss Bay and St. Silas's in Glasgow, with its mission church and schools at Partick, he was labouring to present the Church of England to the Scottish people as a thoroughly Protestant, Evangelical, and Scriptural Church, and to show that its services and ordinances of Divine worship, and its ministrations among the people, could, without any breach of Christian charity, be carried on in the absence of Episcopal rule. But in the vacancies that from time to time occurred in the churches of which he was patron, it required a vast amount of care to guard against appointing any one who would not make a right use of his freedom from the control of Episcopal authority, or who would not faithfully preach the doctrines and, so far as circumstances would admit, observe the rites and ceremonies of the Church.

In order to complete the history of Mr. Burns' connection with English Episcopalians in Scotland,

we must go back to the period at which we left off in a previous chapter.*

When, in 1849, it was found that certain English bishops were supporting the assumptions of the Scottish bishops, it was resolved to meet the threatened danger in the House of Peers. A petition was drawn up, and influentially signed, and a deputation (consisting of Lord Elibank, Sir James Baird, Brodie of Brodie, Evan Baillie of Dochfour, George Burns, Arthur Kinnaird, Burnley, Gribble, Drummond, and Miles, among others) was appointed to visit London. The deputation had interviews with prelates and peers, and especially with Lord Brougham, who undertook to present the petition.

On the 22nd of May this was done, and the debate lasted for four and a half hours. The two archbishops, and many of the bishops, at once expressed their entire concurrence in the prayer of the petition, and stated that they would not object to license in their dioceses clergymen "duly qualified in soundness of doctrine and character, who, having officiated in English chapels in Scotland separate from the Scottish Episcopal Church, do not possess a testimonial from a Scottish bishop."

The animated discussion in the House of Lords led to no decisive result, but it gave publicity to the subject, and so far did good to the cause that Mr. Burns had so much at heart.

For some years matters went on quietly and

* See p. 223.

progressively, with little to call for remark, until the year 1856, when Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem, paid a visit to Scotland, and without stint or reserve gave his aid to the English Episcopalians there. This brought upon him the most violent abuse, alike from quarters where he expected it, and where he did not. In a letter to Mr. John Burns, referring to the bitterness of the attack made upon him, he says:—

> If I had previously had any hesitation about preaching the gospel in the towns where the Scottish bishops happen to reside, their subsequent conduct would not have failed to convince me of the absolute necessity of faithful servants of God going to carry light where the shades of such men are eclipsing the brightness of the gospel. And I hope and pray that Evangelical bishops and other ministers of the Church of England may have grace to go and continue with power the work which has been begun in weakness, until the Scottish Episcopal Church either ceases to exist or returns to the truth of God's Holy Word.

In the autumn of 1866, the Archbishop of Canterbury with much pomp and circumstance laid the foundation-stone in Inverness of a Cathedral for the "diocese"—so called—"of Moray and Ross in the Episcopal Church of Scotland."

In doing so he appeared in the capacity of a Dissenter—inasmuch as the Episcopal Church of Scotland is a dissenting community, just as much as the Wesleyans or the Independents or the Roman Catholics are in England, the Established Church in Scotland being Presbyterian.

Not content with placing himself in this extraordinary and anomalous position, his Grace made a speech in which he said, "I rejoice to be able to give testimony to my anxious desire to seal the union and communion between the Episcopal Church in Scotland and the Church of England. That Episcopal Church is the only true representative of the Church of England in Scotland."

Here was an opportunity that Mr. Drummond was not likely to let pass. Having ascertained from the Archbishop that his speech was correctly reported, Mr. Drummond, in a series of powerful letters, brought forward the whole question of Scottish Episcopacy and of the position of English Episcopalians.

We cannot enter into the controversy here further than to quote some of the arguments used by Mr. Drummond to test the conclusion at which the Archbishop had arrived, that the Scotch Episcopal Church was "the only true representative of the Church of England in Scotland."

1. The Scotch Episcopal Church is purely a voluntary and dissenting communion.

2. She has laws of her own, differing from and independent of those which govern our Church.

3. She may alter these laws whenever she pleases, without regard to any civil or ecclesiastical judicature in the kingdom. She has done so three times during this century.

4. These laws enforce a discipline altogether foreign to that which prevails in our Church, giving to the seven Scotch bishops, as a court from which their clergy bind themselves not to appeal,

the power of—'1. Admonition; 2. Suspension; 3. Deprivation of a pastoral charge; 4. Degradation.'

5. These laws sanction, in congregations already using it, and permit its introduction into any new congregation, a communion office which Dr. Blakeney, in his work on the 'Book of Common Prayer' (already a standard work), characterises as 'an instance of decided retrogression towards Rome.'

6. The Scotch Episcopal Church formally adopted the Thirty-nine Articles in 1804. But how? The Bishop Skinner of that day wrote privately to an eminent layman of his Church that they were to be 'subscribed by Scotch Episcopalians only as Articles of Union, whereby we express our approbation of what the Church of England has intended by them.' To this end he prepared a preamble, modifying Articles 17, 25, 35, 36, and 37. His correspondent, however, induced him to abandon this, and to accept his own proposal instead—viz., to subscribe the Articles as they are, 'every subscriber explaining them to himself!' Bishop Jolly, nevertheless, when he signed them frankly declared, 'We must be candidly understood as taking them in unison with that book ("A Layman's Account," &c.), and not think any expressions with regard to the Lord's Supper inimical to our practice at the altar in the use of the Scotch Communion Office.'

7. Lord Romilly, in his recent judgment in the case of the Bishop of Natal *v.* Mr. Gladstone and others, refers to churches 'rejecting, as the Episcopal Church in Scotland is compelled to do, the Thirty-seventh Article of the Church of England.'

8. So recently as 1850, the Scotch bishops, in Synod assembled, took into consideration the case of Gorham *v.* Bishop of Exeter, and solemnly declared—'We do not consider the sentence in the case referred to as having any authority to bind us.' Thus ignoring a decision by which your Grace and all the members of our Church are bound, regarding a vital question in one of the most important of the services of the Church of England.

9. The above handling of the English Liturgy and Articles has never been repudiated by the Scotch Episcopal Church; and

cannot be, so long as her canons sanction the use of a communion office involving a priestly miracle which has been deliberately excluded from our office, and as long as the Thirty-seventh Article is by the same canons a dead letter.

These were nuts which the Archbishop did not crack. In his concluding letter, however, he said: "There can be little use in diverging further into collateral topics. My original position was, that a Church governed by bishops, and using the Liturgy of the Church of England as well as accepting her Articles as its confession, was a more true representative of the Church of England in Scotland than certain congregations which were under no bishop, and which also used the Liturgy and accepted the Articles of the Church of England."

This, of course, was *not* the original position of the Primate; between "the only true representative" and "the more true representative" there is an enormous difference.

The *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Record*, and other influential papers, took up the question warmly, and the English Episcopalians gained by the controversy.

Incidentally we may introduce here a letter from Mr. Burns's old friend the well-known Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in which a curious illustration of the "uncertainty of evidence"—wide of the mark at present—is given, and also the strong opinion of the good Doctor on the matter at issue.

1, SALISBURY ROAD, EDINBURGH, *Nov.* 13, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. BURNS,—We were delighted to have a letter from you—it was almost as good as a *crack* amid the loveliness of Wemyss Bay. Thank Mr. John for his kindness in sending us such a full-charged box of luscious figs. I have been reading Whately's 'Life,' and one of his best *bon mots* turns on a fig. He was dining at the Vice-regal Lodge. He knew he was no favourite there, and let them know that, calling out as he sought to be helped to some of that fruit—'*A fig for the Archbishop!*'

As to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he has done foolishly and unkindly, both. I have no sympathy with the writers of the *Times*, who find fault with him as if he had been unlawfully poaching on the preserves of a Presbyterian Establishment—that is all stuff. But he was made to speak very foolishly when he spoke of the hinds and ploughmen and cottars of the Carse of Gowrie thirsting for Episcopacy; and I think he spoke wickedly when he represented the Scotch Episcopalians in Scotland as the true representatives of the Church of England—that was a most unkind and unfair kick at those who, from their very attachment to the sound and Catholic doctrines of the Church of England, had refused to connect themselves with Scotch Episcopacy. Whatever there may be in that, I am pretty sure the Archbishop now wishes that he had not crossed the border.

I have, to my own and my wife's great entertainment, discovered that that good story of the Archbishop I read *in your letter*, and NOT in the Life! I am engaged reading the Life, and thought it was there I read it. Is not that funny? It shows the uncertainty of evidence.

Yours, with affectionate esteem,

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

In 1870, a question, which had long been under consideration, arose as to the propriety of obtaining the services, permanently or occasionally, of a Colonial bishop to perform the functions of his

office for the English Episcopalians in Scotland, instead of sending candidates for Confirmation to Carlisle and other English dioceses. The name of a certain bishop having been brought forward, the opinion of Dr. A. J. Stephens, Q.C., the famous ecclesiastical lawyer, was asked. He gave it in these words: "The Bishop of —— can, after his resignation of that See, accept, without any disqualification, the office of Bishop over congregations in Scotland, members of the Church of England."

Public opinion was much divided upon the project. Many of the English Episcopalians in Scotland considered that "their strength was to sit still." Hitherto they had been on the defensive, contending for the enjoyment of a liberty guaranteed by law and the Act of Union. To move in the direction contemplated would be to place themselves as an assaulting party on the Scotch Episcopalians, to awaken fresh and more bitter enmity and opposition, and to enter on a conflict destructive of much of the peaceful and, as they thought, righteous position they held.

The times, too, were out of joint. The ecclesiastical atmosphere was showing unmistakable signs of a gathering storm: the Church of Ireland would in the following year be a free Church; the Ritual Commission was soon to publish its report; important cases before the Privy Council were pending. It might benefit the cause of the Ritualists if the English Episcopalians in Scotland were to throw

down the gauntlet and openly ignore the Church in Scotland, which the Ritualistic party were looking to as their rallying point.

There were, in addition, many weak points in the case of the Scotch Evangelicals, the chief of which were—(1) the position of bishops consecrated by, and bound in allegiance to, the see of Canterbury, when the late Primate, and the one then in office, had declared the Scotch Episcopal to be the *only* Episcopal Church in Scotland acknowledged by the Church of England; (2) although there was a bishop ready to come forward and accept the position, there might be insuperable difficulty in finding a successor; and (3) to have a bishop presiding while under reproof and remonstrance from Canterbury, would tend to place the congregations in the light of separatists from the Church of England, and shut out all English clergymen from assisting them.

In view of these points, the feeling of Mr. Burns on the question is given in the following letter to Mr. Burnley:—

WEMYSS HOUSE, *July* 19, 1870.

MY DEAR BURNLEY,—I have been giving the proposal to establish a Bishopric a great deal of thought, and I think it right to say that, irrespective altogether of the fitness of any particular man to fill the office, my mind is by no means made up as to the advantage of the step itself, and therefore I feel bound to say that those who propose carrying the measure into effect must not count on our rendering assistance. Your view may be far more sound and correct under the circumstances than mine, but according to the light I have, and the aspect of things present and future, I should do

wrong if I withheld my opinion, more especially now that you intend going to London, on the subject. Were I to do so, you and others might possibly think that you had been misled. I wish particularly to avoid that as respects John and myself. He is not here, but I think I am expressing his sentiments as well as my own.

Yours most sincerely,

GEORGE BURNS.

Mr. John Burns' concurrence in his father's views is expressed in the following letter:—

CASTLE WEMYSS, *July*, 1870.

MY DEAR FATHER,— . . . There are two sides to this question of a Bishop, and I am not inclined to admit that we cannot thrive without one. . . . I have not the slightest dread of our chapels being closed by want of men willing to fill them, there being no legal enactment against clergymen of the Church of England doing so, and it would be showing poor faith were we to think otherwise. No doubt to get a good bishop might be a good thing as far as Confirmation and the rites of the Church are concerned, but how are we to be sure of a successor, because we would always have to look to getting a bishop who had been consecrated for a purpose other than coming to Scotland.

I do not wish in any way to influence the opinion of others, but I think that the matter should be carefully considered apart from the natural wish of some to be under episcopal authority, which personally I do not particularly covet.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN BURNS.

The mere discussion of the appointment of a bishop gave rise to much bitter feeling, and the opponents of the scheme not only sought to wreck

it, but to wreck at the same time the whole position of the English Episcopalians in Scotland.

In course of time, however, Mr. Burns, although still failing to see the necessity of any such appointment, felt that it was undesirable for him to stand aloof, and eventually he and his colleagues fought on in the face of the most bitter opposition, and in the thick atmosphere of controversy. For themselves they did not care; they felt that their position was unassailable, backed as it was by Acts of Parliament and the Act of Union. At the same time they considered it would be highly desirable for the sake of the clergymen who assisted them, and who were subject to the interference and the private remonstrance of their bishops, against whose *wishes* they were in opposition, to have a case prepared, and the opinion of the best ecclesiastical lawyers obtained.

The good offices of Lord Shaftesbury, and his friend Mr. Alexander Haldane, Barrister of the Inner Temple, were secured; a case was submitted to Dr. A. J. Stephens, directing his attention to all the Acts of the Legislature of Scotland before the Union, bearing upon the subject, and to a number of Acts of the United Kingdom, and he was requested to advise—

"1. Whether a bishop who has held a see in England, Ireland, India, or the Colonies, will, in accepting the office of bishop over the congregations of members of the Church of England, protected

and allowed in Scotland, commit any act of secession or disqualification in reference to the Church of England?

"2. Would the congregations cease to be congregations of the Church of England, and their members to be members of the Church of England?

"3. Would such action destroy the legal status of these congregations?"

Dr. Stephens went fully into the law of the case, and concluded his opinion in these words:—

"I am therefore of opinion that all the questions which have now been submitted to me must be answered in the negative." *

This opinion was published far and wide, and it removed many false impressions, some of which were due to ignorance and some to prejudice. Mr. Haldane, in a letter to Mr. Burns, said:—

The opinion of my friend Archibald John Stephens, Q.C., has produced a great effect, and has cleared away the cobwebs of many bewildered prelates and sacerdotalists, as to the Scotch Episcopal Church. I had long felt confident that the law only wanted to be clearly set forth in order to settle the question.

A case had been laid by a certain Colonial bishop before Sir Roundell Palmer,† whose ultra-Church prejudices were well known, and referring to this, Mr. Haldane continues:—

Sir Roundell Palmer was approached, and his opinion was finally

* For the "opinion" in full, see Appendix.

† Now Lord Selborne.

one that concurred with Stephens's on the Statute Law, although he raised a conundrum about Canon Law, with which we have nothing to do. It was then that I drew the case which brought out the Statute Law of the old Scotch Parliament, confirmed by the British Parliament, and especially by the recital in the Duke of Buccleugh's Act, which blows to atoms all the nonsense that has been talked, of the change in favour of the Scotch Episcopalians effected by the Duke.

A review of all the statutes from 1689 to 1864 had resulted in the proof that "there was no Episcopal *Church* in Scotland recognised as a corporate body, and that Scotch *dioceses* and territorial ecclesiastical *jurisdiction* existed only in the imagination of sacerdotal churchmen."

Dr. Guthrie, who watched the progress of the controversy with unflagging interest, wrote to Mr. Burns:—

GLASGOW, *April* 24, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. BURNS,— . . . I read the opinion of Stephens with much interest. You should have a bishop. If you won't take the bull by the horns, and do what the Canon Law of the Catholic Church acknowledges valid in difficult circumstances, namely, set aside, by a solemn act of the Church, one or more for that office, McIlvaine of Ohio might float you over the bar. . . . I was taken, and *my lorded*, for a bishop at the royal wedding, and did not repudiate; it was not worth while—besides, we Presbyterians hold every pastor to be a bishop. If we can make out a run to Wemyss Bay, it will be a great pleasure to Mrs. Guthrie and me.

As we shall not henceforth dwell further on this ecclesiastical controversy, it may be well to state in this place the events following.

In 1877, after fortifying themselves with the best legal advice that could be obtained—advice which coincided with the opinion given by Dr. A. J. Stephens in 1871, and reiterated by him in other "cases" submitted to him—the English Episcopalians in Scotland determined to have a bishop of their own, and upon Mr. Burns and his son, Mr. John Burns, the burden of the negotiations fell.

The position of affairs had become intolerable; the members of the Church had to take their children for confirmation to Carlisle and the diocese of Durham, but the system was cumbersome and inconvenient. That, however, could have been borne, but after Waldegrave, Villiers, Baring, and others of the same type passed away from those dioceses, bishops of other views occupied the sees, and determined to exclude the candidates from the privileges they had hitherto enjoyed. Meetings were therefore held, here, there, and everywhere in Scotland, and eventually Bishop Beckles, formerly Bishop of Sierra Leone, was invited to take the spiritual oversight of the English Episcopalians, an invitation he accepted without hesitation, as he held an "appointment" as vicar in London, from which he could free himself during the months of May and June, to "visit the different congregations, and perform the rites of his office in such places and at such times as might be required."

For a time there was great rejoicing among the

Schismatics, as they were called, although not a few rejoiced with trembling. Among these was the Rev. T. M. Macdonald, of Kersal Rectory, Manchester, an old friend of Mr. Burns, and a frequent preacher in the Wemyss Bay Church, who wrote to him as follows:—

March 2, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was intending to write a letter of condolence, that the mitre had fallen from your head on to that of Bishop Beckles, but as I see the indignant query of the *Guardian*, 'who appointed Bishop Beckles?' has received an answer in the *Record* that three *Lay* Archbishops have done the deed; and as I regard J. B. as your representative in the case, I beg to offer my congratulations on your promotion to Archiepiscopal dignity, with the addition of a suffragan under your direction, who, I trust, will be as dutiful in his Episcopal place at your feet, as it has always been my privilege to be as a humble presbyter.

The appointment of Bishop Beckles will relieve the position of English Episcopalians in Scotland of an anomaly which was of growing inconvenience, as the generation of young people who were of an age for Confirmation was passing on into another. In this point of view, and as completing the Episcopal Establishment of English Episcopalians in Scotland, I am very glad of the arrangement. One drawback is in the probable future, when it is doubtful if a successor can be found; but, as you say, *I* thought it doubtful that any bishop could be found so free from Bench atmosphere to entertain the thought of coming—and so my doubts may be groundless respecting the future, as it proves to be respecting the present. And in any case, the future may well be left to care for itself; or rather, it may be left to Him whose cause, as I believe, is identified with the faithful refusal of English Episcopalians in Scotland to compromise their loyalty to His truth by accepting the superintendence of the Scotch bishops.

The arrangement with Bishop Beckles terminated

under the agreement made with him for a certain period, and from that time to the present, the English Episcopalians in Scotland have dispensed with a bishop of their own. In recent years, Dr. J. C. Ryle, the Bishop of Liverpool, has rendered to the candidates for confirmation the good services formerly performed by Bishops Waldegrave, Villiers, and Baring.

We must now go back in the narrative in order to connect the personal history of Mr. Burns, and some of his friends, with these Church proceedings.

In 1858, the Rev. C. P. Miles, who, backed by Mr. Burns, had in his time "fought a whole regiment of Scotch bishops," resigned the living of St. Jude's. It was a great sorrow to Mr. Burns, and he wrote :—

DUNOON, *July* 6, 1858.

MY DEAR MILES,— . . . Your letter saddened, but I cannot say surprised, me. Change upon change is constantly occurring here, and so it will continue until we arrive at that rest that remaineth for the people of God. Throughout the fifteen years we have been associated, I have never entertained anything but kind feelings towards you, and between us nothing has ever occurred to ruffle our intercourse. . . .

Since you are to leave us, I am truly happy to think that the proposed appointment in Malta seems one well adapted for your habits of mind, and you for it; and if it be ordered that you are to go there, I pray God that He may make you eminently useful. . . . I shall reserve anything more I have to say, and I have much to say, until we meet.

Yours very truly,

G. BURNS.

So long as life lasted, the friendship between Canon Miles and Mr. Burns remained firm and steadfast, and it was a mutual gratification, as well as a help to them, to open out freely to one another in correspondence between the intervals of their meeting. Let us take a glance into the minds of these two men, by selecting a passage or two from that mass of correspondence. Mr. Miles, solicitous for the spiritual welfare of some mutual friends, writes :—

Their very doubts and fears are the evidence, not of a sceptical rejection of the blessed hope of the gospel, but rather of the sincerity with which they desire to realise all the peace and consolation promised to the children of God.

Again, Mr. Miles, when mourning the loss of his aged mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, acknowledges a letter from his friend Mr. Burns, and says :—

It was not so much the religious truth you conveyed that gave me comfort, for, as you may understand, my memory is almost over-loaded with Scripture, and my constant habit for many years past of quoting texts for the guidance and consolation of others, has made the Divine promises as familiar to me as they are applicable and precious to us all. But it was your sympathy that touched me. It penetrated into my soul, for whilst springing out of Christian love, and pointing to the only source of strength and joy and peace, it was in harmony with nature—that is, your expressions of kindness did not jar upon my natural feelings of distress. Some imagine that advanced age lessens the bond that binds a son to an affectionate mother; my experience is to the contrary. She had been the object of my solicitude for many years : for more than sixty years

I had been lovingly associated with her. How could it be otherwise than a wrench when, in the dispensation of Divine providence, she was withdrawn from my embrace! I have felt her death deeply; the promises of the gospel do not assuage my grief—my grief is natural, and I mourn, and I must continue to mourn, the loss of a mother.

The old Glasgow days never grew old in the memory of Canon Miles. In one of his letters, written many years afterwards, he says:—

My memory is so deeply impressed, fissured, if I may use the term, by recollections of Glasgow and its neighbourhood, that even sleep is not powerful enough to efface the pictures; for my very dreams are often of people and of scenes that belong to the Clyde.

To the cordial affection of Canon Miles, the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Burns responded warmly. The following extract from a long letter written by Mr. Burns on the 1st of January, 1875, may be taken as an illustration:—

I write this first effusion of the year in response to your kind letter received at our breakfast table this morning. You never uttered a truer word than when you say our friendship has been unbroken since the first day we met. I may add what I have often said and felt, that the sympathies and structure of our minds in many respects are analogous. It needs not words to find it out. And now for my wife. I think you and she must have sprung from the same character of molecules: you are 'Treasurer, Organiser, Secretary, and Clerk, nay, also errand boy'; she all her life has been everything—Collector, Treasurer, President, Secretary, and, in fact, totality of Committee for all manner of institutions. So you two are identical, as you and I are.

The filling up of occasional vacancies in the two churches of which he was the joint patron was always an anxiety to Mr. Burns. He felt the responsibility of appointing men who were to minister in holy things, and of placing them in the peculiar position they were to occupy. To one who was invited to accept the charge, he wrote:—

I wish to put in my entreaty with as much earnestness as I can express, that you will give this most important matter your favourable consideration. That you will be very earnest in prayer for guidance I have no doubt, and with our blessed God and Father, who knows we need instruction, I leave it. Our case is one of urgency, and our position one of great importance, and with the blessing of the Holy Spirit resting on the faithful ministration of the servant of Christ, I think would be one of much usefulness and comfort. The people are tractable English Episcopalians, ready to be guided, I hope, into the way of all truth, if faithfully and also wisely dealt with. I am deeply impressed with the importance of doing everything that can be done to lay before you the whole of our case, and then leaving it, where it is already, in God's ordering.

In October, 1869, Mr. Burns withdrew from the Vestry of St. Silas's, on the grounds that the debt on the Church was entirely discharged; that he was rarely in Glasgow, except for a very brief period in winter; and that he had arrived at a time of life which pointed to the propriety of the step he was taking.

The supply of the pulpit in his Wemyss Bay Church throughout the summer months of each year was Mr. Burns's special care. Each minister who

came had a nicely furnished parsonage, every attention, and a ready welcome to Wemyss House and the Castle.*

To record Mr. Burns' anecdotal reminiscences of these clergymen, the large majority of whom were personal friends, would fill a bulky volume; we can therefore only cull a few specimens, and that almost at random.

The first who officiated was the Rev. Thomas Tate, grandson of the Tate who ran in harness with Brady in hymnology. Mr. Tate's father was appointed Rector of Edmonton, but soon after the living came into his possession he died. The gift was in the hands of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and every canon in rotation had the privilege of giving a nomination. After the death of Tate, the nomination fell to Sydney Smith.

Mr. Tate told me (says Mr. Burns), that very soon after his father's death Sydney Smith went to the rectory at Edmonton, and to the surprise of every one at once announced his intention to remain to lunch. He then expressed his wish to see the widow of Mr. Tate, but she, so recently bereaved, begged to be excused. But Smith would not hear of a refusal, and after some delay Mrs. Tate, from her bed, put in an appearance. After lunch Smith called for wine, remarking that he had a toast which he was anxious to propose. After a curious preamble he said, 'I have risen to propose a toast, and I am anxious to propose it in this place, and under these circumstances. I give you the health of the new Rector of Edmonton.' No one saw the point of his toast, and Mrs. Tate thought his

* For an alphabetical list of the clergymen who have officiated in Wemyss Bay Church, see Appendix.

conduct was most unfeeling, until he added, 'The health of the new Rector of Edmonton, the Rev. Thomas Tate,' and then mother and son almost fainted with surprise and joy.

Another of the Wemyss Bay clergymen was the Rev. Dr. Daniel Foley, a very able and genial man, Professor of the Celtic Language in Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Burns has many stories to tell of him. He says:—

Dr. Foley was very much with us. Amongst his many accomplishments was this, that he was a good swimmer, and a remarkable diver. He taught my son James to swim, and sometimes he would catch hold of him and take him down to the bottom of the sea.

On one occasion when a clergyman was staying with us, Foley took him out swimming, and after cautioning him as to what to do when under water, dived with him unexpectedly to the bottom. When he came up he said, 'Oh, Dan, you've nearly killed me! You forget that I've only got one lung.'

Foley had a remarkably powerful voice, and could make himself heard by thousands of people in the open air. When Mr. Gladstone's intention of disestablishing the Irish Church was looming over Parliament, Dan Foley and some others were appointed as a deputation to visit Scotland for the purpose of opposing his proposed scheme. A large meeting was called for Glasgow, in the hope that the matter would be taken up warmly. I said to Foley, 'They'll do nothing of the kind.' He replied, 'Surely Protestant Scotland will stand up for the defence of the Protestant Church in Ireland!' I answered, 'Protestant Scotland will do nothing of the kind. You will get a large meeting in the City Hall, and you and the rest of the deputation will be cheered to the echo when you deliver your addresses, and there the matter will end.' The result was exactly as I had predicted.

With respect to Dan Foley's diving, when he was visiting the mission stations in the islands off Cape Clear, an accident happened to the boat, and he was thrown into the water. He had on a heavy great-coat and cumbrous boots, and after being long in the water, and his powers of swimming taxed to the utmost, he began to sink, and, when sinking into the deep, all the transactions of his life seemed to come vividly and leisurely to his memory, as though they were being actually repeated. I have often thought of this story of Foley's in connection with the last judgment. Every man must give an account, and it would seem that it is possible in a moment of time for all the cells of memory to be unlocked.

It always gave a charm to the summer months of the year to have the society of the Wemyss Bay clergy at Wemyss House.

Mr. Burns greatly relished the high spirits and sparkling humour of John Bardsley, the present Bishop of Sodor and Man, which came out in writing as well as in speech, as the following letter, forwarding as a present a handsome walking-stick with a crook, will testify:—

Venerabilissimo et reverendissimo Georgio Burns, Episcopo Wemyensi.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—Let me respectfully welcome thy return to a diocese which, needing thy presence, has long mourned its absent lord. To me it hath, I confess, often been matter of surprise that thy faithful clergy have not, as in other things, made thee equal to thy mitred brethren by the possession of a pastoral staff; that marked omission I hasten to supply, and in the future, whether it be thy wish with outstretched hand to hook back thy straying sheep, or, crook in hand, with uplifted palm and triple digits to bless the woolly flock, at such times, standing by thee, I loyally promise never to wink with mine eye, but in all ways to attend thee as becometh faithful allegiance.

PRESBETER JOHANNES OCULUS EPISCOPI WEMYENSIS.

For Dean Close, of Carlisle, Mr. Burns had a very great regard. Referring to their intercourse, he says:—

In the later years of our married life, when going to London, we divided the journey into three stages—leaving Glasgow at 2, and arriving in Carlisle about 5.30, in time for dinner at the Railway Station Hotel, where we always went; we remained in Carlisle until one o'clock the following day, when we left for Crewe or Stafford, and on the third day we arrived in London. It was always my habit, when remaining at Carlisle till one o'clock, to go to the Deanery to see Dean Close. He was full of pleasantry and lively anecdote; he would greet me, when walking towards the Deanery, with 'Here's my inspector come back to look after me.'

One of his latest letters to Mr. Burns, written in February, 1873, was as follows:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . Don't ask an old man of seventy-six to go a preaching; I get sensibly older and less able to go about. I must, if alive, preach in London in April at Whitehall, a duty which, while I have a leg to stand on, with God's help I will attempt.

Awful times! no rest for a weary soul. The hot fires of controversy dry up Christian love and spiritual progress.

Yours most truly,

F. CLOSE.

The well-known Hugh MacNeile, Dean of Ripon, was one of the preachers in Wemyss Bay Church

towards the close of his career. In 1869, in response to an invitation from Mr. Burns, he wrote:—

I am neither younger nor stronger since I saw you, so that if there be but one clergyman at a time, and if he has to read the whole of our service twice and preach twice every Sunday, I dare not undertake it. I would gladly preach twice if I had not to read, but I would not venture to make myself responsible for both. Twenty years ago it would have made no difference.

Of course an extra clergyman was found to undertake the routine duties. Referring to this visit, Mr. Burns says:—

One evening my son was going out for a sail, and I, Hugh MacNeile, and others joined him. On board, MacNeile was laughing in an amusing fashion to himself; I asked the cause of his merriment. 'I am laughing to think that I, a wretched sailor, should have found myself voluntarily on board a yacht.' 'You cannot be a worse sailor than I am,' I said. 'Very well, then, let us make a compact—you will not go yachting again unless I accompany you, and I will not unless you accompany me,' and the bargain was kept.

When Hugh MacNeile held a Thursday-evening lectureship in Liverpool, I and my wife went on one occasion to hear him. He was discoursing upon the history of Jonah, and in the course of his remarks he said: 'One of those serpents in the grass who call themselves Freethinkers, once said to a woman who was attempting to vindicate the inspiration of Scripture, "Are you such a fool as to believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" "Yes, I do believe it," she answered, "and if the Scriptures had said that Jonah swallowed the whale, I should have believed that."' It is not necessary to say that MacNeile did not give this illustration of the woman's credulity as an example of faith.

Time would fail to tell of the Rev. Fielding Ould, Rector of Tattenhall, in Cheshire, who was contemporary at Foyle College with the Lawrences, the Indian heroes—a man with all the fervour of Irish eloquence and a most attractive preacher. He often took the services at Wemyss Bay, and Mr. Burns says:—

I remember one of Ould's sermons on Jonah and his mission to Nineveh; a kind of refrain ran through the discourse in these simple words, 'Who can tell!' I hardly ever hear the expression without hearing again that sermon.

Or of Canon Savage, of Nuneaton, a very intimate friend, of whom Mr. Burns narrates:—

Before he went to Nuneaton, he was Rector of Tamworth, Sir Robert Peel's place, with whom he was intimate. He told me a number of things about Peel's habits, amongst them that he had an utter abhorrence of cockroaches, and once, when a cockroach appeared creeping upon the floor, Savage saw Sir Robert jump up upon a chair to avoid it, and would not come down until the cockroach had ceased to be.

One of Canon Savage's curates was the Rev. Sholto Douglas, the present Incumbent of St. Silas'.

Another of the Wemyss Bay clergymen was the Rev. G. Pakenham Despard.

He was (says Mr. Burns), if not the originator, one of the earliest connected with the Mission to Tierra del Fuego. He interested himself in it shortly after the death of Allen Gardiner. Despard came to Glasgow concerning the matter, and stayed in our house for a considerable time. My wife took a keen interest

in the Mission, and was the means of greatly promoting its prosperity. When Despard left us, he went to Dublin to organise a society there. Archbishop Whately was very kind to him, and before taking leave, Despard called to pay his respects and say farewell. Incidentally he said to the Archbishop, 'How would you recommend me to commence this Mission?' Whately, in his abrupt way, answered, 'Tell the people to wash their faces.'

A singularly disinterested man was Despard; he gave up a large income to devote himself to the Mission work.

After serving the Mission in Tierra del Fuego for a long time, he went to Australia, and was appointed to a church there, where he kept up a correspondence with us.

In one of his letters, written from Australia in 1863, Mr. Despard foreshadowed the present volume. "Your last letter was very encouraging and worthy of your Christian principles, and the style of it and of the conversations I have had with you makes me wish and propose that, as a tribute of adoring gratitude to God, you should employ the *otium* of your retired life in composing an autobiography—being God's dealings with a Christian man of business during fifty years. You will communicate to your fellow-saints in glory this record when they no longer need the support of it in their struggle of faith against sight; why not give it to fellow-saints when they do need this and every other help in their much tempted, much burdened life?"

Mr. Burns did not accede to the request, and never wrote a page of autobiography. More than twenty years elapsed before the question of a biography came before him again.

The proceedings in Wemyss Bay Church were not always looked upon with favour by the neighbouring Presbyterians, as the following incident related by Mr. Burns will show:—

My son John brought home with him a bottle of water from the river Jordan, and in 1861 his first born was baptised in the name of George Arbuthnot. Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, who was staying with John at the time, performed the ceremony, using the Jordan water. It was late in the season, and very cold, and consequently all the gas was lighted in the church (at that time a wooden structure) in order to heat it. A friend, who was then minister of the Free Church in the neighbourhood, told me that one of his elders was passing the church, and afterwards said to him, 'Did I not tell you that they were Papists? I saw all the candles lighted up.' The minister was always on friendly terms with us in Church matters.

Mr. Burns warmly sympathised with the establishment of a bishopric at Jerusalem, and during Bishop Gobat's visit to Wemyss Bay, he took the opportunity of asking him many questions concerning the movement and the actors in it.

I asked him particularly (says Mr. Burns) about the habits of the late King of Prussia, who had been very much caricatured in *Punch* and elsewhere as being too fond of Madame Cliquot's champagne. Gobat said, 'I'll tell you what happened to myself. At that time the king had a weekly dinner on Thursday which consisted almost entirely of the family, but he kindly invited me as a guest. The King of Saxony was also present. I paid particular attention to the King of Prussia's habits, which were neither more nor less than were consistent with those of an Englishman of rank at a dinner party. I noticed particularly that he partook moderately of whatever wine

was served, champagne included. After dinner we all went on the balcony (it was at Potsdam), and he became quite hilarious, and began cuffing the King of Saxony to and fro, and pretending to try and throw him over the railing. If I had not particularly noticed what occurred at the dinner-table, I should have been apt to conclude that there was some truth in *Punch's* strictures.

In all matters connected with his care of the churches, Mr. Burns found a true and constant friend in the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, of whom he was wont to tell many pleasant stories. Here is one :—

When we were at Dunoon, we were very intimate with the Rev. Mr. Baine, the Vicar of Ware, who used to preach sometimes in Mr. Burnley's church. Baine told me that once he went to the Lock Hospital on a Sunday to hear Capel Molyneux preach. Arthur Kinnaird was the head and front of that institution, and was always most active in putting strangers into pews. Mr. Baine was standing with others in the passages, when Kinnaird took hold of him and led him to a comfortable seat; upon which Mr. Baine slipped a shilling into his hand. Kinnaird turned round promptly and pleasantly, and returning the shilling, said, 'We're not allowed to take any money here!'

CHAPTER XIX.

WITH LORD SHAFTESBURY.

WHEN Mr. Burns, in response to the invitation of Captain Trotter,* went to Roseneath to be introduced to Lord Ashley (or Lord Shaftesbury, as he became in the following year), he found the "great philanthropist"—as he specially disliked to be called—walking in the grounds with an enormous stick in his hand, like that of Giant Despair in the "Pilgrim's Progress," a stick which on more than one occasion figured in the caricature pages of *Punch*. He needed it at that time, for his health had given way. Two years previously he had been attacked with severe illness, and before he had recovered, a sense of duty had called him to undertake Herculean labours on behalf of the poor and suffering. More recently he had borne the strain of a residence in London during the prevalence of cholera which had turned it into a city of the plague. Day and night he, and a small band of workers, almost alone in the field, had pleaded for sanitary inspection and reform, and upon him had devolved, during that trying

* See p. 358.

period, the onerous duties of Chairman of the Board of Health.

In August, 1850, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he left London for a prolonged stay in Scotland, in the hope that he might renew his strength and be braced up for the work which lay before him in the winter. The Duke of Argyll had lent him Roseneath, the Duke's place on the Clyde —and it was here, as we have said, that Mr. Burns found him, leaning on his stick.

Mr. Burns was not in health or in spirits. Only two months before, he had passed through the greatest trial of his life up to that time—the loss of the *Orion*, with his brother and other relatives and friends on board, who perished in the wreck.

When, therefore, the two busy, earnest, hard-working men sat down together to talk, their hearts opened to each other at once. "Love is never lasting which flames before it burns," but here it began to burn forthwith. Each found that in speaking to the other, it was as though he thought aloud. Both were "sound Evangelicals," back-bone Protestants, haters of Popery, lovers of the Jews, and students of Scripture; both in their respective spheres were engaged in numberless works of philanthropy; both were mild Conservatives; both were, above and beyond everything else, possessors of that vital Christianity which puts the love of God in Christ Jesus in the forefront of all things.

What they found in each other that day, they

found more and more as the years rolled on; the faculty in one, found a corresponding faculty in the other; the understanding and the moral sense of one, was enriched by the understanding and the moral sense of the other; the spiritual affinities of one, were strengthened by the spiritual affinities of the other, and in their long friendship they were ever able to touch the chords of each other's heart.

We cannot trace the progress and development of that friendship in detail, only here and there can we gather up some stray threads to indicate what the pattern of it was, and, at the risk of anticipating events to be recorded later on, we will give the whole outline of that friendship here.

Mr. Burns, it need hardly be said, was in thorough sympathy with the great work, manifold in its forms, but one in its purpose, in which Lord Shaftesbury was engaged. In 1868, "the lay-leader of the Evangelical party," as he was called, made a stirring speech at the Annual Meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society. Many addresses had been given in which amusements for the people, an extended system of education, and various other remedies against the evils of the day had been suggested, when Lord Shaftesbury broke into the discussion with his clear and faithful utterance; "The sole sovereign remedy, in my opinion, is that we should do what we can to evangelise the people by preaching day and night and night and day, preaching on every occasion and in every place, in

the grandest cathedral and at the corner of the street, in the royal palace and in the back slums, preaching Christ to the people, and determined, like St. Paul, to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." He declaimed against "the wretched essays miscalled sermons, mere milk-and-water dilutions of the saving truth," and appealed eloquently for a return to "the simple Evangelical truths of the gospel."

The whole tone of the speech, as reported in the *Record*, its earnestness, manliness, and piety, deeply impressed Mr. Burns, who wrote to Lord Shaftesbury as follows:—

WEMYSS HOUSE, *May* 13, 1868.

DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,—I cannot remain satisfied with merely reading your speeches at the present momentous period, and talking with admiration of them to the circle of my acquaintances and friends, but feel impelled and desirous to express my heartfelt thankfulness for your utterances at the Church Pastoral Aid Society. Our rulers in the Church see more or less the impending dangers, but most of them, I fear, are not clear enough and sound enough in their views to see how the evils should be met. There are some good men—truly good men—among the Bishops, whose doctrines are sound and charges excellent, but who, nevertheless, fall under the description applied by your lordship of being 'silent,' so far as boldly placing themselves at the head of their party and facing the danger is concerned. I know that some of them say they are in a minority on the Bench, and require to act prudently, otherwise they would weaken what influence they possess. This I humbly think is a mistake.

I look mournfully at what is going on. I have no reason to be dissatisfied with our position in Scotland as English Episcopalians, so far as our intercourse with Christian people of other denominations is concerned. We have met with kind consideration and respect from all, and their association with us has been complete. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that there is a growing apprehension that the organisation of the Established Church has been found deficient for meeting the evils of the times, within and without, so that when the conflict arises, which I fear is coming, little sympathy will be felt with the Church of England as a whole.

Believe me,
Very truly,
G. BURNS.

To this letter Lord Shaftesbury returned the following characteristic reply:—

HOUSE OF LORDS, *May* 14, 1868.

DEAR MR. BURNS,—It is most gratifying to me that you approve what I said at the Pastoral Aid Society. Our Church has got the dry-rot, and is falling to pieces from its own corruptions.

The laity of her communion are becoming more indifferent every day, and, in the real hour of trial, will stand as motionless as a Ritualistic candlestick.

You, at any rate, are safe from this charge. No man has done, under God, more to maintain and advance the true scriptural doctrines of the Reformation and the Church of England than you have.

Truly yours,
SHAFTESBURY.

In 1871, Lord Shaftesbury paid his first long visit to Wemyss Bay. It was a memorable year in his experience as well as in that of his friends. He had always loved Scotland, and Scotland had always loved him. It was there the first public honour was

ever accorded him—the presentation of the freedom of the town of Nairn. Now, however, he was to be fêted in a royal manner by the city of Glasgow, and the honours were to be given him while he was a guest for the first time of the Burns family.

It was arranged that he should stay at Castle Wemyss, instead of at Wemyss House, as the former was better suited for the entertainment of the many friends who were to meet him, while in Glasgow he would be the guest of Mr. Burns at his town house in Park Gardens.

The early part of the year had been full of exceptionally busy work for Lord Shaftesbury. He had been fighting the battle of the chimney-sweeps, of the children cruelly employed in brickfields, in hopelessly attempting to resist the Ballot Bill, and finally in attempting to improve it; and in addition he had been in much domestic trouble in consequence of the illness of his family and the giving way of his own health.

It was therefore a great relief to him when, at the end of August, health having been partially restored in his household, he started for Scotland.

In his diary * Lord Shaftesbury wrote :—

CASTLE WEMYSS, SCOTLAND, *Aug.* 29.

All safe hitherto, by God's goodness. Travelled to Carlisle and slept there. Arrived here on 27th with Vea † and Hilda. ‡ The

* Inserted by permission of the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

† Lady Templemore. ‡ Lady Edith Ashley.

place is beautiful, the house supremely comfortable, and the people of it kind, hospitable, and pleasant beyond all description. On Sunday, 27th, had Boultbee, the Principal of our Training College, for officiating minister; and he gave us two right good, first-rate sermons. His second, on the text 'We love God, because He first loved us,' was equal to the best.

On the following day Lord Shaftesbury left Wemyss Bay for Glasgow, to receive the Freedom of the City. Mr. Burns and Mr. John Burns accompanied him and the other guests, including Lord Lawrence, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Sir Harry Parkes, British Minister at Japan, and many more. After the ceremony, Lord Shaftesbury proceeded to Lenzie Junction to lay the foundation-stone of the Glasgow Convalescent Home. Next day (Tuesday) he attended a monster demonstration in the City Hall in favour of Sabbath observance. On Wednesday he visited various institutions of the city, laid the foundation-stone of Stonefield Free Church in the afternoon, and spoke at a great meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association and other societies in the evening. On Thursday he attended a conference on "City" and other Home Missions, and in the evening a "People's Meeting" on the Glasgow Green, when the factory workers presented him with an address. Later in the evening, a conversazione in his honour was held in the Corporation Galleries, and on Friday he proceeded to Inveraray in the R.M.S. *Camel*.

In all these engagements Lord Shaftesbury was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Throngs of people watched his progress through the city; thousands pressed into the halls and buildings where he was to speak, and where his arrival was greeted by the whole assembly rising and saluting him with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs; while in the out-door demonstrations the factory hands, the artisans, and the poor folk generally, hailed him with unexampled enthusiasm.

During this time Lord Shaftesbury and his family, Lord Lawrence, Sir Harry Parkes, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, and many others, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Burns in Park Gardens. On the first night, in accordance with his invariable custom, irrespective of who might or might not be present, Mr. Burns conducted family worship, and offered up an extempore prayer. Lord Shaftesbury was greatly struck by this, and taking Mr. Burns aside he said, "Like Abraham, you command your household after you."

It was a peculiarity of Lord Shaftesbury's to give familiar names to those he specially loved, and from that time forth he designated Mr. Burns "Abraham" and his wife "Sarah." On returning to Castle Wemyss, which stands on an eminence, Lord Shaftesbury named it "the Hill Country," while Wemyss House, on the level of the shore, he called "Hebron." Everything seemed to lend itself to the continuation of the analogy, and even Walker, the faithful butler

of Mr. Burns, came in for the *nom de plume* of "Eliezer of Damascus."

Referring to the events in Glasgow, Lord Shaftesbury wrote in his diary *:—

Sept. 1*st*.—After several days of intense work and speechifying, back here last night (Castle Wemyss) by special train. Must be off again immediately by steamboat to Inveraray. No time to record anything except humble, hearty, and eternal thanks to Almighty God, who has so wonderfully sustained me in body and mind, and has so wonderfully prospered everything in the affair, even to the smallest particle. From the time we began the campaign to the hour we ended it, not an hour was interposed of bad weather. And yet the large proportion of our work was in the open air. Ought we not to bless God for this? Is it presumption so to do? I trow not. The whole affair, had we been exposed to wet, must have been a sad failure.

On the next morning Mr. Burns, and Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, with a large party including Lord Shaftesbury and three of his family, Lord Lawrence, Sir Harry Parkes, and Mr. and Miss Shaw Lefevre, left Wemyss Bay in the *Camel*, and proceeded to Inveraray, where they spent the afternoon, returning later in the day to the *Camel*, on board of which Her Royal Highness the Marchioness of Lorne and the Marquis of Lorne—who had been married on the 21st of March of that year—the Duke of Argyll, Earl Percy, and a host of others, embarked, and spent the night, proceeding towards the *Cumberland* by

* "Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury," vol. iii. p. 297.

way of Arran. An incident of the voyage is told by Mr. Burns thus :—

On this voyage, Lords Shaftesbury and Lawrence were like schoolboys. After luncheon, on the Loch going up to Inveraray, Lord Shaftesbury suddenly rose, and in an eloquent speech proposed his own health; but taking the character and life of Lord Lawrence as his own, he said, 'Some people call me the "Saviour of India," others the "Conqueror of the Punjaub," but by whatever name I go, I am a very great man,' and so on, telling many interesting stories of Lawrence. As soon as he sat down, Lord Lawrence rose and said that he, too, wished to propose his own health. He began by saying that he was the greatest philanthropist of the day, and had been picking up little boys and girls out of the gutters all his life; and so on he went through the life of Shaftesbury, making a most humorous speech which, coming from the grave Lord Lawrence, astonished every one present.

The visit to the *Cumberland* training ship concluded Lord Shaftesbury's long series of public labours—for it is needless to say he had to speak on every occasion—and then he was able to give himself up wholly to the enjoyment of cruises with Mr. John Burns, and to the home-life of Castle Wemyss — "that hospitable place, blessed in its position and climate, and blessed in its possessors," as he wrote.

To Lord Shaftesbury the visit to Wemyss Bay was so restful and enjoyable, that for fourteen years in succession he never omitted to spend some months of each year with his family under the hospitable roof of Mr. John Burns. To Lord Lawrence the visit was equally beneficial. The heat and excitement of a great meeting that he had attended in the early part of August had seriously affected his health, and he had gone northward to recruit, taking Wemyss Bay on his return journey. Writing to Mr. Burns from Brockett Hall, in November, Lady Lawrence said :—

We have a grateful remembrance of your kind hospitality to my dear husband in the autumn. The complete change was of great use to him, and he can never forget the happy time he spent with you.

Many were the pleasant little anecdotes which Mr. Burns was wont to tell of the "Saviour of India." He says :—

I knew him intimately. When he was Sir John he was staying with my son John, who took him out in one of the large steamers with a very numerous family party. The sea was smooth as glass; every shadow was reflected in the water as in a mirror. They went round Arran, and when off the coast were ready for lunch. 'Come down, Sir John, and have some lunch,' said J. B. 'No, thank you,' said Sir John, 'I won't go down; I'm reading.' Afterwards he came to me and said: 'Now I'll tell you; I am a shocking sailor. Your son, James, gave me some tonic liqueur called "the doctor." I was afraid of sea-sickness, for I cannot stand the sea. Six weeks on my way to India I was sea-sick.'

When he was appointed Viceroy of India, Jamie sent him a dozen bottles of an American tonic called 'the doctor.' When he came back as Lord Lawrence, I said, 'How did you get on with "the doctor"?' He shook his head and laughed. It had not cured his sea-sickness, and he was no better sailor than he had been.

Very interesting were his conversations upon Indian matters.

On one occasion he told my wife that it was the custom for the Viceroy to go to church in a state carriage. 'But I would not countenance that,' he said; 'I just took my cotton umbrella for the sun. Of course my conduct gave rise to a great deal of discussion. People said it was not keeping up the proper state, and that was the exact point on which I differed with the people. An official *cortége* is not the proper state for the observance of religious duties.'

The last time I saw him was in 1878, the year after my dear wife died. I was in London, and called upon him. Near Queen's Gate I met him on the road; he was leaning on the arm of his wife, almost blind. But he knew me at once by my voice. He pressed me to dine with him, but I could not; I was not in spirits. That was the last I saw of him, except forenoon visits in his house.

In August, 1872, Lord Shaftesbury made another long visit to Wemyss Bay. Clouds were gathering around him at that time which were soon to break in unexpected ways. Shortly after his return the Countess of Shaftesbury was stricken down with illness, and in a few weeks passed away. Mr. Burns wrote to him in his sorrow, and received the following touching reply:—

Oct. 23, 1872.

DEAR ABRAHAM,—For so I must call you, though I gave the name in livelier days. But it is a good name on the present occasion, for 'he looked,' as I must now more than ever look, 'to the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'

'Pardon you,' my dear friend, 'for writing to me.' Why, I love you for it, and rejoice in the sympathy of believing and praying people.

I do not disguise the fact, that, old as I am, the blow is terrific. But God give me grace not to repine or murmur, but to confess with devout gratitude His wonderful goodness that He allowed me to live, for forty years, in union with such a woman, and then took her to Himself for ever, to perfect security and joy.

Faith in the all-atoning blood of Christ was the dominant feeling of her heart and the sentiment of her life. Here is a special mercy in itself.

God be with you in life and death. Give my heartfelt love to dear old Sarah, and may our Lord be with you for ever and ever.

SHAFTESBURY.

The following year was the most sorrowful in Lord Shaftesbury's life. He was mourning the loss of his wife and daughter. "They are never out of mind, hardly out of sight," he wrote. "St. Giles's is solitary and sad."

But he struggled on through all the wearisome work of May meetings, labouring among the tedious machinery of philanthropy and fighting the hopeless battle against the spread of Ritualism and Neology.

In July of this year, the threatened introduction of the Confessional into the Church of England drew from him one of his strongest philippics. Writing to him on the subject, Mr. Burns said:—

My heart warmed with thankfulness when I read, immediately on publication, your noble protest against the Confessional. This is a crisis in which we must have substantial and fearless exposure of the evil. A strong outspoken effort is required to rouse the indignation of the country, and may God in His mercy grant that the means employed may be effectual. Irrespective of the religious aspect, it is surprising that men of sound mind and right feeling remain so passive, under the threatened flood of abomination and thraldom. Such a bolt as that you launched upon the 'Baalites' could hardly fail, in present circumstances, of being followed by

bodily suffering to yourself, and we were indeed grieved this morning by your letter to John to learn that you had been ill and confined to bed.

Abraham and Sarah hope that your visit to Hebron may be attended with beneficial consequences.

It was with the first gleams of new hope that Lord Shaftesbury turned towards Scotland, where everything that affection could devise was done to cheer him in his loneliness and sorrow.

We cannot do better than let him tell his own story of this visit in extracts from his diary hitherto unpublished :—

July 29th.—Off *Oban* in the *Ferret*. Reached Castle Wemyss on Saturday night at twelve o'clock; remained there Sunday. Started on the 28th, and moored, after a sail of about one hundred miles, in a safe and peaceful bay of the Island of Jura. Day sublimely beautiful—God be praised for it—from four in the morning till the moment of bed-time; started at half-past five in the morning, and reached this place at half-past nine. Again, for the third time, are we enjoying the munificent hospitality of our most kind and excellent friends the Burns family, the like of whom I have never known.

Aug. 10th, Sunday, Castle Wemyss.—Returned here yesterday afternoon safe and sound. God be praised. Lots of rain and wind, but lots also of enjoyment and health. We thank Thee, O Lord.

A glorious time "The Ferrets," as the occupants of Mr. John Burns' yacht were named for the time-being, enjoyed. They visited Iona and Staffa; landed in the Isle of Rum, then proceeded to Storno-

way, along the whole eastern side of Lewis and Harris, "wild and inhospitable and without a trace of life;" then driven by wind and rain to Portree, and, when fine weather came, along the coasts of Skye, Inverness, and Argyleshire to Wemyss Bay.

Other pleasant cruises were taken and places of interest visited. One spot in particular, Ochtertyre, had a special charm for Lord Shaftesbury, where he visited Mr. James Cleland Burns, who, like himself, was mourning the loss of his wife. He refers to it in his diary thus: "A happy and healthy time at Ochtertyre; here again after an interval of fifty-three years! First came in 1820, year of Queen's trial, with my college and life-long friend George Howard, now, I trust, in heaven."

Referring to his cruise, Lord Shaftesbury wrote :—

Aug. 14th, Arrochar.—Head of Loch Long, on board *Ferret*. Remained quietly on Sunday and Monday at Wemyss. Sunday perhaps the most beautiful day ever known in Scotland. Sun bright and warm; landscape clear as crystal. Monday less so. Made up arrears of papers, wrote letters, and blessed God all day.

Again aboard Tuesday. A fearful storm of rain and wind; it appeared hopeless. Started for Loch Katrine; occasional showers, but day picked up. Ought we not to be thankful that we saw Loch Katrine, and the Trossachs in perfection? Back to Arrochar in afternoon.

Aug. 15th.—Yesterday afternoon flag of the *Ferret* hauled down, our voyaging ended. We bless Thee, O Lord, for a happy and healthy time. Gave to all on board a copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' from the captain to the 'trimmer'; a good, obliging, civil crew. May the grace and mercy of God, in Christ Jesus, watch over them for ever.

Aug. 16*th.*—The day opens very unfavourably. The Jubilee Singers expected, and a large party invited to hear them, and of necessity in the open air. May we not pray for fine weather? God be gracious to them; they are on a holy mission.

Aug. 22*nd.*—Yesterday returned to Wemyss Bay. To-day very fine; crossed to Castle Toward to lunch with Mr. Finlay. Much thought of what further account I can be in this world. It is good and right to abide God's time. He is wise, beyond all conception wise. Sir H. Holland, eighty-six years of age, is gone off for a journey to Russia and Siberia. Why, I dare not think of such a thing! and what good should I do, if I did? Only grant, O Lord, that so long as I breathe on this earth I may be employed in Thy service, Thou blessed Saviour of mankind.

Aug. 24*th, Sunday.*—Yesterday, City Missionaries from Glasgow invited by good old Burns, the father and patriarch. Had to address them, but felt somewhat low and dispirited. Yet if anything were said according to the mind of our dear Lord, and to their encouragement, I praise and bless Thee.

It was not until the end of the month that Lord Shaftesbury left his "home in the North," as he used to call Castle Wemyss. When he did, he wrote in his diary:—"We have stayed here very long, in the enjoyment of unbounded kindness. Our home, now solitary, without the light and life of my blessed and beloved Minny, did not, as heretofore, call us away."—It was always with regret that he tore himself from Castle Wemyss.—"Its external and internal charms are alike equal. Nature is rarely so beautiful as here, and society rarely so kind. May every blessing of time and of eternity descend on this family—on them, on theirs, on old Abraham and Sarah, and on all they love in Christ Jesus."

On the occasion of Lord Shaftesbury's first visit to Wemyss Bay, his hosts abandoned him, as we have seen, to almost a surfeit of public life; but after that year they did everything in their power to protect him from being called upon to speak or take part in any public movements in Glasgow or elsewhere. They knew that as the years went on, what he wanted in his holiday time was rest and recreation, and many of the happiest days of his life were spent under their auspices. On one occasion Lord Shaftesbury said to the present writer (who at that time, from having seen so many of his letters headed "Castle Wemyss," was under the impression that it was his own estate in the North!): "It is not my estate at all; but it *is* my northern home. I can never thank God enough for the dear Burns family; I believe that, humanly speaking, my visits to them have added ten years to my life."

Free to do as he pleased, with a suite of rooms for his own uninterrupted use, in the midst of exquisite scenery, and with carriages, boats, yachts, and all that heart could wish at his disposal, Lord Shaftesbury revelled in his freedom. "I long for Wemyss Bay," he wrote, "as a schoolboy longs for his holidays."

To Mr. John Burns, whom he was wont invariably to address by speech and letter as "J. B.," he once said, "You are the best host I ever knew; you entertain your guests by never entertaining them at all." A trifling incident or two will illustrate how com-

pletely he was "at home" in his Scottish head-quarters. He was in the habit of dispensing with the formality of evening-dress at dinner, and wore instead a short and easy velvet coat. The feelings of his valet were somewhat outraged at this, especially on one occasion, when he said to him—

"There will be eighteen to dinner, to-night, my lord."

"Well?"

"Eighteen is a good number, my lord."

"Well?"

"Shall I put out your dress suit, my lord?"

"No!" roared Lord Shaftesbury, in the voice he was wont to give out the number of a hymn at a "monster" meeting. "I'm at Castle Wemyss!"

One day a visitor who had called upon him, remarked upon the pleasantness of the rooms he was occupying. "Yes," said Lord Shaftesbury, "they are very pleasant, but the whole place is mine, only I confine myself as a rule to these rooms, and allow J. B. to do what he likes with the rest!"

Lord Shaftesbury at Wemyss Bay was very unlike Lord Shaftesbury at Exeter Hall. Away from the heat and turmoil of controversy, and the harassing business of philanthropy; away from the sight of slums and misery, away from the annoyances of consequential secretaries and persistent beggars, he gave himself up to quiet rest and enjoyment. The gloomy views that settled round him like a cloud when in London, seemed to be swept away by the sea and

mountain air of Wemyss Bay, and it was proverbial that wherever the ripple of laughter was to be heard and the most fun was going on, there Lord Shaftesbury was invariably to be found.

Every day he used to go down from the "Hill Country" to "Hebron" to see Mr. and Mrs. Burns, and spend some time with them. It would fill a volume to record Mr. Burns' reminiscences of his old friend. We select one or two almost at random:—

Sitting one day upon the lawn, Lord Shaftesbury said to me, 'If I followed my inclination, I would sit in my armchair and take it easy for the rest of my life; but I dare not do it, I must work as long as life lasts.' I had many conversations with him on religious questions. He was in the habit of walking quietly and thoughtfully, and then suddenly giving out the result of his cogitation. On returning from Church one Sunday forenoon, we walked together as we generally did, and when opposite the gate of this house he stood still, and said to me, 'Did you ever think of these remarkable words in Scripture, "the wrath of the Lamb"?—the Lamb, an emblem of gentleness, and yet, on account of sin, these words are applicable to Him.'

Lord Shaftesbury told me many stories connected with the people with whom he had worked. He said that Oastler of Huddersfield had helped him greatly in his Factory legislation. Oastler, who was on the Radical side, was very desirous to have an interview with the Duke of Wellington, who was at that time Premier. The Duke had no wish to see him, but Oastler persisted, and at last, the Duke having consented to receive him, he presented himself at Apsley House. Lord Shaftesbury asked how the Duke received him. 'He was standing with his back to the fire,' answered Oastler, "and did not ask me to sit down, but said, with a slap on his thigh, "Mr. Oastler, God has endowed me with a good understanding. Speak on!"'

Lord Shaftesbury told me a curious circumstance connected with Hone, the author of the 'Every-day Book.' It was told to him by Mr. Plumptre, M.P. for Kent, who, being present at a meeting of the Directors of the Religious Tract Society, in London, was surprised to see Hone there. On the breaking up of the meeting, Hone went to him and said, 'I noticed that you looked at me very much, and no doubt you were wondering why I should be here. I will tell you. I was walking up from Blackheath to London, and came to a part of the road where two ways diverged, and I did not know which way to take. I saw a little girl sitting in a garden with a book in her hand. I went in to ask for information, and after I had found out what I wanted, I said to the girl, "What book is that you are reading?" She answered, "The Bible." "Oh," I said, "surely that is not a book for a child like you to read?" "Why not?" she replied; "my mother reads it, and gets all her comfort from it." Well, I walked on towards London, and the reply of that child haunted me. I felt that I had never gone into a proper examination of that book, so as to make it a source of comfort to myself, and I determined that I would do so. I have made that examination, with the result that it has entirely changed my opinions with regard to the Bible, and that is the reason why I am here.'

At one time when Lord Shaftesbury was staying with us he became acquainted with good John Henderson, who established a prize for the best essay on the Sabbath, which prize fell to the lot of the author of 'The Pearl of Days.' Lord Shaftesbury asked me what was the business that he carried on with his brother. I told him a drysalter; 'perhaps you do not know what that is?' 'I presume,' said Lord Shaftesbury, 'it is the sale of dried fish.' He was greatly astonished when I told him it was the sale of chemicals for bleaching and other purposes.

We must not linger to tell of the annual visits and all that was said and done in them, but rather pass on to glance at some of the frequent

letters that were exchanged between Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Burns, and the members of his family.

In 1874, his mind was greatly disturbed about the state of the Church, especially in connection with the Public Worship Bill, and, in his correspondence with Mr. Burns, he was wont to open his mind as freely as when he was writing in his diary. Here is one example :—

Oct. 29, 1874.

DEAR ABRAHAM,—Clouds are gathering and storms threatening in greater number and force than when I left you at Hebron. Matters, both infidel and superstitious, are going railway-speed—they pass every station, and no man living can say what is their terminus.

I find an universal opinion that the late Brighton Congress has revealed the nakedness of the land. The laity and the clergy are separated by an impassable gulf. They can agree neither in doctrine nor discipline.

I do not anticipate Disestablishment. I expect collapse—sudden and complete. The dry rot is in her, and she will go down some morning in dust and uproar. God be with us! His long-suffering has been good; and He has not abandoned *us* until we had abandoned *Him*.

But here is something before us. As God rejected the Jews and called the Gentiles, so now, He is preparing to reject the Gentiles and recall the Jews. A capital thing for you and Sarah! But what shall we do—and what will many do—if Wemyss House is let because the worthy proprietors of it are gone to Palestine?

Our farmers here alternately chuckle and grumble. The wheat-harvest has been divine—they cannot, though they would willingly do so, deny it; but then they have the sore place of the labourers

and the reduced price of meat, and the necessity of some complaint or other. . . .

Love to every one about you. May God preserve and bless you all.

Yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

To Mr. John Burns, Lord Shaftesbury was in the habit of frequently writing. They had many interests in common, and training-ships was one of them. The following letter will give an illustration of the tone of the correspondence:—

THE SAINT,* *Dec.* 19, 1874.

DEAR J. B.,—Your letter, with its enclosure, has this instant arrived. I will read it forthwith. The School Board and the Secularists have, I doubt not, stirred the Government to take training-ships into their own hands. They will, thus, be able to eliminate all religious teaching, as the public, having no individual conscience, shares the conscience of every form of belief and unbelief, and finds its satisfaction in setting aside everything on which it can act.

The *Goliah*, a parochial training-ship, is, I hear, a sad proof how duties such as these are discharged officially.

We were delighted to hear of young Mackenzie's escape, and his father's promotion. The Admiralty seems to 'deviate,' as Dryden would say, 'into justice.'

The world has had a cold. We are barking and sneezing in the South, as you in the North. We, however, are at leisure, comparatively so; but you cannot be;—and, indeed, such is man's frailty, or wickedness, or ignorance, that unless, by God's goodness,

* The familiar name Lord Shaftesbury gave to his estate, St. Giles's, Cranborne, Dorset.

we had a presiding heart, not only a presiding mind, over the Cunard Company, we might hear of more than one *La Plata* in traversing the Atlantic.

What a loss! what a sacrifice! and what iniquity is somewhere! Even your Company could not have produced nobler specimens of men than the Chief Engineer and the Captain.

All, I gather by your silence, is well in the Hill Country, but Sarah is ailing in the Plains below. Bless her dear soul! God in His mercy restore her to health and strength. I grieve that Abraham should be disquieted. I have nothing but commonplaces to offer; it would be wonderful indeed if one found a new consolation for so ancient a sorrow.

The next Session will be full of efforts, doubts, fears, misgivings, 'men's hearts failing them,' but, in some cases, encouraging them in evident progress of evil. But I do not foresee any decided issues, unless, indeed, Dizzy's constitution should break down, and this vast Empire be again 'put up for sale.' Ecclesiastical questions will be prominent, but I can hardly think long, as the House of Commons will be very restive under a large consumption of its time in squabbles about eastward position, green silk garments, incense and genuflexions. The Law Tribunal will never be completed. There is as yet no judge, and, were there a judge, there is no salary to pay him with. The Act was neither more nor less than a gust of wind, which blew down one half of the house and left the other half standing, but incapable of repair.

My best love to your dear and excellent wife, with my sincere thanks to you and her for all your kindness.

SHAFTESBURY.

The personal influence of Lord Shaftesbury can never be properly estimated. It lives in a thousand lives. A casual word spoken in his earnest manner, or a few lines written in his easy and pleasant style, won their way to the hearts of men, who took from

him counsels to which they would probably have been deaf if presented by others.

A specimen of this Christianly and fatherly solicitude comes out in a letter to Mr. John Burns, from which we will quote.

In the early part of 1876 there had been several terrible railway accidents, one near Huntingdon, in which twelve persons had been killed on the spot—the eldest son of Dion Boucicault, the actor, and the only son of Noble, the sculptor, being among the number.

Mr. John Burns had been staying in London, and was called away hastily before he could see Lord Shaftesbury, who wrote to him:—

It is a great disappointment to me that you leave London so soon. I had much to say; but no matter. You must make me a promise; I earnestly and seriously request you never to start on a railway journey before having committed yourself to the care of our Lord, as though you were going to the field of battle. God for ever be with you and yours.

Many friendly letters passed from time to time between Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. and Mrs. Burns Thus to Mrs. Burns he writes:—

Feb. 20, 1875.

You are always thinking of me, my dear old friend; but then, in return, I am always thinking of you. The marmalade has arrived, and I shall have, along with Hilda and the rest, 'a feast of fat things' (and so on).

Feb. 24, 1875.

I receive every day fresh treatises to show that we, the Anglo-Saxons, are the lost ten tribes. We are bad enough for anything! Material and spiritual idolatry are as rife among us now, as among them formerly.

In his letters to Mrs. Burns he frequently gave an epitome of current subjects of interest, as in the following extract:—

Jan. 12, 1875.

I am glad to have your approval of the Cabmen's Rests. It is an ill-used class, and with far less of demerit than they have credit for. . . .

Two of our *Chichester* boys went down in the *Cospatrick*. Coller, an admirable boy, was saved along with Macdonald—the two others were lost.

What a season of horrors!—the *La Plata*, the calamity at Shipton, and the great moral degradation of England in the visit of the Lord Mayor of London to open in Paris the temple to Venus and Bacchus, Jupiter and Juno. You won't do such things in Palestine.

In 1876, Lord Shaftesbury sent to Mr. Burns a pocket edition of the Psalms. "The book is worn, and stained with ink, but it will sometimes remind you of me and our conversations on Israel, and his future glories."

In acknowledging its receipt, Mr. Burns replied:—

The little book which you have carried as an unobserved companion has, I am sure, afforded you solace and support. This agrees with the experience of all who receive its Divine inspiration. These Psalms were the Songs of Zion in the Hebrew Church.

and are equally, or more so, now, under the Christian development. 'Remember the word unto Thy servant upon which Thou hast caused me to hope.'

There were also frequent little interchanges of friendly gifts, and in 1879, when acknowledging the receipt of a box containing "the good things of Hebron," Lord Shaftesbury adds: "Very many thanks; they bring back many reminiscences that are solemn, though not really sad"—the allusion being to the memory of Mrs. Burns, who delighted in ministering to the comfort of her revered friend.

One subject in which both were equally interested was the welfare of the Jews, and this often formed the burden of a part of their correspondence. Lord Shaftesbury was never weary of pleading their cause in public, and Mr. Burns was never weary of hearing of his successes. In 1880, when, on a charge of Nihilism, the Jews were threatened with expulsion from Russia, Lord Shaftesbury wrote:—

These charges against a people the most quiet, obedient, and peace-loving on the face of the earth, are wicked and utterly false as against the nation. . . . But if the expulsion takes place, will not many of the exiles seek a refuge in the land of their forefathers? . . . It is a singular, nay, a providential coincidence with present circumstances, that the Government are about to send out to Constantinople as Ambassador, Mr. Goschen, a man inheriting great intellectual vigour of mind and power of perseverance.

The allusion to the Jews in the following letter is in connection with a great meeting at the Mansion House, at which Lord Shaftesbury presided:—

24, GROSVENOR SQUARE, *March* 1, 1882.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—The 'tribute' has arrived, worthy of the place and the donor. How steady your handwriting is! Why, you are younger than I am by twenty years.*

We are in a sad plight in public affairs—private are not much better. I am shocked and alarmed by the total absence of all real patriotism on either side of politics; people do not know where they are, or what they say, so drunk are they with party spirit. Meanwhile, the country suffers, and no one gains anything but the infidels and the extreme Radicals. May God bless and prosper you. I wish you joy of the grand success we have had at the Mansion House and elsewhere, on behalf of *your* people. It was a special intervention of a merciful Providence.

Love to J. B., Mrs. J. B., and all the J. B's.

Yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

Mr. Burns not only rejoiced to hear from Lord Shaftesbury himself about the labours in which he was engaged; it gratified him to hear from other friends their opinion of the great philanthropist. Many of Mr. Burns' friends knew this—knew that he was wont to pray for the success of every great effort in which Lord Shaftesbury was about to engage; knew that he would render special thanksgiving to God when those labours were crowned with success; knew that he would send some stimulating and encouraging word if by chance they failed.

Thus the Rev. T. M. Macdonald writes from Manchester, soon after Lord Shaftesbury had received a

* Lord Shaftesbury was in the habit of speaking jocularly of Mr. Burns, who was his senior by seven years, but looked much younger, as "My young friend."

splendid ovation in that city, to his old friend Mr. Burns as follows:—

KERSAL RECTORY, MANCHESTER,

July 14, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We were delighted with Lord Shaftesbury's visit. He was so well, so vigorous, and so happy, and the ovation he received at the Free Trade Hall was so singular a demonstration of hearty and grateful respect for the man to whom Lancashire especially, but the whole country, owes so much. The vast and packed crowd in the Free Trade Hall on Monday night behaved splendidly. The representatives of the various Christian work for the children of the poor—Refuges, Industrial and Ragged Schools—spoke admirably; and when one who was himself a ragged boy, found in Charter's Street and taken to school—now a respectable and Christian citizen, in good position, came forward to present the magnificently illuminated and framed address (which was carried to the platform by four children), the interest reached its climax. There were many eyes moist while 'Mr. Thomas Johnson,' this ragged boy grown into an excellent and useful citizen, addressed Lord S. in plain, natural, and deeply grateful and affectionate words. I wish I could have photographed the scene when Lord Shaftesbury came forward and grasped that honest man's hand, accepting in the same spirit the loving gratitude of the representatives of his class. Lord S. said it was not given to many men to have such feelings as that grand meeting and its proceedings awakened in his bosom.

Honours more enduring and a dignity higher than his earldom belong to the man who has so steadily, for more than fifty years, and with so grand success, lived for the poor and the outcast and the oppressed. . . . Would that England had many such heroes! . . .

Yours very sincerely,

T. M. MACDONALD.

Lord Shaftesbury always felt that his friends in Wemyss Bay were so fully in sympathy with him, that even if they could not invariably endorse his peculiar views in relation to the spiritual history of the times, they would at least appreciate the motives which induced him to give them constant expression. Many of his letters have reference to these matters, and are full of pessimist sentiments. The following is an example:—

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, CRANBORNE,

Dec. 29, 1877.

Well done, J. B., you worthy son of that dear, grand old patriarch, whom God bless in time and in eternity! But mark the progress of things. The secrets of men's hearts are being revealed; and before long it will be found that nineteen-twentieths of our people, clerical and lay, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, are in a state of disbelief. This disbelief will run its course and (strange to say, but true) will prepare the way for the restoration of Popery, that short yet powerful dominion it is again to exercise over the minds and souls of men. 'Then cometh the end'; for that condition of things can be encountered only by the personal presence of our most precious Lord, who will destroy Anti-Christ by 'the brightness of His coming.'

Is that day far off, or is it near? Well, we must not fix times or seasons, but we may speculate on 'signs.' You yourself may live to see it. Certain I am that I and old Abraham must see it (as it was seen by the first Abraham) in faith and hope

Love to every one.

Ever yours truly,

S.

As old age came on apace, preventing him from

doing many things he had been wont to do in years gone by, it never prevented Lord Shaftesbury from making his annual visit to Wemyss Bay.

"The Session has been very trying," he wrote on one occasion to Mrs. John Burns, "and I am impatient for rest and repose. . . . I am specially longing for Castle Wemyss, because there I can go out or come in, walk or lie down, eat and drink, or fast, as I like; in short, I can feel at home."

Often he would express his desire to be at "*The* Castle." "There is," he would say, "but one real Castle, and that is yours."

In August, 1884, he paid his last visit to his old Scotch home, and one brief entry in his diary reveals a world of tender interest: "Sept. 18th. Sat a long time with Abraham at Hebron." In 1885, he wrote his last long letter to his old friend:—

24, GROSVENOR SQUARE, *Feb.* 25, 1885.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—'The good things of Hebron' have arrived safely, and rich they are in size and number, and I was delighted to receive the announcement of their departure in your own young and vigorous handwriting.

I was glad to see J. B. so much better. No one knows what health is until he has lost it, and then we remember, or at least we ought to remember, the numerous and indescribable mercies we enjoyed in our youth.

We are renewing the whirl of politics; we are entering on a scene of convulsions, social, domestic, and imperial, that will shake us to our very foundations. Many will admit so far; but my apprehensions carry me still farther, and I believe that the day of

Great Britain is drawing to its close. But so seems the case of nearly all the kingdoms of the earth. I suppose that there is hardly one (including even the Republic of America) that is not rife with spoliation, confusion, and anarchy. Well, then, that looks like the end of all things. God grant that it may be so.

I am better; I am improving gradually; but I have not as yet much power of activity. I am kept a great deal to the house, and can do little or no public business.

Whether I shall ever see you again in the flesh is very doubtful, but I shall ever respect and love you.

Yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

These two veterans never met again in the flesh to talk over old days and fight their battles o'er again. On the 1st of October in that year the labourer's task was done, and Lord Shaftesbury was called to his rest.

Should the reader ever visit Wemyss Bay, he will be sure to see the beautiful church there and when he enters it, he will not fail to observe an exquisite stained-glass window, by Clayton and Bell, over the pew where the great philanthropist sat for fourteen summers in succession. It is a memorial of the friendship we have attempted to describe in this chapter, and it bears the family legend which so well describes Lord Shaftesbury's life—"Love and Serve."

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE GLOAMING.

As the quiet years went on, new duties were added to former ones, new friendships were formed or old ones revived, fresh interests were awakened with the progress of the times—and still the river of life ran on at Wemyss Bay smooth and tranquil.

It is no exaggeration to say that there was not a movement in Glasgow having for its object the welfare of the people, in which Mr. and Mrs. Burns did not directly or indirectly take part. Their charity was of the broadest and most apostolic kind, and realised the aspiration of one who wrote—"Oh, for a lofty generosity and a spirit of holy charity that shall make us heartily rejoice in truth wherever found, in goodness wherever seen, in noble deeds by whomsoever done, though by those who do not take truth in the same form as we may most approve, who do not receive goodness exactly as we most love, whose way of worshipping and serving the Heavenly Father differs from our way! What a wretched state are many in who believe that those not with them are not with Christ! The

spirit of Christ is broader than the broadest sect, the love of Christ is higher than the highest church, the truth of Christ is deeper than the deepest thoughts of the best and noblest minds. Oh, to cultivate and cherish the disposition that can rejoice in love and truth beyond the narrow limit of sect or church! that can look through the outward differences and discern the inward unity of those who differ and yet are one in Christ! that can embrace lovingly all who love Him, and rejoice in the progress of every movement, by whomsoever started, which brings the sinner to the Saviour, the child to the Father."

It would be pleasant to linger over the busy years of Christian labour in which Mr. and Mrs. Burns took so active a share, and to introduce some of the workers and their work. But time would fail to tell of these, even if this were the appropriate place, and we wish now to bring before the reader some of the men with whom Mr. and Mrs. Burns were on terms of intimacy, and whose lives influenced theirs, and then pass on to narrate some phases in their more personal history.

At the home of John Henderson, of Park, in Renfrewshire, on the banks of Clyde, George Burns was a frequent visitor. Mr. Henderson was well known for his unwearied work in promoting the observance of the Sabbath. It was he who instituted prizes for essays on the subject which brought forth one of the best little books ever written in

advocacy of the claims of the Sabbath, entitled "The Pearl of Days." It was written by a young girl, was awarded the first prize, and was warmly taken up by the Religious Tract Society.

It was in the house of John Henderson that Mr. Burns first became acquainted with the Rev. Merle D'Aubigne, with whom he remained on terms of intimacy until D'Aubigne's death in 1872.

He was almost the last of that galaxy of eminent ministers associated with the movement begun in 1816, and called the Second Reformation of Geneva, the story of which is told in the "Lives of the Haldanes."

Mr. Merle D'Aubigne, in an address which Mr. Burns heard him deliver at Edinburgh, gave an account of the event which decided the whole current of his future life, in these words:—

When I and M. Monod attended the University of Geneva, there was a Professor of Divinity who confined himself to lecturing on the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and similar topics. As to the Trinity, he did not believe it. Instead of the Bible, he gave us quotations from Seneca and Plato. St. Seneca and St. Plato were the two saints whose writings he held up to our admiration. But the Lord sent one of His servants to Geneva; and I well remember the visit of Robert Haldane. I heard of him first as an English or Scotch gentleman who spoke much about the Bible, which seemed a very strange thing to me and the other students to whom it was a closed book. I afterwards met Mr. Haldane at a private house along with some other friends, and heard him read from an English Bible a chapter from Romans about the natural corruption of man—a doctrine of which I had never before heard. In fact I was quite astonished to hear of men being corrupt by nature. At last, I remember saying to Mr. Haldane—'Now I see that doctrine in the Bible.' 'Yes,' replied that good man; 'but do you not see it in your heart?' That was but a simple question, but it came home to my conscience. It was the sword of the Spirit; and from that time I saw that my heart was corrupted, and I knew from the Word of God that I could be saved by grace alone. So that if Geneva gave something to Scotland at the time of the Reformation—if she communicated light to John Knox, Geneva has received something from Scotland in return in the blessed exertions of Robert Haldane.

In the turmoil that ensued in Geneva, D'Aubigne escaped to Leipsic, where he attended the lectures of the celebrated Church historian, Neander. Later, on visiting Frankfort, he found that the third centenary jubilee of the Reformation was about to be celebrated at Eisenach. Thither he went, and it was in the midst of these celebrations that he formed the design of writing the "History of the Reformation."

Mr. Burns was a backbone Protestant, and found great pleasure in the society of D'Aubigne, to whom he could open his mind freely on religious subjects of common interest, for D'Aubigne, unlike his friend Dr. Cæsar Malan, was comparatively free from theological crochets. When D'Aubigne went back to Geneva, his son, who remained in Glasgow to learn business, until he left for New York, became a frequent visitor in the house of Mr. Burns at Brandon Place.

Another of Mr. Burns' intimate friends and fre-

quent correspondents was Lieutenant-Colonel James Gardner. They had been boys together in the Grammar School at Glasgow. Gardner knew the family of Dr. Cleland well, and was intimate with Mrs. Burns when she was a girl, and always called her "Jeanie Cleland."

After leaving school, Mr. Burns did not meet with his old friend for many years. When they did, they found the old feelings of affection as fresh as ever, and in the leisure of life's eventide, they loved to tell the story of their past to one another. Some episodes in Colonel Gardner's career are remarkable, and his name will always be pleasantly and gratefully associated with that of the valorous Sir Henry Havelock.

In 1823, Lieutenant Henry Havelock, then in his twenty-eighth year, embarked for India in the *General Kyd*. During the voyage he came into contact with Lieutenant Gardner, through whose instrumentality he was brought to that crisis in his spiritual life which shaped his eternal destiny. Havelock has thus described the great turning point in his history:—

> It was while the writer was sailing across the wide Atlantic towards Bengal, that the Spirit of God came to him with its offer of peace and mandate of love, which, though for some time resisted, at length prevailed. Then was wrought that great change in his soul which has been productive of unspeakable advantage to him in time; and he trusts has secured him happiness in eternity. The *General Kyd*, in which he was embarked, conveyed to India Major Sale, destined hereafter to defend Jellalabad; but she also carried out a humble, unpretending man, James Gardner, then a lieutenant in the 13th Foot, now a retired captain, engaged in home missionary work and other objects of Christian benevolence in Bath. This excellent person was most influential in leading Havelock to make public avowal by his works of Christianity in earnest.*

Throughout the voyage Gardner ministered to him in things spiritual, and lent him the "Life of Henry Martyn" and Scott's "Force of Truth," both of which he read with great interest and profit. "Before the voyage terminated, Havelock," says his biographer, "had added to the qualities of the man and the soldier the noble spirit of the Christian; and thus was he accoutred for that career of usefulness and eminence which has endeared him to his fellow-countrymen. Vital religion became the animating principle of all his actions, and a paramount feeling of his duty to God rectified and invigorated the sense of his duty towards man."

On arrival in Calcutta, Gardner and Havelock shared the same rooms together for some weeks, and when they separated, Havelock said to Gardner—"Give me your hand; I owe you more than I owe to any man living." Their friendship lasted through life, and some of Havelock's letters to his "spiritual father" are among the most interesting in his memoir.

When the intimacy between Colonel Gardner and

* Quoted in Marshman's "Life of Havelock."

George Burns was resumed, they visited from time to time, and corresponded frequently. The following are extracts from letters of Colonel Gardner :—

11, ELM PLACE, BATH, *Dec.* 5, 1859.

I have not forgotten your kind offer of the Prophet's Chamber, if I come to Scotland; but, although I have long made a resolve to visit the old land once more, something has always intervened to prevent my doing so. I am now getting an old man, although I have some remains of Light Infantry movements about me, and I trust I may be able, before it is too late, to put my much-longed-for visit in force. I know I shall see all things changed and much enlarged after an absence of *twenty-four* years, but it would be a curious satisfaction to walk solitary through old frequented scenes once known, and to gather up some wisdom from regarding the past. . . .

I wonder if any, or many, of our Allison class-fellows are in existence, and whether on the Lord's side. Writing to you warms and revives my heart with recollections of early days, but 'many a weary foot I have trod since Auld Lang Syne,' yet bright, very bright, have been the marks of the Lord's goodness to me, to mine, and to my children. . . .

I shall indeed account it a great happiness to visit you in Scotland, and shall look forward to the summer with expectation. I am gratified by Mrs. Burns' remembrance of me, and shall feel sincere interest in seeing her and my old school-fellow once more.

The writing of this letter seems to have unlocked the doors of memory, for a few days later he wrote another long letter, of which the following is a portion :—

. . . I remember the time well when you and I as boys sat together on the same form in the Grammar School, and the close

intimacy, I would say affection, which then existed between us, and how often we mutually gave up places in the class to come down to each other. The form we usually sat on was certainly not an upper form, nor we over-studious, but perhaps respectable. Our chief delight was in rehearsing marvellous tales to one another, and I think your stories very much excelled mine in interest, and so greatly were we absorbed at times that sudden castigation came upon us by surprise. You may wonder that I, who have been knocked about the world, and in all climates for so many years, should remember such things, and so accurately; but I hold that early impressions are the strongest, nay, I would say are imperishable. I still remember some names of good Mr. Allison's last class, but none more vividly or affectionately than my amiable companion, George Burns. Is it, therefore, a strange thing that our present communications should be most interesting to us both? God has been most gracious to us from our youth, and called us to a knowledge of Himself and His great Salvation, and has enabled us to cast our bread upon the waters, and by His continued grace our children also have tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious: this is such a tale of mercy the fulness of it can only be realised in eternity, and to know so much after a lapse of not less than forty-four long years—(for I entered the Army, and finally left Scotland in 1815)—is indeed good news as it were from a far country.

We must not call such things 'gossip,'—blessed things they are, and if I were with you I would tell you much, ever to be thought of with gratitude by me, of my choice friends the late Sir Henry Lawrence and the noble Havelock (my own son in the faith), my early military companions. They are gone, but we remain to struggle against enemies too potent for us, but not too great while we lay hold of the strength which alone is all sufficient. . . .

In 1868, Colonel Gardner wrote :—

MY DEAR MR. BURNS.— . . . First let me say how gratified I was by your kind visit to Bath, and simply to see me, your old and

true friend; such pleasures do not occur every day, and to see you and dear Mrs. Burns, your son and his wife, was indeed to me a pleasure I shall never forget. We were kind and intimate friends in the days of our youth, and God having graciously added another ingredient by His grace in our hearts, we may believe that that sacred bond cannot be broken.

When at the York House, Mrs. Burns asked me concerning the family of the 'Havelocks,' and I could only refer her to Marshman's Life of my late friend, Sir Henry; but what is curious enough, the sheet of the *Record* newspaper *you* gave me that evening seems to contain a solution to the question 'From whence come the Havelocks?' I have cut out the notice, and now send it to you for Mrs. Burns.* If my friend was really descended from the Prince of Denmark, his is no mean origin; and if blood be indeed handed down from generation to generation and prove itself in great deeds, no man can give proof of higher or more noble descent than the famous Sir Henry, whose Christian character stands transcendent among military heroes. . . .

Believe me to be your very old and affectionate friend,

JAMES GARDNER.

With his former partners in business, and their families, Mr. Burns remained on terms of sincere friendship. He was interested in their business successes, and not less so in their personal joys and sorrows. It was no small distress to him, therefore, when, in 1865, he received from Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edward Cunard, the intelligence of the illness and death of his old friend and partner, Sir Samuel Cunard.

* The following is an extract from the cutting:—"HAVELOCK AND HAMLET.—Our English romance of 'Havelok the Dane' has just been translated into Danish prose by Kristian Köster. . . . The book has some excellent notes, showing, among other things, that 'Havelok' is the English 'Hamlet.' The names are in fact the same, says Mr. Henry Bryn J. Juflsson, an Icelandic critic. . . . —*Athenæum*."

26, PRINCE'S GARDENS, LONDON, *April* 28, 1865.

My father just now desired me to send his sincerest wishes to you for your welfare and all your family, and this is the last message, I fear, you will ever receive from him. He has passed through a week of intense suffering, has never once uttered a complaint since he has been ill, and has been constant in his thanks to God for His support throughout a long life, and the blessings He has bestowed upon him. He took the communion to-day with all who are with him. Mr. Gordon, the clergyman, said he never saw any one more happy in his mind, or better prepared to die. He expresses his firm belief in the mediation of our Saviour, and feels that he can only be saved through Him. He may yet linger a short time, but he thinks himself that his hours are numbered, and we shall soon have to close his aged eyes, and fold his aged hands, when their owner will be no longer old.

Believe me very sincerely yours,

E. CUNARD.

A few hours after this letter was written, Sir Samuel Cunard passed away. In communicating the sad intelligence to Mr. Burns, Sir Edward wrote:—

God granted his wish, that he should retain his consciousness and intelligence to the last; and when I told him that I was going to write to you, and asked him if he had anything to say, he desired me to send his warmest regards to you and Mr. MacIver, and then raising his head again, he said, 'Particularly to Mr. Burns.' He has within the last week frequently spoken of you in the strongest terms of affection, and referred to years long past. Through all the troubles and vexations which afterwards sprung

up, he never ceased to entertain the same regard he always had for you and Mrs. Burns, and John and Jamie. No death-bed could have been happier than his.

In 1871, Mr. James Burns, the brother and partner in business of Mr. Burns, died at the age of eighty-two. He was a good and holy man, and his removal made a great blank in many circles. He had been blessed with abundant wealth, and had used it aright. None of the merchant princes of his day contributed more largely than he to all kinds of benevolent and religious objects. In the wynds of Glasgow and in his father's old parish of the Barony, the great work of evangelising the masses was largely fostered by his munificence. He belonged to a type of character almost peculiar to Scotland, and which even there is rapidly passing away. Calm, unimpassioned, reticent; standing in the old paths persistently, yet ready to help those who struck out into paths that were new; simple and self-denying in his mode of life; unconventional and unostentatious in his piety; full of bodily health and mental vigour to the last—he lived the whole of his life.

In the business of "G. and J. Burns" he confined himself almost exclusively to the local arrangements of finance, and he did it well.* But he took little or

* Old Dr. Burns of the Barony used to say of his son George, "If he gets a sixpence in his pocket, it will burn a hole till it gets out." And Mr. Burns gives this testimony to his brother James, "He was always far more deliberate in financial matters than I was, and wisely held his hand in regard to time and circumstance."

no part eagerly in those large measures which made the great successes of the firm. He never had anything to do with obtaining Government grants or amending oppressive shipping laws, nor was he ever within a public office in his life, or even in London at any time on business.

In a biographical notice of Mr. James Burns, the Rev. Dr. Macmillan records that "his religious life was thoroughly natural, forming no separate element, but blended with his business and ordinary life, making an attractive and consistent whole. He spent long hours in solitary communion with God. Far into the night, alone in his own room, he read and prayed; and more than once was he found by his faithful attendant in the morning asleep on his knees beside the unused bed—the spirit willing, but the flesh weak."

On the 10th of June, 1872, Mr. and Mrs. Burns celebrated their golden wedding. It had never been a custom of theirs to take any notice of their wedding-day, and on this eventful occasion they were away in Paris for rest and relaxation, and for the purpose of giving three of their grandchildren a first glimpse of the Continent. But they did not escape the congratulations of their family and friends.

A pleasant little glimpse of life and character comes out in the following correspondence:—

Mr. Burns to Mr. John Burns.

HÔTEL DU RHIN, PARIS, *June* 14, 1872.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I certainly did not expect congratulations for the 10th, and had we been at home the day would have passed over without outward observation, as is our wont. But our absence has been the occasion of bringing out much, and valued, Christian affection from those who are most dear to us. We have a happy home, founded on the affections of our family, and encompassed with the richest blessings our Heavenly Father bestows on His children travelling by His grace towards the eternal home our loving Saviour has gone to prepare. Far longer than the Israelites' wanderings through the wilderness has been our sojourn, and goodness and mercy have followed us all our days. Not one good thing that the Lord promised has failed; notwithstanding that the parallel to Israel's rebellions holds lamentably true in my experience. Blessed be God, not because He saw anything good in us, for we have indeed been rebellious and self-seeking; but because He loved us, and for His own name's sake, has He done wondrous things in our salvation.

May the Holy Spirit continue to guide us through all our life, and may the Divine blessing rest on Emily * and you, and on Ena † and Jamie, and on all our descendants and relations.

With warm affection, your loving Father,

G. BURNS.

In acknowledging a handsome present, the joint gift of her two sons, Mrs. Burns wrote:—

HÔTEL DU RHIN, PARIS, *June* 15, 1872.

MY DEAR JOHN AND JAMES,—I am just in receipt of your joint letter, and have great difficulty in replying to it. My object in not naming the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage was simply from the apprehension of some demonstration on your part. I thank

* Mrs. John Burns. † Mrs. James Cleland Burns.

you most truly for this renewed proof of your affection. The motive which prompted the gift, I receive with thankfulness to God who puts it in your power, and the affectionate feeling to carry out this substantial proof of your regard. But I do not feel that I required any further proof of your affection. With regard to purchasing anything here with the money, I hope you will not misunderstand me when I say, in St. Paul's language (although in a minor sense), 'I have everything and abound' in this world's goods; so, with your permission, I would rather use your money as I have done before, in cheering the hearts of those who have not been so fortunate. Age chastens our desires; what I longed for when young and *could not get, now* these things seem of little value comparatively. The feeling of old age comes very vividly to my remembrance. It just occurs to me that it would be well, for those who succeed us, to keep your remembrance of our fiftieth anniversary *with an inscrptiion*. Perhaps a watch, as I have none but a very small one that is of little use.

My dear sons,

This from your loving

MOTHER.

This after-thought, "lest," as she said, "it should seem a cold recognition of their thoughtfulness to lay out the money in charity," was adopted, and brought pleasure to all.

The jubilee year of Mr. and Mrs. Burns ended sadly. The young and beautiful wife of their son, Mr. James Cleland Burns, was called away to her eternal home, leaving five daughters and a wide circle of relatives and friends to mourn her. To her devoted husband the loss was irreparable, and the blow peculiarly severe. But in the dark hours of his bereavement he felt the force of that sweet saying

of the Holy Book, "As one whom his mother comforteth." Mrs. Burns brought all the strength of her strong love and character to his aid, and ministered to him in a thousand ways. In one of her letters at this time she wrote to him:—

Dec. 27, 1872.

Grief deepens after the first gush is passed, and but for the strength from above would be overwhelming. When *our* great trial took place at Calderbank, I was able for every duty so calmly that other people might have supposed that I had no grief; but when all was over of positive duty, then came the reaction. . . . But as our need is, so the Lord sends strength, and fits us for the new sphere of exercise. A good minister said to me, 'Never look into the grave, that can yield no comfort; look to the glorified spirit now with Jesus, for ever done with sin and sorrow. In this we can not only have peace but joy.'

It was about this time that Lord Shaftesbury was called upon to bear the double loss of wife and daughter. In acknowledging a letter from Mr. John Burns, he wrote:—

Dec. 22, 1872.

A heavy affliction has indeed fallen upon me, but God in His goodness has vouchsafed so many comforts in the assurance I have of their everlasting happiness, that I almost *fear* to feel sorrow. How deeply I sympathise with your brother. God in His special mercy be with him. I see how gentle is the affliction that has fallen on me compared with his.

Time passed by, but not with healing in his wings. In his Perthshire house, Mr. Cleland Burns had placed in his bedroom a beautiful bust of his late

wife, and one day when Lord Shaftesbury paid him a visit, he took him into his room to show him the exquisite memorial. After looking at it, and admiring it without a word, Lord Shaftesbury went down on his knees, and offered up a prayer full of tender sympathy and inspiring hope. Then, as he rose from his knees, he took the hand of his friend and said, "Jamie, plunge into the affairs of life!" It was the course he himself pursued when the great sorrow of his life came upon him, and which he continued until the day of his death.

Mr. Cleland Burns took his advice, followed his example, and found the strength and comfort he needed.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THE DARKNESS DEEPENS."

LIFE at Wemyss Bay was very calm, very peaceful, and full of joy. The few clouds that overshadowed it from time to time only made the sunshine brighter by contrast, as an occasional discord makes the harmony of music sweeter.

Friends were abundant, children and grandchildren vied with one another in love and tenderness to the "old folks," whose love for one another increased in richness and beauty as the years wore on.

Everything that wealth and affection could procure was theirs to enjoy, and above and beyond all there rested upon them the "peace of God which passeth understanding."

But in the early summer of 1877 came the darkest cloud that had ever overshadowed the life of Mr. Burns. One day in June, Mrs. Burns, who had previously been in unusually good health, was taken suddenly ill. At first it was thought to be only an attack of rheumatism, but after the lapse of a few days Dr. Kirkwood, the intimate friend and medical adviser of the family, submitted that it would be

desirable to have another opinion. Mr. Burns did not think it was necessary, having such perfect confidence in the skill of Dr. Kirkwood, but when he quietly reiterated his opinion and paused—in that pause the eyes of Mr. Burns, "which had been holden," as he said, were opened, and for the first time he saw the critical state of affairs. Painful as it was to himself, he was always thankful she was not to be left a widow.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burns were in Carlsbad at the time, and were immediately telegraphed to return at once. While the anxious hours were passing in Wemyss House, they were speeding home in hot haste, further telegrams reaching them at every halting place. The end was not far off; and the heart of Mrs. Burns was fixed upon her son's return—she was, as it were, keeping herself alive by sheer force of will until he should be home again. Between them there was the most intense affection; they were more like lovers than mother and son. All plans and purposes, hopes and projects, were shared in common, and heart opened to heart in all the little things of life, as well as in its greatest concerns.

One Sunday morning, the last but one she was to spend on earth, Dr. Kirkwood endeavoured to rouse her from drowsiness by bringing in some of the grandchildren to her bedside. She revived almost instantly, and sent for one after another of the grandchildren, and then the butler, the servants, and others, with each of whom she shook hands

and bade a tender farewell. She spoke to each one separately, thanking them for all they had done for her, and giving a word of affectionate exhortation to each. She spoke in a clear, firm voice, without a falter, and discriminated accurately as to the character of each individual. Every one to whom she spoke was struck with the appropriateness of the words addressed to them. It was (as in patriarchal days) as if the veil of the future were lifted, and words were spoken in the light of eternity.

One who was present remarked "that he had never heard purer English, without a word out of place, and without the necessity of substituting one word for another."

Later in the day, she said very calmly, "Now, George, I want nothing on my coffin but my name and age."

But the end was not yet; with that wonderful love which is stronger than death, she held on tenaciously clinging to life, and would not yield to the ever nearing approach of the last enemy until she had once more embraced her son. And then he arrived, and was with her till the change came.

Very solemn and beautiful were those last days—spent in the calm, sweet prophetic certainty that heaven was near, and that "immortality was being swallowed up of life."

"I have no triumphant joy," she said, "but calm confidence." She sent a message to her old friend Lord Shaftesbury. "Tell him," she said, "it is from

the confines of Eternity." On many occasions she repeated to her husband the 90th Psalm. When she had uttered the words, "The days of the years of our life are threescore and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow," she paused and said, "I have had the labour, but not the sorrow." One day she said to him, "I must soon leave you, George, but you will often think of me, and always when you walk on these beautiful terraces." Those exquisite terraces he had made to gratify her wish.

Through all her life she had lived in pure and simple religious faith, and when the set time came, He who had been with her through all life's long journey was with her as she entered the valley which leads into the eternal light. "I feared I was not to see Jesus," she said. "But I see Him now; He is all my salvation." Death was deprived of its terrors, the grave of its victory; and ere she crossed the narrow boundary which divides the worlds, faith was lost in sight. "The crown! the crown!" she said, when articulation was almost gone; "it is a bright reality."

When all was over, the blinds were drawn down, but Mr. Burns said "Nay; draw them up again: she is not dead, she has entered into fuller, even eternal life." Then he gathered his family around him, and Ann Fraser, the faithful attendant of his late wife, saying he wished to incorporate her with them, and read the fourth chapter of Galatians (in which

is told the spiritual significance of the life of Sarah, the wife of Abraham), and after that he read the passages in the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, referring to the compact made by the patriarch for the burial of his wife in the cave of Machpelah. The old designation, "Abraham and Sarah," by which they had so long been known to Lord Shaftesbury, was evidently in his mind.

After the reading, he offered prayer; and it was characteristic of the man that in that hour of human desolation, his heart was resting so peacefully upon the promises of God that he could command himself to offer up words of extempore prayer. In his supplications he asked that God would assist him in preparing for the mortal remains of his wife a last resting place in the spot she loved so well.

A few days later, Mr. Burns wrote to an old friend:—

> . . . Sixty years' fervent love before and after we were able to have a house of our own, has been terminated by my beloved wife being taken home before me to our Father's House.
>
> She was yesterday carried by her own people through the garden where she had her last walk, and laid in peace in a chamber behind the little church she loved so well—prepared, like Abraham's cave in Machpelah, by the kindness of my friends, who worked night and day. . . . The day was pure and bright, and our dear friend Burnley said it was not like a funeral at all; everything was so simple and beautiful, with none of the usual emblems of woe. The service was read by John Bardsley, of Liverpool, and, in its quietness, came home to our hearts. I was surprised to see all the surroundings enlivened by her own beautiful roses and flowers. The flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

From all quarters—from high and low, from rich and poor—there poured in upon Mr. Burns letters of love and sympathy. There were upwards of three hundred of them, but the following from his old friend Canon Gribble stands out from the rest, as it contains a vivid sketch of the life and character of Mrs. Burns:—

> BRITISH EMBASSY, PERA, *July* 13, 1877.
>
> MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—The mail which arrived this morning brought me an envelope with the well-known initials in the corner. I have been so long accustomed to receive pleasant notices of matters interesting to you, and therefore to me, that on opening it I expected a 'slip' from a paper containing a record of some useful work done in Glasgow, or perhaps a speech from J. B. The enclosure affected me very deeply. Happily I was alone in my vestry, and could give way to my thoughts; they were a rush of remembrances, recollections of that admirable Christian lady, and her rare qualities; love, energy in every Christian work, with singular power of organisation, with which she was blessed in no ordinary degree, of doing the work of Christ in the joyous spirit which threw a charm over all she did, and won for her the love of all whom she brought under her nfluence. My next thoughts were of you and your children. You are now alone, as far as loneliness leaves you in your old age, without the presence of that bright spirit and happy mind. Your wife was endowed with no ordinary gifts, and their combination was remarkable. She had warm love and sound judgment; her tender affection for you and her family was a type of what St. Paul enjoins as the model of a Christian matron (see Epistle to Titus). Her piety had its root in home life, but it was fresh without fussiness, gentle without harshness. Her excellent common-sense and large-minded view of Christ's doctrine, tempered her zeal for the conversion and improvement of her fellow-creatures; so that, while a pattern of Christian

matrons in home life, she had discretion in her out-door works for the poor and distressed. There was ready earnestness for work, and great ability without a taint of fanaticism. Your wife had the advantage of a nature-given intelligence, and strong affection; this, however, of itself would not have made her the woman she was: the real explanation of her great power is that she was taught by the Divine Spirit to know and feel herself a sinner saved by grace, and that Jesus was her *personal* Saviour, and love to Jesus was the mainspring of her powerful action at home and abroad.

Such a perception and feeling of Christ's love, with her reverence for God's Holy Word, engrafted on a singularly fine mind, explains the secret of her power.

My dear Burns, I picture to myself my last visit to you in 1870: you enjoying your rare taste in gardening; J. B. rushing down on his return from his work in Glasgow, clasping the dear mother, and whirling her round on the lawn; she, as young as ever, enjoying the merriment. It was a happy scene. I picture also to myself you, in your deep sorrow; I see you in humble prayer, and rising from it with resignation to the will of God. I see you in your beautiful garden, and imagine what passes through your mind: 'She has been taken before me; I shall soon follow her, and we shall meet again. I shall die, as she died, in firm faith in Jesus, not having our own righteousness, but that which is of God by faith in Jesus; our sins washed out by faith in the blood of Him who was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.'

I am ever affectionately yours,

C. B. GRIBBLE.

Great as was the bereavement of Mr. Burns, the loss, it need not be said, was keenly felt by his sons. Among the letters they received was one from their old friend Mr. Laurence Oliphant to Mr. J. Cleland Burns, in which this characteristic passage occurs:—

I cannot write condolences. There can be nothing more blessed than the departure of one who, having filled up the full measure of her life in works of unselfish benevolence, then goes to those still brighter uses in which she will now be employed. I have no doubt you will feel her influence remaining with you. We are accustomed to consider death in such a different light from the world at large, that it is robbed of all its terrors, and the separation has become so slight between this world and the other to us, that we scarcely seem to lose those who apparently leave us. I hope it may be the same with you.

Next to her own family there were none who mourned her loss more deeply than the poor of Glasgow, and the workers on their behalf. She was Lady President of the City Mission, and there was scarcely a member of that mission by whom she was not personally known, one of her greatest pleasures being to have gatherings of the missionaries from time to time in her house. But the cause to which her name will ever be pre-eminently attached was her work among Cabmen, for whose welfare she exerted herself with increasing care for a quarter of a century, and did more than any other individual for their social as well as their spiritual interests. Cabmen's "Rests" were introduced into Glasgow through her instrumentality. She had long regarded sympathisingly the sufferings of cabmen from the want of shelter during trying weather, and on hearing of the idea of "Rests," she lost no time in having them provided in Glasgow. In proof of the appreciation and gratitude of the cabmen for all her labours in their behalf, four hundred men connected with the

"hired carriages" of Glasgow presented to her, in 1875, a memorial, and the following extract from it tersely expresses the feelings of the community towards her: "The true catholic spirit of your liberality, which aided the needy irrespective of creed or denomination, is worthy of the highest admiration." The Cottage for Incurables at Maryhill; the Outdoor School for the Blind; and the House of Shelter, were also specially embraced in the schemes in which she actively interested herself for the relief of distress and affliction. But her greatest work was among the individual poor, to whom she was unsparing in her bounty, and as unostentatious as she was the most cheerful of givers.

On the tombstone of Mrs. Burns there is the simple inscription, "Jane Burns, died 1st July, 1877, in her 84th year," and above are the words, "I dwell among mine own people." The origin of the selection of that verse is curious and interesting. Whenever there were grand doings at the Castle, her son would say, "Come up, mother, and dine with us;" to which she would sometimes reply, "No, John, I dwell among mine own people." The dignity of it, the quiet sarcasm, as it were, in the sense in which she used it, the grace of it as illustrating her own self-containedness, all struck her son, who asked his father to allow these words to be placed upon the tomb.

When, in his prayer on the day of his wife's death,

Mr. Burns had asked for Divine help to carry out a purpose he had in view, the idea in his mind was to rear to her memory a permanent church to replace the little wooden structure that then existed. Not long afterwards the work was commenced. With great skill the rock was hollowed out behind the spot where she had been interred, and in course of time there arose one of the most complete and substantial places of worship in the West of Scotland, the whole of the design of exterior and interior, by Mr. Burnet, the architect, being carried out under the direction of Mr. Burns. It is Gothic in style, and is built of the red sandstone of Wemyss Bay, the interior walls being of polished red and light-grey freestone, rare in a building of this size, which has ample pew accommodation for two hundred persons.

The whole of the interior is in exquisite style, and beautiful in design and finish. Here the taste of Mr. Burns had ample scope. Over the elegantly carved teak-wood screen at the back of the chancel are the Burns and Cleland crests, with their respective mottoes, "Ever ready" and "Non sibi," while running under both of them is the text, "I dwell among mine own people." When the question of decoration came to be discussed, Mr. Burns would allow nothing in the chancel but a plain handsome table without any "altar cloth," nor anywhere in the church a representation of saints or angels. A handsome stained-glass window, by Clayton and Bell of London, adorns the western end of the church,

Mr. Burns saw about that time a very beautiful window in the octagon between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, composed entirely of various shapes of glass without flowers or figures, and somewhat after this pattern the large window at the west of the church was designed. The only concession he would make was for the introduction of a shield, a sword, and a helmet—emblems of the armour of God—the motto at the foot of the window being, "Put ye on the whole armour of God."

Mrs. Blackburn, well known as the talented wife of Professor Blackburn of the University of Glasgow, and whose drawings, illustrative of natural history, are famous under the initials of "J. B.," was the first to discover—and she did so at a glance—that a creature had crept in, and no other than "the *lion* of the tribe of Judah."

The situation of the church at the base of the high cliffs near the shore road, fringed on both sides with trees of rich foliage, is very beautiful, and every one who knows the West Coast of Scotland has seen its graceful spire, over a hundred feet high, standing out against its leafy background, or has heard across the waters the music of its eight-bell chimes.

On the 16th of June, 1879, the church was opened for public worship, when the Rev. J. W. Bardsley (now Bishop of Sodor and Man) officiated.

Not a few were sorry when the little wooden structure, endeared by so many sacred associations, was no more, although they could not but feel that,

as the new building stood on the same site, and had been raised under such touching circumstances, it was in some respects made more sacred and beloved.

A year after Mr. Gribble had written the letter, from which we have quoted, on the death of Mrs. Burns, he too was called to his rest, for

> "To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die."

"A man greatly beloved" was Charles Gribble. He was a sailor every inch of him, with all a sailor's enthusiasm, unselfishness, and generosity. When he left St. Jude's in 1846, he became incumbent of the church attached to the Sailors' Home in London —an institution in which the Prince Consort took a lively interest—and here he remained for ten years. He loved seamen, and "cared for their souls." He established a floating church on the Thames, and at his own expense built and kept a small schooner yacht, which he fitted up with a view to holding religious services on board, and in which he used to make constant excursions among the densely crowded shipping of the river.

On the recommendation of the Archbishop of Canterbury he was appointed by Lord Clarendon, in 1857, Chaplain to the Embassy at Constantinople, a post he held uninterruptedly for over twenty-one years. He did a wonderful work in the Levantine ports, inquiring into the treatment of

British seamen, establishing hospitals and homes, and spending some months of every year in a cutter of his own, visiting the neglected seamen of the port, as well as attending to his duties to the Embassy. A strange and adventurous life he led. During the frequent outbreaks of cholera he never deserted his post; his house and property were destroyed in the great fire; and once he narrowly escaped being made Bishop of Gibraltar.

Mr. Gribble, in writing from Constantinople to Mr. Burns in 1863 to congratulate him upon his recovery from an attack of small-pox, gives a hint at the difficulties in his own path and how he overcame them.

I am much occupied here with trials, duties, and cares; these, too, kill me ever and anon, but the spirit of life comes in again, and then, like the Two Witnesses, I get upon my legs and prophesy until floored by some whacking reaction. But by these things men live, and in them is the life of our spirit.

Mr. Burns had many stories to tell of his old friend. He says:—

Gribble was the most unselfish man I ever knew. One trifling incident may be taken as a sample of the whole current of his action. Some one had given him a box of tea, of which he was particularly fond, and he was found dividing it out, every leaf of it, to people whom he thought needed it more than himself.

My son John took him out as his guest to Palestine, where they had much intercourse with Bishop Gobat and Mr. Finn, British Consul in Jerusalem. One day at the public table in the Holy City my son and Gribble fell in with an American. They got into

conversation about the latitude of Calcutta, and the American took an opposite view. He insisted upon his view of the matter, and was most pertinacious on the point. Gribble struck in and flatly contradicted him; whereupon the American said, 'Stranger, you know nothing at all about it; I guess it don't rest with your profession to talk on that subject.' Gribble took no notice of the offensive remark, but went on quietly taking his soup. When he had finished he turned to the American and said, 'Let me give you a word of advice, never to talk too strongly unless you know to whom you are speaking. I was in the East India Company's Navy, and professionally had occasion to know the latitude accurately.'

Afterwards my son John, with Alexander Crum Ewing and Gribble went through the Crimea, where they were entertained at headquarters. John wished to get into Simferopol immediately after Sebastopol had fallen. He was told it would be impossible for him to get in unless he was mounted as a staff-officer. He was thereupon donned in the full costume and accoutrements, and in this guise rode forward. On his way he got into the company of another staff-officer, rigged out in the same way. They challenged each other, and in conversation John satisfied himself that his companion was an adventurer. On the strength of this he charged him, 'Sir, you are an impostor.' The gentleman, virtuously indignant, immediately demanded an explanation. 'I mean, then,' said John, 'that you are the same as myself, that you are no staff-officer.' It turned out that the gentleman was a war correspondent well known to fame.

Gribble was a very careless dresser; he would wear a white duck or canvas coat, and when he was with my son John at headquarters at the mess, the commanding officer, to the surprise of all, turned to the canvas-coated gentleman and said, 'The clergyman will say grace.'

The last service that the Burns family could do for their old friend was, when his health had broken

down from over-work in Constantinople, to give him a passage home. But the relief came too late; it was with difficulty he could be got on board, and before the vessel reached Malta he had gone to his rest.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BRIGHT OLD AGE.

THE great trial of Mr. Burns's life he bore as became a Christian. He did not abandon one single thing with which "*her* blessed memory" was associated, and Wemyss House continued, as it had ever been, a centre of holy influence, the birthplace of friendships, and the scene of pleasant hospitalities.

After the death of his wife, Miss Ann Fraser, who, as a faithful and valued familiar attendant to Mrs. Burns, had endeared herself to the home circle by her long and affectionate services, became his housekeeper, and throughout the long years of his old age gave to him the best of her life, with its manifold gifts of tenderness and sympathy.

The years, solitary in one sense, had in them no shadow of loneliness. His son John was daily in and about the house, tenderly solicitous with regard to everything that could contribute to his father's happiness. Mrs. John Burns entwined herself around the old man's heart, and in all things sought to fill the vacant places there; his son James Cleland, ever fertile in devising means for the grati-

fication of his father's wishes, was a frequent inmate of the house; while grandchildren abundant vied with one another to bring the best of their powers to brighten the declining years of one for whom they had an intense affection, and who was to them the ideal of all that was beautiful in Christian home life.

In 1878, Mr. Burns went up to London, and he says:—

> The only invitation to dinner that I accepted on my visit to London, in 1878, was to Lord Kinnaird's in Pall Mall. I was on very intimate terms with him, so I wrote and said, 'I'll be very glad to dine with *Mistress* Kinnaird.' Kinnaird was a friend of forty years' standing—an intimate friend and frequent visitor. He used to say, 'I never consider I have come to Scotland, unless I come to stay at Wemyss Bay.'
>
> The last time I saw Kinnaird was at Ferntower, where Jamie lived, in Perthshire. He had come from Rossie Priory, and had brought his daughter Emily to see me. Lady Kinnaird was not able to undertake the journey. He very much wanted me to go to Rossie, and I could have gone, *as I could now*, as far as travelling is concerned, but visiting does not suit me. After luncheon, Kinnaird and I sat together on the lawn. He was very frail, and he put his hand in mine and held it there. 'Look at these old fogies,' said the grandchildren as they saw us there. But it is a pleasant memory. About a year after that he died.

We do not propose to follow in order the years as they passed, but rather to look at the fruit they yielded.

Although the shadows of life were lengthening, Mr. Burns seemed sometimes to be quite unconscious of the fact. Thus, in 1882 he became one of the Vice-Presidents of the Prayer Book Revision Society.

It was only when he was unable to attend the meetings that he retired from being President of the Glasgow Continental Society, although still continuing to take an interest in it; and at the same period he requested the Directors of the Magdalen Institution to accept his resignation as one of the Vice-Presidents, but they unanimously begged that he would allow his name to remain, to which he cheerfully consented, there being no onerous duties connected with the office.

Much of his time was taken up in correspondence, and many of his letters were full of life and humour. We select two as specimens. His son, Mr. J. Cleland Burns, had given evidence before the Scottish University Commission, and announced the fact in a telegram. Mr. Burns replied:—

> MY DEAR JAMIE,—Your telegram received reminds me of what your grandfather used to say of a minister who, on coming down from the pulpit after having sorely belaboured himself into perspiration—his performance being nevertheless much to his own satisfaction—was, greatly to his discomfiture, accosted by an elder, thus: 'Hech! sir, ye must be mightily relieved by getting such a quantity of flummery off your stomach.'
>
> G. B.

The following was written in his eighty-sixth year:—

> 1, PARK GARDENS, *Jan.* 31, 1881.
>
> MY DEAR JAMIE,—When I received from you this morning a registered letter, I anticipated finding something very valuable,

instead of which I found only a cork, and bad results connected with it. I sent it downstairs at breakfast-time to Mr. Wood.* He said it was not a worm, but a small minute beetle with long proboscis and wings for flying—the little creature that bores the small holes seen in old wooden furniture, and called worm-holes.

I not only have lost Madeira, but fine rich port which I got from *old* James McCall, in Wilson Street, some forty years ago. . . .

What do you think of Wood telling at the dinner-table last night that he and his children ate and were very fond of rat pie? He said the rat was a cleanly and dainty-feeding animal! As for horse-flesh, it was excellent. I might bring myself to eat horse-flesh, but not rat. Let the rats be taken as they are in Paris, for skinning to make gloves. I believe in the siege they were eaten.

Yours affectionately,

G. BURNS.

An old man himself, Mr. Burns loved old men, and sympathised with them. It is a curious thing that, so far as we are aware, no book has been written on old age. It was Longfellow who said, "I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding." It is quite true, as Madame de Staël once wrote, that "it is difficult to grow old gracefully," but there are many who have overcome the difficulty, and with them "their last days are their best days."

Surely there is nothing more beautiful than to

* The late Rev. J. G. Wood, the well-known naturalist, who was staying in the house when on a lecturing tour in Scotland.

see old age satisfied with its solitude, pleased with its tranquil enjoyments, and resting, serene and dignified, on the confines of two worlds; looking back with a calm satisfaction on a well-spent life, and looking forward with a well-grounded hope for a better life to come.

Let us cull here a few specimens of Old Lives—of men who were friends and compeers of Mr. Burns, to whom they opened their hearts without reserve.

Thus, in 1882, his old friend Dean Close, when very near the end of his long life-journey, wrote to him and enlisted his sympathies in the Hugh MacNeile Memorial—the founding of a Biblical professorship in St. John's Hall, Highbury. He says:—

I am anxious to finish this work before I die. God has graciously opened my lips once more to declare His truth as well as an old man of eighty-five can do; as the excellency of the power is not of us, but of God, we may leave results to Him. I am still carried upstairs, and I can walk but little. I think one of my head attacks will probably release me. But His holy will be done.

These were the good Dean's last words to his old friend, who replied:—

Both of us are now far advanced on the voyage of life. I am nearly two years ahead of you, and when formerly I used to be crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne with those I loved, and lying prostrate on deck, unable to lift my head, they would say to me, 'We see now the French land;' and by and by would add, 'In half an hour we shall be inside the harbour of Boulogne.' You and I are now coming in sight of Emmanuel's Land, and soon shall see Him, who is the Lord of the inheritance which is incorruptible,

undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us; we shall see Him and be like Him; we know not what we shall be, but we can trust that He will arrange everything for us in the right way. . . .

Three years ago I had a very severe illness which lasted a whole year, beginning with gout and ending with jaundice. It pulled the strength out of me, but, although my walking powers, like yours, are impaired, God has been pleased to restore me to most sound and perfect health otherwise. For two winters past I have been able to go to my house in Park Gardens, where John and his wife and family live with me during my stay. Good health is at all periods of our life a great blessing, and 'fair health' is an especial comfort in advancing years.

In 1882, on the anniversary of his eightieth birthday, Colonel Gardner wrote to his old friend for the last time. There is something exceedingly touching and beautiful in this friendship of a long life, and in the letter, from which an extract is given below, there is a charming *naïveté* in their mutual confidence:—

19, KENSINGTON PLACE, BATH, *Oct.* 18, 1882.

MY EVER DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Thanks many for your budget, and especially for your letter. It is well, in all cases, to be brought face to face with Divine truth, and in your remarks regarding our mutual condition, I felt it was well to be reminded of Jesus and His unfailing love, and that all things are working for our eternal good. It is very natural to feel cast down and depressed in our reduced and failing health, and we are prone to forget the loving Hand that guides and governs all. This I feel, too, often. How good, at such a season, the voice of a dear friend as in your letter. Jesus knows, and is only trying our faith to prepare for the higher good in His own perfect way. . . .

I am surrounded by good people here who speak with such surety

of possessing eternal life now;—certainly an experience I do not possess. I have hitherto stood afar off and beat upon my breast, and cannot speak as they do. I know Jesus died for all while in our sins, and through this I hold as a reason that my sins are put away and my hope for divine life rests in Jesus' sake. . . . What is your real feeling, dear friend, on this all-important matter? Pray do tell me.

The letter then passes on to current topics, and concludes:—

Our Father will not forsake, but will show His tender pity and love, and we can only wait and admire the loving-kindness and goodness of the Lord. Truly God is good to every one!

Strengthen my hands, dear old friend, by prayer and wise counsel, which I feel God has richly bestowed on you, and believe me,

Ever your constant and loving old friend,

J. GARDNER.

It is *the* trial of old age to see friend after friend depart. But it has its compensating aspect, as the Rev. Dr. William Blair pointed out when returning a letter to Mr. Burns in August, 1883. He says:—

The letter of Admiral Ingram I return with much pleasure. What a host of noble Christian men you know, besides the great gathering in the Upper House who will welcome you on your arrival home. What a blessing to have the friendship of the best of earth, and what a prospect of meeting the best in heaven. . . . You will observe that Dr. Moffat has reached the sunny shore at a very advanced age. He will doubtless have re-joined Livingstone long ere this, and had much to tell of the good cause.

The letter of Admiral Ingram, alluded to above, after acknowledging "Selections from Leighton, by Dr. Blair," adds:—

My poor messmate and old friend, Crawford Caffin, has gone to his long rest. I am sure his would be a peaceful end—a good man, doing all he could below to win a crown above. I often wish *we* could meet again ere the command comes to join the ranks of the great multitude. I am now in my eightieth year. . . . Good-bye, my dear old friend, and may God bless you.

Another old friend, writing about this time, says:—

There is no satisfaction except in spiritual service. With life closing in, and the shadow of the judgment seat looming in the distance, every act of duty becomes increasingly solemn.

Admiral Sir James Crawford Caffin died in May, 1883; a peaceful end, spared from every suffering, and with all his children around him.

Two years before, he had written to Mr. Burns to announce the death of a mutual friend, Sir Duncan Macgregor, the father of Mr. John Macgregor (Rob Roy), whose wife was the daughter of Sir Crawford Caffin. He says:—

I want to tell you of dear Sir Duncan's last moments. He had always and often told me, when speaking of his end, that although he did not wish to dictate to God how he should die, yet, if it were His will, he prayed that it might be sudden, without any death-bed scenes, and that he might be ever kept in a state to meet Him. Well, in our dear friend's case, God fully answered his prayer, for if ever a man was kept waiting for His call, it was he. His was not a death, but a sudden translation from death to life. I was with him twenty minutes before his departure, and the last to clasp his hand or speak to him. He hailed me as usual, 'Well, my dear friend, how are you?' And on my replying 'I need not put that question to you, for you look better than ever'—'Yes,' said he, 'thank God it is so.' We had a little talk about heavenly things,

and then I said I would come again to-morrow. He then said, 'Good-bye, good-bye; God Almighty bless you,' and I left. Twenty minutes after, Colonel Brooke came to me and said that the soul of the dear saint had taken its flight.

Commenting on this letter, Lord Shaftesbury wrote to Mr. Burns:—

Sir Duncan was a grand venerable patriarch, worthy to rank, in the sight of God and man, with the best of ancient days.

Old age is healthy when it lives mainly in the past and the future, and this is the characteristic of most of the veterans who were cotemporary with Mr. Burns. And when they set sail to the far-off land, it was without misgiving that they bade one another, not a last adieu, but an *au revoir*, discussing meanwhile their prospects and their hopes with the calm assurance of men who have proved the faithfuless of the God in whom they had trusted.

Thus Mr. Burns' old friend and "London Pastor," the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, writes in 1883:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I must in my seventy-eighth year leave off calling myself an old man, when you in your eighty-eighth are hindered from writing only by gout in the hand. . . . No doubt the saints will know each other at the coming of the Lord, when 'we which *are alive* shall be caught up to meet,' &c., but I never saw any proof that they know each other in the intermediate state. We shall not be 'like Christ' till He comes again—in body, that is to say. We *are* like Him in spirit, and shall never be any better to all eternity in that respect, for the spirit which is 'born of the Spirit' is perfectly holy, and cannot be more so, however the flesh may lust against it. . .

It was in 1838 I first saw you and your sainted wife. I was your guest, and met Robert Montgomery at dinner, and preached for Baptist Noel's Society in his church. Montgomery was very lively, and called me 'Mr. Sobersides,' to the amusement of Mrs. Burns. Who would think that forty-five years have passed since then? It seems but yesterday, and you as young as ever—nearly.

Ever yours affectionately,

R. W. DIBDIN.

Another old friend, the Rev. W. Ackworth, wrote in the same month of the same year:—

I see so many changes around me that I am kept mindful that the last and most momentous of all changes cannot be very remote. To us, my dear old friend, may it be to leave the dulness of our mortal nature for the vivacity of a spiritual and endless life. Well-nigh forty years have not obliterated the remembrance of the happy days when we strolled along the beach at Dunoon, and walked to the House of God in company. It was a very small and unpretending edifice, but it was consecrated by the presence of the Chief Shepherd and *Bishop* of souls. Dr. Marsh and I were the first occupants of its pulpit, as the present Bishop of Rochester and myself of your more ornate and beautiful church at Wemyss Bay. Let me hear how it prospers. . . . If I were to resent all the misdoings of our Episcopal heads, which, you know, the mitre has a tendency to soften, I must long ere this have found a refuge in some other community. As it is, I continue to help old Mother Church, with her many infirmities, to the best of my ability.

In 1886, Mr. Alexander Beattie, in writing to Mr. Burns, with whom in earlier years he had been actively engaged in Christian work in Glasgow, said:—

You are my senior by almost ten years, but I am feeling the weight of three score years and ten, and the 'labour and sorrow' of that age tell upon me, but I am able to do some little work for our Heavenly Master as well as other public duties. May He keep you and me faithful unto death. Among some old letters I found the enclosed from your dear father, received not very long before I went to India in 1829. I think you will like to read it, and you can see how the light of Christian love and hope shone on his closing years. May we be like him, and in due time join his happy spirit in the realms above.*

A year later, the Rev. Dr. David Brown, Principal of the Free Church College in Aberdeen, in acknowledging a sketch of Mr. Burns' life given in one of the Glasgow papers, wrote:—

Who is there, I wonder, that should be more thankful than you for the talents given you, to push your way from small beginnings to such success as you have achieved, and such a position as you occupy; and to add to that, to have been blessed with such physical vigour and mental freshness, that at your great age you can survey the whole past of your life, with wonder and gratitude to Him whom I know you have chosen as your chief good and eternal portion, and at the same time enjoy present life and the society of old friends, can read and write with ease and freshness of memory. Well, dear friend, may your remaining time be as before, and more abundant, and may you meantime with all these mercies get humbler, saying with old Jacob, 'I am not worthy of the least of all Thy mercies, for with my staff I passed over this Jordan (or began life from nothing) and now I am become two bands.' For

* In the course of the letter referred to, Dr. Burns said: "My bodily strength is declining so fast, that for some time past I have been confined to the house, and stand much in need of the prayers of my friends for support in my increasing infirmities, and in the near prospect of my departure hence. May I be enabled to persevere unto the end, and to finish my course with joy."

myself, in my eighty-fifth year, I also 'am a wonder to many,' for I have no ailments at all, and have not had for untold years, save that I *hear* ill, and *see* ill—but what is that? I see to *write* with ease, and that I value exceedingly. Last year I resigned my Chair, and so teach no longer, but I am still, after thirty years, Principal of the Free Church College, and take a lively interest in it; and besides a good deal of letter-writing (for I have correspondents in the United States as well as in England and Scotland), I write for the periodicals, and try to give forth to my younger brethren some of the 'wisdom' which years should teach. . . . And now, in closing, I honour you for the work which you, and one or two with you, have done in providing *gospel* services for the Episcopalians of Scotland, in place of the stuff which the Scotch Episcopalian body provides them with.

One of Mr. Burns' many friends and correspondents was the Rev. Dr. Macduff. They were in the habit of sending one another little tokens of their mutual regard. Thus, in 1885, Mr. Burns sent to Dr. Macduff a packet of Lord Shaftesbury's letters to read. By a coincidence they reached him when he was staying at Folkestone, on the morning after he had been to see No. 12, Clifton Gardens, the house where Lord Shaftesbury died. "I visited it," he says, "very much as the pilgrims of the Middle Ages would visit the shrine of some holy saint."

In 1888, in acknowledging a letter of condolence on the death of his wife, Dr. Macduff wrote :—

How wonderfully kind it was of you to write me so sympathetic and valued a letter. You know, too well, what it is when the life and light of the home goes out, but we both, thank God, can rejoice in 'the hope full of immortality.' . . . It is a supreme gratification that I can still claim you as a true Christian friend.

A little later on in the same year, Dr. Macduff sent a copy of his latest work to Mr. Burns. On opening the book, Mr. Burns alighted on a passage which he said so exactly coincided with his view of God's dealings with him in his own life, that it would be impossible to tell it in more apt words. The passage is as follows :—

How many sublime influences are at work in moulding our opinions and purposes, and giving shape to our life-future!

Apparently, indeed, to ourselves, existence, with its thoughts and schemings and surroundings, its hopes and fears, its complex and contradictory movements and impulses, often appears like the child's kaleidoscope—a passive plaything, the sport of fitful and wayward combinations.

But not so. In the experience of most, there comes a time which brings with it the retrospective assurance of design and order in the moral as in the material world. No 'fortuitous concurrence' of the old philosophy, no shuttle of 'destiny,' good or bad luck, weaving capricious patterns; but a settled *plan* of the Great All-wise Artificer, which, when viewed as a complete and harmonious whole, will evoke at last the tribute of unhesitating lips—'He hath done all things well.'

In acknowledging the receipt of the volume, Mr. Burns wrote :—

WEMYSS HOUSE, *May* 9, 1888.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your token of kind remembrance of me, entered my heart immediately on its receipt. First the touching dedication to the Dear Memory, and afterwards to the home feelings raised within me; many of the fragments speaking words of wisdom and peace to me. The morning I received the 'Ripples in the Moonlight,' I opened the book at page seventy-two and

seventy-three, not by design, and I will not say by accident, but by purpose of God. Truly I can say many sublime influences have been at work, from my boyish years onward, to mould and shape my future life. I say not in temporal things, blessings innumerable, but in spiritual and eternal interest. Even when God, in His infinite wisdom and love, did not allow me to go wholly unpunished, but spoke terrible things in righteousness, I could, years and years after the cloud was lifted, see His meaning to have been to save me from settling down to a portion amongst things temporal, leaving out things unseen, but eternal.

I do indeed thank Him for all the suffering and darkness necessary in the discipline of education for the future state of my existence in His blessed Presence. I now should be sorry if any trial had been left out to mar the fitting for hereafter. I thank my God and Heavenly Father for all. I feel shy at entering into the General Assembly of the First-born in Heaven, and as if I would brush through the nearest and dearest, into the arms of Jesus, who will place me in my position, and order all conditions for me then as now.

What more can I say but express my affectionate regard for you, and add, in all sincerity, your friend,

G. BURNS.

Thank God for these cheery old men, with their hopeful words as they hoist their sails and launch away for "the land that is very far off!" If men, in this sceptical age, ask—and they do ask, "What can your Christianity do? it is effete and played out," surely we may point them to men such as these, who, at the close of long lives, *knew* in whom they had believed, knew the port to which they were sailing, and were ready and willing to go forth from life to life, and from land to land, eager to see the things which hitherto eye had not seen, or heart

conceived, but which they were confident the love of God had prepared for their eternal joy. Let the flippant agnostics bring forth a record from all their annals of quiet confidence and holy joy equal to this, and we will acknowledge that their creed is worthy of consideration.

But we must now look more particularly at the old age of Mr. Burns, and not lose sight of him in the midst of his friends. Among many little traits which indicated the exceptional preservation of his system, it may be mentioned that at the age of ninety-four, he could read and write without the aid of spectacles, and daily performed the critical operation of shaving without the usually indispensable assistance of a looking-glass! It was his custom to take exercise in his grounds with uncovered head, and those who were privileged to witness him at such a time will never forget the beautiful and touching picture of this fine-looking old gentleman, with his plentiful snow-white locks exposed to view, inhaling with evident relish the fresh breezes from the Firth of Clyde.

I drive about summer and winter in an open carriage (said the cheery man about that time), and I have never been subject to colds. It must be something constitutional in the family. My brother, who was a physician, always drove about in his carriage without his hat, and never knew what a cold was.

With most nonogenarians it is usual for the intellect and the senses to become dull and clouded,

and they gradually glide into a state of senility and second childhood; but that was far from being the case with Mr. Burns—his mind was clear, active, and acute as ever, and he employed many hours of each day in the intelligent study of scientific and religious works, taking also a lively interest in the doings of the world around him. He retained in his own hands the management of his financial arrangements, and frequently astonished those immediately connected with him by his unfailing memory and the unerring accuracy of his judgment.

His correspondence was very large, and yet he undertook it with the relish of a young man, while his plain, firm handwriting was marvellous for his great age.*

Moreover, he entered into the current questions of the day with singular keenness, carefully reading the *Times* every morning, and a mass of periodical literature, religious and secular.

In times of great public excitement he was always eager for the latest intelligence, for which the Castle of his son afforded exceptional facilities, there being telephonic communication between his office in Jamaica Street, Glasgow, and his library in Wemyss Bay—a distance of thirty-two miles! A voice in Glasgow was thus able to speak through the tube the very latest news of the hour, and whenever this was of exceptional interest, it immediately found its way to Wemyss House.

* See facsimile on frontispiece.

An instance of Mr. Burns' vigour is to be found in the fact that, at the General Election of 1887, he journeyed from Wemyss Bay to Glasgow and back the same day (a distance of over sixty miles) in order to record his vote in favour of the Unionist candidate for his district. On arrival at the polling booth he was recognised by Dr. Cameron the Liberal candidate, who came forward and shook hands with him, saying magnanimously, "Long may you live, Mr. Burns, to come and vote against me." But a more striking proof of the extraordinary vitality of Mr. Burns is to be found in the fact that, on the occasion of the laying of the memorial-stone of the new Barony Church, Glasgow, in June, 1887, he not only graced the scene by his venerable and kindly presence, but imparted an additional interest to the proceedings, and delighted the large assemblage of people, by the delivery of a highly entertaining speech, tinctured throughout with much racy humour.

Although it goes over some of the ground we have travelled together in the earlier chapters of this book, we venture to insert a portion of the speech here as reported in the public press. He said:—

> The first thing I have to do is to find an apology for speaking and the only true one is that there is no one here (as I believe) who has been so long and so early associated with the Barony parish, as myself. I cannot indeed claim to be a son of the manse, for I was born in the 'Holy Land'; there not being then, any more

than now, a manse for the minister of the Barony parish. My father received in lieu thirty pounds a year as manse money, and, like the Apostle Paul when in Rome, he dwelt 'in his own hired house' in George Street. The tenements—one to the front of the street, and one to the rear—were inhabited by the Rev. Dr. Balfour of the Outer High Church, and by three other ministers besides my father. This ecclesiastical conglomeration gave rise to the popular name 'Holy Land'—and there, as I have said, I was born. Well do I remember, when a boy, walking with my father up the Bell o' the Brae on Sabbath days to church, the little boys and girls making their bows and curtseys as their minister—with his bands on, according to custom—passed and smiled on them. Great changes in the manners of the people have since taken place; but, although society has altered, it has not lost its respect and love for faithful ministers of the gospel. The old Barony formed one of three churches under the same roof. Of the other two, one was called the Outer High Church and the other the Inner. The Barony was in the crypt, and, however interesting from its quaintness and beautiful carved pillars, it had many inconveniences as a place of worship. In a survey held on one occasion, it was reported that in some parts the sitters could neither see nor hear. This gave rise to the gibe of these seats being called 'believers' seats'—as they had to take everything on trust. If church buildings were frequently quaint, so also was the freedom between pulpit and pew. Shall I give you an instance which occurred to my father? From necessity the pulpit was low, as any of you who have visited the crypt must have seen. It was surrounded by a bench, which I recollect was used specially as a seat of honour for the elders. My father was assistant, and afterwards successor, to Mr. Hill, the minister of the parish. On a day when my father was preaching, Mr. Hill was sitting on the bench surrounded by his elders, one of whom fell asleep, and gave audible signs of it. This, Mr. Hill thought, was a very bad example to show to the congregation—so much so, that merely to awaken him was not sufficient. He accordingly raised his tall figure, and laid his hand on my father's shoulder,

and, pointing to the unfortunate elder, said, 'John, rebuke him.' This was rather a queer and embarrassing interruption to the sermon. Well, the Barony congregation removed from the crypt to their new church, which may now be called the old Barony, in the first year of the present century. Mr. Adam, the architect, had a specimen of the Gothic before him in the cathedral, and of the Grecian in the infirmary, and he thought it would be a fine contrast to make the new church of the old Saxon style. In the contrast he certainly succeeded, whatever we may think of the lines of beauty.

We come now to the present church, which rectifies the defects of the one we have left. And here let me express warmly the hope that the faithful services of your minister now before you may long be continued in vigour.* Thanks be to God, He has hitherto carried on a blessed succession of true gospel teaching. My father removed from George Street to live in a house he built on the Barony Glebe, and there the foundation of Christian life was laid in me, and you may be sure the Shorter Catechism was not neglected—and I revere its sound summary of doctrine—but I had better say nothing of what I felt as a thoughtless boy about 'learning the questions.' I now express my gratitude for the goodness and mercy which have followed me all my life. My father in his very old age was ever glad to see his friends, and to converse with them, which he always did cheerfully—but in the midst of his speaking he would insensibly glide off into prayer, and a constant reference was made in it to joining the General Assembly and Church of the First-born in Heaven. Let us have the same trust in Christ, and so be followers of those who now, through faith and patience, are inheriting the promises. . . .

You will kindly excuse my having spoken so much of my father, but I think it is not inappropriate to the present interesting occasion, seeing that he was seventy-two years minister in the Barony—dying when he was in his ninety-sixth year—and I am now in my ninety-second year.

* The Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang.

Ringing cheers and a burst of applause, such as has rarely been heard, followed the conclusion of the speech, which, although delivered in the open air and before thousands of persons, was heard by every one, even to the farthest outskirts of the crowd.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REMINISCENCES OF A NONOGENARIAN.

MR. BURNS was a master in the art of convèrsation. Always bright, cheerful, and interesting, he never wearied a visitor by talking too much, or made him uncomfortable by not talking enough. Some one has defined the art of conversation as "not only saying the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment."

Although Mr. Burns was singularly free in his style of speech—just speaking out frankly from his heart, he never said anything which his hearers might reasonably wish he had left unsaid. Full of that charity which thinketh no evil, hopeth all things, believeth all things, he never spoke ill of any one, or allowed conversation to degenerate into gossip — the deadly weapon of those "who murder characters to kill time"—a pastime, unfortunately far more prevalent in "pious company" than in any other.

"Some men," says Caleb Cotton, the laconic writer, "are very entertaining for a first interview,

but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes."

Mr. Burns was the very reverse of this; his well-stored mind, his marvellous memory drawing on large experiences, made him even to the last one of the most delightful of companions to old and young, for the truth and sense, the wit and humour of his conversation, and for the underlying ground-work of pure and unconventional Christianity upon which it was based. He realised to a great extent the ideal of Cowper, who said—

> Conversation, choose what theme we may,
> And chiefly when religion leads the way,
> Should flow, like waters after summer showers,
> Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.

We propose to give in this place some fragmentary selections from his store of anecdote.

It is always a pleasant thing when a man in extreme old age goes back with bright, happy, and boyish thoughts to his boyhood and youth.

In the course of some passing remark about the weather, Mr. Burns said to the present writer in 1888:—

I remember distinctly that on the 4th of June, 1806, my future wife, Jeanie Cleland, was at old Provost Hamilton's beautiful place, called North Park, on the banks of the Kelvin. It was

George the Third's birthday, and the apple-trees, then beginning to blossom, had their branches broken down by the weight of the snow.

When I was a boy (he said on another occasion) I had a passion for climbing steeples or towers. One day the beadle of the cathedral indulged me by opening the tower and allowing me to ascend, but I could not resist the temptation to be mischievous, and I set the great bell going, greatly to the consternation of the kind beadle. This passion for climbing continued with me. When I went on the Continent I always ascended the high towers, such as the spire of Strasburg Cathedral and the Vendôme Column. I climbed above the bell of St. Paul's in London, and on to the scaffolding when the old bell exhibited in Regent's Park was taken down, and I always afterwards was in the habit of taking my grandchildren to the top of St. Paul's.

Practical joking appears to have been a good deal in vogue in Mr. Burns's young days; and from the merry way in which he was wont to recall certain incidents, it would seem that he was not in the habit of frowning grimly on the players.

One of Dr. Chalmers' Sunday-school teachers, Mr. Higgie, was greatly disconcerted one day to find that his desk was occupied; the young rogues of his school having captured a stray ass, brought it into the room, and mounted it upon the rostrum appointed to the superintendent. Dr. Chalmers and I had a good hearty laugh together over this incident, which leads me to mention another:—

The Bogles of Gilmourhill—where the University now stands—were rather proverbial for practical humour. One of the younger members of the family, along with some other young men, found the ass of a costermonger standing in a court of the Saltmarket. The latter had left his cuddy and barrow and gone into an adjoining house to sell something. Bogle and his companions unyoked

the ass, contrived to get it upstairs, put its head looking out of a high window, and then decamped. When the man came out and found his ass gone, he was greatly concerned, and began looking everywhere for the animal, but in vain. During the interval a crowd had collected in the court. The costermonger could not find out what was the matter till one of the crowd called out to him, 'There's your ass looking at you out of yon window.'

The same mischievous fellows on another occasion procured a ladder, which they placed against the statue of King William at the Cross. It was railed and high, and their professed object was to decorate the statue with a flag. It was dark at night when this occurred. When all was ready, they asked a man who was looking on to mount the ladder and fix the flag; but no sooner had he begun the operation, than the ladder was withdrawn, and the bewildered man found himself perched on King William, the rogues having run off and left him!

In my early days there was only one church in Glasgow that had an organ, and that one was not in the obscure Roman Catholic Church as you might suppose, but in the small Episcopal Church at the entrance to the Green of Glasgow. In consequence of this innovation the church was called derisively 'The Whistling Kirk.' Some time after that, Dr. Ritchie, of St. Andrew's Church, Glasgow, endeavoured to introduce a small organ to assist the psalmody, which was notoriously bad in all the Scotch churches. The case was brought before the Presbytery, and was decided against him.*

* In a "Statement of Proceedings of the Presbytery of Glasgow Relative to the Use of an Organ in St. Andrew's Church in the Public Worship of God on the 23rd of August, 1807," it is sententiously stated in the preface that "The Presbytery of Glasgow were determined not to suffer such a palpable innovation to creep into the Church of Scotland. They considered it, therefore, their sacred duty to pass a judgment upon the illegality of the measure, and *to set the question for ever at rest*, at least with the congregations under their jurisdiction."

When Dr. Ritchie was appointed to the Divinity Chair in Edinburgh, a caricature picture was circulated representing him as on his journey to that city with a barrel-organ on his back, playing the tune—'I'll gang nae mair to yon toon.'

It was the custom when I was a youth, as it still is in some places, for the elders of the church to stand at the doors on Sundays superintending collection plates. Provost French was a sitter in St. Enoch's Church, and on one occasion he put a half-crown into the plate and was about to take out two shillings, intending only to contribute sixpence, when the elder interposed by exclaiming, 'Na, na, mon; whatever goes in theere is saacred!'

On another occasion the Provost, in walking, observed on the street a nice-looking oatmeal and suet pudding—called in Scotland a white pudding. He caught it up on the point of his stick and dropped it into the plate, whereupon the elder rebuked him for mocking God's poor. 'If God's poor,' he replied, 'are not content with the white pudding, they don't deserve to get anything.'

The Rev. Mr. Thom, of Govan, who was Moderator of Presbytery at the time of my father's ordination and performed the ceremony, was very humorous, but sometimes a little bit profane. Once at a Presbytery meeting there was a young man about to receive ordination. Thom disliked him, and thought little of his abilities. Instead of placing his hands on the head of the candidate, he reached forth his stick for that purpose. An exclamation of horror ran through the church, but Thom, not in the least disconcerted, quietly said, 'Timber to timber.'

One day when Mr. Thom was preaching, a member of his congregation, not remarkable for his piety, was sitting in the front gallery, and in drawing out his pocket-handkerchief a pack of cards flew out and spread below. 'Hech, mon,' exclaimed Thom, 'but your psalm-book has been loosely bound!'

Dr. Cleland had a very nice villa near Rutherglen, and just about the time when Dr. Chalmers made his appearance in Glasgow, his daughter—my wife to be—taught a Sunday school in conjunction with Margaret Smith of Muir Bank, who afterwards became my brother James's first wife. The Rev. Mr. Dick was at that time minister of the Established Church at Rutherglen. He was a good, kind-hearted man, and simple in his manner. One day he saw some boys in his orchard stealing the fruit. He ran out, stick in hand, to catch them in the act, but when he saw them scrambling down the trees in hot haste, he called out, 'Take care, take care, lest ye hurt yourselves.'

In my very early days there was a notable citizen named James MacNair, a member of a family well known in and around Glasgow. MacNair was extremely cute and keen in taking advantage of any circumstance that could advance his interests. His hand-writing was not plain. One day he wrote a letter to a wholesale house in London ordering 2 cwt. of copperas. The London man read the order as 2 cwt. of capers, and wrote to MacNair saying that he had searched all London and could not make up the quantity, but was sending on as large a supply as he could manage to get. MacNair was rather nonplussed when he received this reply, but his natural sagacity at once came to his aid, and he got up a flaming announcement that he had in stock 'a new, rare, and much esteemed relish for use in sauces.' This induced a considerable demand. Meanwhile capers had become scarce in London, and his correspondent wrote to him begging him to spare some of the large quantity he had received. MacNair at once saw his chance. His price had gone up amazingly, and he could only sell at that price. So, by his sale in the shop, and by selling back to London, he made a very good profit out of a transaction which with most men would have proved a loss.

In those days, and later, cold rum-punch, of which lemons or

limes formed a component part, was a famous drink. On one occasion MacNair had only just two boxes of lemons on hand, and he wanted to purchase more, as there was a considerable supply in Glasgow, but not at the price which was asked. So he set two men to work to carry his two boxes of lemons on two barrows. The *ruse* succeeded. The impression got abroad that MacNair had received a large supply from a distance, prices at once came down, and then MacNair purchased!

Talking about rum-punch reminds me of a well-known character and benefactor in Paisley, Mr. Love. He was an eccentric man, and kept bears in his garden, just to gratify his liking for animals. Once he fell ill, and went to Edinburgh to consult Dr. Gregory. During the interview, Dr. Gregory said, 'I know what is the cause of your illness—it is the cold rum-punch which is so much drunk in the west.' Love made no reply, but put a fee of a guinea into the doctor's hand, and moved towards the door. Just as he was going out, he looked over his shoulder at the learned doctor and said, 'I hinna tasted a drap o' cauld punch these thirty years past!'

In my early business days, John Wood was Chairman of the Excise in London, now called the Inland Revenue. He was in Glasgow with Captain Percy, of the Northumberland family, and was frequently at the Excise Office—a fine office in the Custom House Buildings at Greenock. John Wood, from his boyhood, was intimate with Sir Charles Wood (afterwards Lord Halifax), and he used to say to me that Charles Wood, as a boy, would, if he came to a gate, always leap over instead of pausing to open it. That was characteristic of his whole life—he dashed through everything in which he was engaged.

Talking about the Excise, I must tell you a story my father used to narrate of Collector Corbett, of Glasgow. One day, in company, the conversation turned upon smuggling, and tea was particularised as one of the contraband articles brought in. One of the gentlemen

present said, in reply to a remark of Corbett on the vigilance of the Excise, 'I'll pledge myself to smuggle in tea in your very presence, and by the conspicuous route of the Glasgow Bridge.' The challenge was accepted, and at the time appointed the transaction took place. In the evening the company met again, when the gentleman who had made the challenge said to Collector Corbett, 'Well, did you seize the tea which was brought in to-day?' 'No,' he answered, 'I saw no tea brought in, and we had our men zealously on the watch.' 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'it was brought in, in your very sight, and I will show you where it now is.' The collector was dumbfounded, and asked how it was possibly done. 'You were upon the Glasgow Bridge,' said the gentleman, 'and on the watch; what did you see?' 'I saw a variety of things,' and he named them; 'I saw also a funeral procession, and a very large number of mourners following the hearse. 'Well,' said the gentleman, 'the tea was inside that hearse.'

Reference has already been made in these pages to Mr. Jeffrey, commonly called by his familiars Frank Jeffrey. Concerning him, Mr. Burns says:—

He finished his education at Oxford, and on his return he was called to the Bar, became Lord Advocate, and attained to the Bench of the Court of Session under the title of Lord Jeffrey. When he was called to the Bar, he acquired great reputation and prospects of success. At one time Mr. McQueen sat on the Bench under the title of Lord Braxfield; his property being at New Lanark, he was familiarly called 'Old Braxy.' He spoke broad Scotch, and was quaint and forcible in his expressions from the Bench. On Jeffrey's appearance at the Bar some time after, 'Old Braxy' said, 'The laddie has *tynt* (lost) his Scotch and hasna ta'en on the English.' On another occasion, when capital punishment was inflicted for various misdemeanors and crimes, it fell to the lot of Lord Braxfield to pronounce sentence of death on a poacher, which he did in the usual solemn manner. He was

personally acquainted with the men in the country, and after the sentence was formally pronounced, he said, 'John, you'll be hang't, and that'll be a wernin' to ye.'

When Robert Owen came to New Lanark to take charge of the cotton-mills belonging to David Dale (whose daughter he afterwards married), he resided at Braxfield House, and early in his career founded several schools. His efforts to advance education were at first approved, but public opinion changed on his publishing a pamphlet entitled, 'A New View of Society.' Many a time I saw him come to the Glasgow office of New Lanark Mills. He was the first gentleman I saw wearing a frock-coat, a very unusual article of attire at that time. Gentlemen wore long-tailed coats and white neckcloths, and even to very late in my lifetime this custom was continued by elderly men. During a large portion of my life I wore a dress-coat, large-frilled shirt, and white neckcloth, in the forenoon. I could name many who never put on a surtout, amongst them my brother James, but he gave up the white neckcloth. It was several years after Robert Owen's time ere surtouts became general for forenoon costume. Mr. Owen dressed well, and many were his visits to Mr. Wright's own room in the office, and serious conversations sometimes ensued. Mr. Wright told me of one of them in which he urged on him the importance of the truths contained in the Bible. Mr. Owen was much impressed, and with tender emotion, the tears starting to his eyes, said, 'Mr. Wright, I wish I could believe.'

In 1832, a grand banquet was given in the large hall at the Cross of Glasgow, called the Coffee Room. The late Duke of Gordon was chairman, and among the prominent speakers was the well-known Patrick Robertson, Advocate, afterwards a Judge by the name of Lord Robertson. He had an enormously powerful voice, and in speaking he made use of Earl Grey's famous speech in which occur the words 'Whisper of Faction,' in opposition to

the Reform Bill. Robertson thundered out, 'This, this is the whisper of a faction!'

The same Patrick Robertson was full of fun and mischief. A widow lady in Edinburgh had a foible of speaking of great people. On one occasion she left a message to the effect that if any one called they were to be informed that she had gone to call on Lady Deas, wife of Lord Deas, a Judge in the Court of Session. It so happened that Patrick Robertson called at her house, and received the message left for callers. Shortly afterwards he met the widow in the street, and said to her, 'I have just been calling at your house; the servant said you had gone out to buy cheese.' (This rhymed in with 'Deas.')

I believe I am the oldest Justice of the Peace for Lanarkshire, living. I attended to the duties of the office in my former days, but from my occupation in business, I was frequently very glad to get my friend Baillie Martin to act as my substitute in court. At that time Mr. Douglas, who commonly went under the name of John Douglas, and was the son of a minister of the Church of Scotland, in Ayrshire, was a great punster. On one occasion, when Mr. Middleton married a Mrs. Lockie, John Douglas said to me, 'It would appear that Mrs. Lockie preferred a *middle tone* to a *low key*.'

When Mr. Kirkman Finlay was contesting the representation of Glasgow—which was composed of five burghs, including Rutherglen, where his warm friend Dr. Cleland, my father-in-law, lived in a villa he possessed—John Douglas, being an ardent supporter of his, applied all his persuasive powers to the wives of the Town Councillors, giving each a benevolent kiss, at the same time slipping a guinea from his own lips into theirs. The vote before the passing of the Reform Act lay entirely with the corporations of the five burghs. On that occasion, a dinner being given by Mr. Finlay in Rutherglen, Lord Archibald Hamilton presiding, one of the Town Councillors at the lower end of the table called out, 'My lord, they are not drinking fair here.' 'Gentlemen,' replied his

lordship, 'take off your glasses.' 'It's no that,' again shouted the councillor, 'they are here drinking twa for ane.'

Never at any period of his life did Mr. Burns take any prominent part in politics, nor, as a matter of fact, was he much of a politician. Late in life he said when reviewing some of the great movements that had marked the annals of his times:—

In my early days I did not take much interest in political affairs, but in later years I have been ranked amongst the Conservatives, although I have never occupied any very prominent position amongst them. I may describe myself as being satisfied that the constitution of our country is well balanced, and gives an example of great liberty combined with efficient moderate control. For instance, I value highly the House of Peers, as a balancing weight against what I fear is, at the present time, a too democratic tendency in the House of Commons. I am not willing to surrender the term 'Liberal' entirely to the opposite party, because I have had liberal tendencies all my life. I think, however, that our too rapid progress should be controlled by checks, and that the Upper Chamber furnishes wise and salutary restraints. My confidence was shaken in Peel, but it recovered as I observed his action with regard to the Corn Laws. I lamented the way in which the Reform Bill was carried, by threats such as those used by Lord Grey, who proposed to create an extra number of peers. I also regretted, in 1829, that what was called Catholic Emancipation was unavoidably yielded.

Dr. Chalmers took an opposite view, and thought that it would give to Ireland an opportunity for conferring upon the Roman Catholics an open Bible more fully than they then possessed. His view, as the event has proved, was chimerical.

In 1847, Mr. Burns was staying at Bath. It

was the same year in which Lord Ashley—at that time personally unknown to him—was returned as Member of Parliament for that town after a severe contest, his opponent being Mr. Roebuck, one of his bitterest antagonists in the Factory agitation. Referring to his visit to Bath, Mr. Burns says:—

I frequently attended the ministry of Mr. Jay, and also of Mr. Tottenham of Kensington Chapel. At that time there were about three hundred chair-men in Bath; their services were valuable in taking people to balls and concerts, and also in preserving order, as they were all sworn in as special constables, and they were ready for taking part in the suppression of any disturbances in that stirring and stormy year. One Sunday when I was going to Mr. Tottenham's church, there was an elderly gentleman, lame or frail, being wheeled along in a Bath-chair going to the same church. By some misadventure the chair was upset, and he was thrown upon the ground. A crowd collected, and prompt assistance was proffered, but he took up his crutch and held them all at bay, crying out, 'There shall no one help me but a Tory!' Party spirit was running very high at that time, as you may judge by this incident!

Mr. Burns took a great interest in the personal history of the captains of the Cunard fleet. Many of them were in the employment of the Company for a great number of years—Captain W. McMickan, for example, now Commander of the *Umbria*, and Commodore of the Fleet, who has covered more than two millions of miles in crossing the Atlantic.

Some of the older captains had "points" upon which Mr. Burns liked to dilate.

There was Captain Harrison of the *Asia*, on his way to Halifax encountering a dense fog off the Banks of Newfoundland. At the breakfast-table he told his passengers that he should reach the land at three in the afternoon. The day wore on, when, close to the hour named, the cry came from the look-out, 'Breakers ahead!' and down went the helm. Harrison, who stood amidst a knot of anxious passengers, took out his watch and calmly remarked, 'Very good, made land to the minute!'

A cool customer was Theodore Cook, who had commanded no less than twenty-four of the Cunard ships, the very type of a skilful captain, with 'a nerve of cold blast steel.' One day he was taking his noon observations, when a cloud interrupted his vision; a passenger coming up, said, 'Captain Cook, I'm afraid that cloud prevented you from making your observation.' 'Yes, sir,' replied the potentate of the sea, 'but it did not hinder you from making yours.'

Hugh Main was captain of one of our smacks, and when steam was put on, he was for many years commander of several of the Liverpool steamers.

He was a large heavy man—his brother was the keeper of the hotel in Inverkip—(all the family were large) and Hugh Black, our agent in Greenock, used to say, 'the Mains are all of "hoodge" (huge) dimensions.' Hugh Main went by the sobriquet of the *Hu-mane* Captain. He had a dog on board, his constant companion on all his voyages. It was a great favourite with the passengers, and on its collar was engraved, 'I am Hugh Main's dog; whose dog are you?' Main suffered greatly from weakness in his legs, making it very difficult for him to stand, which he did, however, very much by night and by day, for he was devoted to his profession. This weakness led him to resign his position as captain, but we made him our agent at Greenock.

Captain Duncan was another of ours. He was in the Highland

Service. On one occasion *the* Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, was coming on board to go to Dunrobin, and the captain was asked by an attendant to substitute for the ordinary small gangway a larger one which was at hand for the use of horses or cattle, as he thought it more dignified. Captain Duncan replied, in his own quaint way, that 'there was no occasion for it, as her grace could get on board quite well by the little one,' ending, 'she's no an *ealifent*' (elephant).

A significant little story of Mr. Burns may be recorded in this connection. Once he had to speak very strongly to this Captain Duncan, and quite worked himself up to emphasise his displeasure. Some time afterwards, Captain Duncan was told that at the interview Mr. Burns was really very angry. "Was he," said the captain; "I never knew it."

When we had the Castle at Dunoon on lease, the pier was just below it. One evening when it was dark a vessel approached and hailed, and was answered by a voice from the pier. 'Do you belong to the pier,' shouted the skipper of the vessel. 'Na, na,' replied Donald Macdonald, the pier-master, 'the pier belongs to me.' 'Weel, weel, can ye tak a rope?'

Mr. Burns's recollections of friends, acquaintances, and contemporaries, would fill a volume. We can therefore only give a few fragmentary passages. Sometimes the mere mention of the name of a place would bring up a train of memories bridging over half a century, and the curious part about his reminiscences was that in recalling events or people he would rarely hesitate about a name or a date, but speak with the utmost precision on these points.

I knew of Mr. Dachmont very well through my father, and in the early part of the century he was an intimate friend of David Dale. In the course of his mercantile life he travelled frequently on horseback with Mr. James Finlay. A mercantile correspondent visited him from time to time at Glasgow on his journey from England. On one occasion, after family worship, he said, 'Mr. Dachmont, I have heard you often in prayer use the expression that the Lord would grant us a competency. What does that mean?' To which Dachmont laughingly replied, 'It means a little more than we have.'

In the days of Mr. James Finlay—that is to say, during the last century—there were no mail coaches to London, nor even stage coaches, and the journey was undertaken on horseback. Mr. Finlay and Mr. Dachmont set out together: their tastes and habits were fairly well alike, with this exception, that Mr. Dachmont had an abhorrence of pork. When they arrived at Newcastle, Mr. Finlay told the waiter to send up some well-dressed pork cutlets, and to call them veal cutlets. The two gentlemen partook pleasantly of the dinner, and Mr. Dachmont said, 'Well, the English know much better how to cook veal cutlets than we do, I never tasted any so good.' Mr. Finlay said nothing about the deception, but fell in with the praise; and on the following day, when riding together towards the south, Mr. Dachmont again alluded to the excellence of the veal cutlets. Finlay then told him it was pork, when Dachmont immediately got off his horse, turned very pale, and said he felt ill even at the thought of it.

I knew the Colonsay family well. The old gentleman was a handsome, magnificent man, and his wife a stately looking woman. They visited us, and, like other Highland chieftains, he attended the great cattle market annually held in Falkirk, called the 'tryst.' He was at one time there with his cattle, when a dealer was anxious to have some conversation with him, but did not know him personally. He was told, in a kind and jocular way, that if he went to the tryst,

and looked out amongst the crowd, he would be sure to see him, as he would be the largest and handsomest man there.

His eldest son was a leading advocate in Edinburgh, and became President of the Court of Session under the title of Lord Colonsay; having been also M.P. previously for the County of Perth, and Lord Advocate. Another son, Archibald, was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh.

At the time of the great stir in religious circles about the opinions of Bishop Colenso of Natal, one of the islanders in the island of Colonsay said to another, 'Hech! it's a terrible thing; I hear that *Colonsay* doesna believe in Moses!' The other replied, 'I'm sure it's no him; it must be his brither Archie!'

I used, at one time, to think that Sir Andrew Agnew was the most practical Sabbatarian I knew, for he told me that it was his custom on Sunday to give every servant in his employment the opportunity of going to church. He would not allow anything to be cooked but potatoes. One day my wife mentioned this to my old friend Sir Edward Parry, then staying with us in Glasgow, who replied in his quiet way, 'I go farther, I don't even allow the potatoes.'

Admiral Baillie Hamilton, who, when I first knew him as Captain Hamilton, was Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty, was a frequent visitor and a staunch friend. He was with Dr. Guthrie when on his death-bed at Hastings.

The last time he came here he was staying with John, but he came to see me, and we had a walk in the garden. He was going off the next day to visit my son James at Ferntower. Standing at the back of the conservatory he said, 'Do you know that you and I have been friends for forty years?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I know it well.' We had a long walk, and when he left he said to Ann Fraser, 'Good-night, Ann,' in such a singularly impressive way I never forgot it. When he went to Ferntower he was in good health, and my son wrote to me, 'I have your cheery admiral here,

he is in excellent spirits.' He went on from thence to Skye, where he spent some time shooting. He got back to Portree, intending to leave on a certain day. There he was taken ill, and he sent a telegram to his wife, 'Shall be detained here for a day or two.' Lady Harriet Hamilton, knowing his habits, at once took alarm, started off, and reached Skye just in time to see him expire.

Talking of Hamilton reminds me of his sister, Lady Haddington, who had occasion to go to Redmayne's shop in London to make some purchases. She heard the assistants saying one to another, 'Two and ten.' She was very simply dressed, as was her wont. When she went home to Admiralty House, she said to her maid, 'I wonder what those people in the shop could mean by saying "Two and ten."' The maid, curious to relate, had once been employed as an assistant at Redmayne's, and she coloured up and kept quiet. On being pressed she said, 'Well, it was a password sent round the shop for the assistants to keep their eyes open and see that nothing was picked up; "two," according to the code, meant "keep your two eyes open"; "ten" meant "watch the movements of her ten fingers."' Lady Haddington continued to dress simply, notwithstanding the estimate that had been formed of her.

Lord Shaftesbury was a great friend of the Duke of Wellington, and used to give me many anecdotes of him. The duke told him of a very singular occurrence which took place at Waterloo. At one moment in the battle the duke was left alone, his aide-de-camps having been despatched with messages, when a gentleman in plain clothes rode up to him, and said, 'Can I be of any use, sir?' The duke looked at him, and instantly said, 'Yes! take that pencil note to the commanding officer,' pointing to a regiment in the very heat of the engagement. The gentleman immediately complied, and galloped through the thick of the fight and delivered the note. After the battle the duke made every inquiry, but though he for long used all the means in his power, he never could trace to whom he was indebted, and he told Lord Shaftesbury that he con-

sidered it one of the most gallant deeds that had ever come under his notice, as the gentleman who did it could have had no prospect of reward or honour.

Mr. John Burns was in the habit of coming down to Wemyss House every day, and sometimes several times a day, and telling his father many a good story. These Mr. Burns would treasure up in his memory, and would tell again with relish, clothed in his own pleasant form of language, and given with the sunny smile and the quaint manner that invested them with an irresistible charm. But if we were to enter upon this field, it is so exceeding broad, we should never draw the reminiscences to a close. We cannot, however, resist the temptation to relate just one "Castle story."

Once when the Earl of Caithness was staying at the Castle, several people were at dinner, and amongst them was Professor Grant, the distinguished Professor of Astronomy in the Glasgow University. We had a great deal of interesting conversation, as we always had when Grant was of the party. Lord Caithness had scientific proclivities, and he and Grant soon got deep into discussion upon astronomical matters, in the course of which Grant happened to remark that Jupiter was in its prime at that present time for observation.

Afterwards, when we adjourned to the drawing-room, some of us stood at the end window, which commands a delightful view up the Clyde. It was a clear, beautiful night, and the subject of Jupiter was renewed, when Caithness and Grant exclaimed, 'There it is; a magnificent sight!' and dilated upon it a good deal. Presently Captain Gordon, of H.M.S. *Black Prince* (now Admiral Gordon), who was beside us, broke out in his strong Aberdeen dialect,

'Gentlemen, that's not Jupiter at all—that's the Cloch Lighthouse!'

Grant told John that he must not make a joke of it, or tell it abroad, but some time afterwards when he met my son, he said, 'Oh, ye did not keep the story to yourself; when I was out to dinner lately the party set upon me, bantering me, and saying, "Have you seen the Wemyss Jupiter lately?"!'

CHAPTER XXIV.

HONOURS.

Life was designed to be beautiful from beginning to end. As the hour before sunset is the loveliest in the day, as October is the ripest month of the year and the richest in colours, so old age, serene, virtuous, and happy, has a charm not less fascinating than the graces of infancy, the hopes of youth, or the vigour of manhood. Oftentimes the end of summer is more glorious than the summer itself; and sometimes, though rarely, old age is so round and rich and bright and beautiful as to make youth seem poor in comparison. It was so in the case of Mr. Burns.

Until the early part of the spring of 1888 no thought of a biography appears to have entered his mind, and then it was not his own idea, but was put there by those who loved him. At first he smiled at it, then shrunk from it. But when it was suggested to him that perhaps the story of his life, simply told, might influence other lives; that an old age such as his belongs, according to the great scheme of life, to every individual if he only knows

how to build it; that hundreds of personal friends would be gratified to have his acknowledgment how well God had dealt with him all through the years—these considerations prevailed, and when, in March of that year, I was invited to spend some time at Wemyss Bay for the express purpose of throwing open the floodgates of his memory, I looked forward to the visit with as much pleasure as he did misgiving. Very soon, however, the satisfaction was mutual, and as long as I live I can never forget that period of my life and his when we went together over the long past, now laughing over some comical story, or wading through correspondence brown with age, or drinking in the inspiration of lives long passed away from earth — sometimes driving, or sitting in the sunshine on the lawns, at others making morning visits to his bedroom, or spending long cosy afternoons in the library, when he let me see into his heart of hearts, as well as into the outward circumstances of his life, and without a note-book or external aid of any kind, would tell me anecdotes, describe events, and give the details of historical movements with a precision simply marvellous. "Here comes the chiel takin' notes," he would say laughingly, as I entered his room, and then we would proceed to talk of what he, a boy of ten, did on the day when the victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, or discuss the day's *Times* and the Parnell Commission.

Truly a wonderful old man was he. It was utterly

impossible for any one to know him and not to love him, and it was equally impossible to know and love him and not to be impressed with the singular grace and charm of his Christian character; the "beauty of holiness" shone and sparkled in every word and action, and made the merry laugh and genial smile as impressive as prayer and praise.

I said at the time, and repeat it here, that if the Bible were blotted out of existence, if there were no prayer-book, catechism, or creed, if there were no visible Church, I could not fail to believe in the doctrines of Christianity while the "living epistle" of his life remained in my memory.

Instead of the biography being a trouble to him, it became a distinct pleasure. Old boxes, desks, and drawers were ransacked, and as fresh documents, long since forgotten, and some that had not seen the daylight for two-thirds of a century, were found, it filled his heart with new thankfulness as he reviewed all the way in which he had been led, and the goodness and mercy that had followed him all the days of his life.

He would sometimes speak to friends who visited him of what was being done. To one (the Rev. David Reith) he said:—

> Men say that I have had a very successful life, that mine has been a highly prosperous career—and it is true, and I am most thankful for it. But in looking back as I do now, this reflection gives me no real satisfaction; there is nothing in the fact upon which I can rest. But when I read, as I have been reading lately, letters written by myself as a young man sixty or seventy years ago, and find that *then* I was decided for Christ, that knowledge indeed rejoices my heart in my old age.

"The beautiful smile," says Mr. Reith, "in the bright clear eyes, the light on the fine sweet face, as he spoke these words, I can never forget."

From any Pharisaical pride in his religion he was absolutely free. He was of a higher type than those who are merely called, and it may be called truly, "very religious people." He was by habit too much of the "thorough gentleman," in the real sense of the phrase, to have had anything false or untruthful in his outward manner, and he was too loving, both towards God and man, to be anything else than transparent, simple, and unaffected in all that he said or did.

His heart remained fresh and young, open to all good and happiness in the world, to all truth, beauty, and joy; his sympathies were with little children as well as with aged saints; his laughter over a good story, or a good joke, was still as infectious as his sympathy with sorrow.

To him "the world was only what was *not* of the Father; while all that was of the Father—all that is worth knowing and loving in social life, all that is according to God's will in nature, from the flowers of earth to the stars of heaven—he rejoiced in."

Even his old love of sight-seeing remained as keen as ever, and one day in September he started off to see the Glasgow International Exhibition! He went

from Wemyss House to the station in his Bath-chair, took the train to Glasgow, spent the day in the exhibition, and drove from thence to Glenlee (a distance of twelve miles), the beautiful place of Mr. Cleland Burns, vacated on the death of his wife, and to which he had returned after nearly twenty years' absence. There Mr. Burns remained for two days. On his return to Wemyss Bay he drove to the Castle in order to see Sir John and Lady Kennaway, who were staying there, then back to Wemyss House, where he sat in the garden for two hours receiving and entertaining visitors. A marvellous old man truly!

In the spring of the following year an event of peculiar interest occurred.

One bright May morning he was in his room with Ann Fraser, his faithful friend, and Mary Hay Burns, his youngest grandchild, Mr. and Mrs. John Burns and the rest of his family being away yachting, when a letter and telegram were placed in his hands, which he quietly opened. The letter was from the Marquis of Salisbury, and ran thus:

FOREIGN OFFICE, *May* 23, 1889.

I have the pleasure of informing you that Her Majesty has been pleased to direct that a Baronetcy of the United Kingdom should be conferred on you on the occasion of her birthday, in recognition of the great benefits which your enterprise and administrative power have preserved to the commerce of the country.

I am,

Yours very faithfully,

SALISBURY.

The telegram was from the Marquis of Lothian, Secretary for Scotland, and was as follows:

I have great gratification in informing you that Her Majesty is graciously pleased to confer upon you the honour of a Baronetcy on the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday.

He was greatly overcome, and no wonder. Suddenly, when lying in bed, almost alone, and ninety-four years of age—the oldest recipient of such an honour in the world's history—he realises that Her Gracious Majesty, the head of our social system, has recognised his life-work and has conferred upon him a high honour.

What followed is almost too sacred to tell, and is perhaps as unique as the conferring of the baronetcy.

The old man bowed his snowy head in his hands, and thanked the King of kings and the Lord of lords, blessing Him for putting it into the hearts of others to give him this honour, praying that he might use it aright, and when it should descend to his beloved son that he might sustain it unsullied, and through all the future of his life walk humbly with God.

Then the old patriarch blessed Mary Hay Burns and Ann Fraser, and afterwards, when talking to them, said, "I know that God would never have allowed it if it should have an evil effect on the welfare of my soul. If it had come in earlier life it might have hindered my spiritual progress." Then,

as old memories flashed before him, he added, "How proud my brother, the doctor, would have been if he had lived to see the Barony boy made a Baronet!"

Busy days in Wemyss Bay followed. Seventy telegrams, hundreds of letters from all parts and persons, came pouring in, while almost every newspaper in the land had its notes and comments; the burden of which was that the act was peculiarly appropriate, that a life spent for the good of his country and his fellow-men entitled him to the honour, while his historic connection with one of the greatest commercial undertakings in the world made his claim a stronger one; it was a recognition of the fact that to the enterprise, intelligence, and foresight of men like him the country owes its position and prosperity.

For himself the mere title was of little account; the value of the distinction was that it was the expression of his sovereign's favour, and a "recognition of all that God's grace had enabled him to be and to do." He was much more touched by the kind letters and messages of congratulation than by the honour itself, although that he fully appreciated.

Now that his name was brought prominently before the public, Sir George had to meet the inevitable interviewer, and a visit from a representative of *The World* he found to be interesting and amusing, and very kindly.* What seems to have principally struck the reviewer was the fact

* Celebrities at Home, No. MDCXXXIX., December 11, 1889.

that he was talking to a man who was born in the year of Warren Hastings' acquittal; who clung tremblingly to his mother's skirt in the Old Barony Kirk on that darksome watch-night which ushered in the nineteenth century and the "year of dearth"; who could remember the magistrates issuing a solemn proclamation against the eating of hot rolls, and his mother conveying him certain dainty morsels surreptitiously in spite of the injunction, and who had heard, nearly ninety years since, from his venerable grandfather's lips the story of the stirring events of 1715.

There are many devices for making old age miserable. One of them—probably the most prolific source of self-inflicted torture—is to keep up the anniversaries of births, deaths, and marriages of relatives and friends. Sir George was above all such pettiness. He did not believe that joy or sorrow was to be subject to arbitrary times and seasons, and, as we have seen, would have allowed the anniversary of his own golden wedding to pass unobserved.

But he loved to keep up old friendships, and it was a source of comfort to him to the very last to receive letters from those who, like himself, had adhered with firmness to the first principles of their faith, and had stood fast to their old love of Divine truth without having been carried away by any of the divers winds of doctrine, or influenced by the

"different schools of thought." It comforted him to know that there were still thousands who had not bowed the knee to the Baal of philosophic systems, who could still write and talk and preach evangelical truth as it flowed from the lips of the Saviour and His apostles, and who were zealous to *contend* for "the faith once delivered to the saints."

His old friend Canon Miles, who had worked with him shoulder to shoulder in former days, said in one of his latest letters:—

> God knows His own and is known of them, and come what may as a trial to prove the faithful, the elect will continue steadfast to the end '*looking to Jesus*,' looking to nothing else; *resting upon Jesus*, resting upon nothing else; and *rejoicing in Jesus*, rejoicing in nothing else. This doctrine I publicly taught some fifty years ago, I never deviated from it—you are my witness; and now in my seventy-ninth year I hold and cling to the same precious truth 'complete in Christ,' who is our All in All, our righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; He in us and we in Him—in Him the *Unchangeable*, the Eternal. So may we, in our time, like Simeon in his, depart in peace and rest in our blessed Lord for ever and ever.

The days of correspondence were nearly at an end; rheumatic gout in the hand made it almost impossible for him to use a pen, and though he was able to the last to send his words and wishes by the hand of another, the interchange of letters necessarily lost much of its old charm.

He was still capable of a full share of enjoyment, and in the spring of 1890 he loved to sit in the

gardens and watch the annual renewal of the great miracle of vegetation, or on the upper lawns to see the shipping entering or leaving the Clyde.

He had everything that, as Shakespeare says,

> *should* accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

And, as he sat thus, he could say:

> And so beside the Silent Sea
> I wait the muffled oar;
> No harm from Him can come to me
> On ocean or on shore.

Very solemn were those last days on earth, when he was gathering from the garden of the borderland, where alone they grow, "the great passion-flower of God's love, the crown of thorns, the blood-red rose, and the amaranth of the eternal realm."

All the most beautiful phases of his character shone out with sunset glories; his perfect acquiescence in God's will, as he lay calmly in the shadow of the wings of the Almighty, and the intensity of his compassionate sympathy with suffering. Wounded and bruised affections, blighted capacities, broken and defeated hopes, desolation, solitariness, silence, sorrow, anguish, and sin—all things that caused or consummated the "death of life," touched him keenly. At the same time he had the most intense interest in the young, and all the avenues to his heart were open to them. Everything bright

and beautiful, joyous and glad, seemed in him to have the charm of dewy freshness. All the world was a mirror revealing the image of God; all its gladsome sounds—song of birds, plash of ocean, words of friends—echoes of His voice. His spiritual sympathy with God caused him to see men and things in the intense light of the Divine love, and his whole being was filled with charity, patience, forbearance, and good.

It is difficult to depict the beauty of his Christian character without incurring the charge of exaggeration under the unconscious influence of personal affection, but one who knew and loved him well, said, "It is the most perfect embodiment I have ever seen of the character of Jesus Christ." While another bore this testimony, "He lives so closely in communion with God, that when I am with him I seem to be conscious of another Person, unseen, but always there." This sense of God's presence was not necessarily conveyed by anything he said—it pervaded his whole being.

Throughout the early months of the year he had several severe attacks of illness, which were borne with exemplary patience though attended with great suffering, and it became apparent to those who watched him closely that the end was not far off.

On the 28th of May he was well enough to be wheeled in his chair along the Bay, but he was in great pain, and begged to be taken back to the house, saying quietly, "I shall never see the Bay again."

A pretty white tent had been erected on the lawn in front of Wemyss House, and on a sofa there he had enjoyed some pleasant days in the warm sunshine. Here he tarried for awhile, and received a number of special friends, conversing with them cheerfully and instructively. Many were struck with the beauty of his appearance. A bright flush, caused by the pain he was suffering, overspread his face, and gave him so fresh and healthy a look, that one of the visitors, who had seen him for the first time, thought him looking hale and hearty, and could scarcely credit the fact that he was so ill.

The next day being wet, he spent the afternoon in the library, reading at intervals "The Apocrypha," edited by Dr. Henry Wace, and a monthly magazine relating to the Jews. For three days after this he was suffering intense pain, no sooner getting rid of one complaint, than another and a worse one set in.

All through this time, and through many previous months of more or less suffering, he was attended night and day by his loving and faithful Ann Fraser, who anticipated every wish, and ministered to him with a wealth of tenderness and affection.

Now, as ever, prayer was the very breath of his spiritual life, and quiet contemplation its daily bread. Even to the last he spent the early morning hours in "talking aloud to God," and pouring out to Him all that concerned the best interests of those he loved, whose names, in the beautiful simplicity of his faith, he was wont to mention. Next to the Bible

he loved the writings of Pascal, and even in his last illness quoted passages from his works. God, heaven, unseen and eternal things, were intensely real to him from the day when he "put on Christ," to the day when he "saw Him and was made like unto Him." In all the weary hours of suffering and weakness which marked the close of his earthly career, this realisation of the unseen became more and more vivid, and some of his utterances, while quietly waiting God's time and will, are very beautiful.

I had a wearisome night, and I felt I might be called away at any moment. I thought that last night was to be my last. . . . He kept me awake that I might have communion with Himself. I do not see Him, but I know He is in this very room.

Oh, my God, how loving, how loving Thou art! What more could have been done than Thou hast done in redeeming us? Oh, let me thank aloud, and praise my God, from whom all blessings flow.

Oh, my God and Saviour, how many and how wondrous are Thy ways. How unspeakable is Thy love. Never now can I be lost. As sure as Christ is, I am saved!

I will wait Thy time, O God! Thy will shall be my will. I cannot learn that lesson unless I learn it here. In heaven all will be joy and rest.

I have very near thoughts of God and Christ, and almost a glimpse in at the door to heaven. If it were not for these glimpses it would be a terrible shadow to me, but God illuminates the road by His presence, going up with me.

God has revealed enough for our salvation, but not for our curiosity.

I long to see Thee, O Jesus, but not a moment before Thou pleasest.

Oh, the bright glory! The Throne of God and the Lamb! I shall be there. I do not care who else I am to see. I shall see Jesus, and be like Him.

I long to speak to Jesus. I deserve nothing, but in Him I am deserving. He has united me to Himself with an everlasting bond.

His interest in many of the subjects relating to work for the Master was as keen as in the days of his activity, thus:—

I pray for Ireland, and for all those there who are in darkness. I pray for my friend Captain Kearney White, who is working there for the good of others, and doing what he can to bring the Word of God to perishing souls. I pour out my heart in supplication for that country, that it may be brought out of darkness into His marvellous light.

For two days before his death his voice failed. He was quite conscious to the very last, and tried hard to speak, but could only utter a word now and again. These were, "Lord Jesus, come, come; I am waiting, I am ready." "Home, home." "Give me patience to wait Thy time, but Thou knowest what I suffer."

The prayer was answered; pain passed away, peace like sunshine rested upon him, and on Monday

the 2nd of June, at mid-day, he fell asleep in the arms of his son John, who, with his wife, their three daughters, and Ann Fraser, were around his bed. Thus the grand old saint went Home, and death was

> Not more than the sudden lifting of a latch—
> Naught but a step into the open air out of a tent
> Already luminous with light.

On Thursday, the 5th of June, while the flags of all the ships in the harbours of Glasgow and Greenock and in the port of Liverpool and elsewhere were at half-mast, in the presence of crowds of relatives, friends, and neighbours, many of whom have figured in the pages of this book, the mortal remains of Sir George Burns were borne by the sailors of his son's steam yacht *Capercailzie* to their last resting-place in the rock-hewn cave, and deposited beside the wife he loved so tenderly and so long.

"Eulogy is not biography," say the reviewers, and, as a general rule, they are right. But Sir George Burns was an altogether exceptional man—everybody loved him, and I have found it impossible to write of his excellences in cold, critical language.

After his decease letters poured in upon his son, Sir John Burns, the successor to the title and estates, from all quarters, and from every rank and class in society, testifying to the respect and love in which his father was universally held. Let a few brief extracts from these letters, written by well-

known people of the land, bear out the estimate given in these pages of the character and work of Sir George Burns, the Patriarch of Wemyss Bay.

You can have nothing but pride in the thought of his life. . . . No other word than *beautiful* is suited to him. . . . Altogether admirable and loveable all round. . . . You must, indeed, have often thanked God to have made you his son. . . . I have known of no relationship so delightful to look at as yours to him, and no life continued to anything like the age in all outward perfectness as his was. No man could see him to the last without being the better for it.

So loveable, wise, and large-hearted. Not readily shall any of us forget that kindly, benevolent countenance that kindled with exquisite humour when surveying the little foibles and weaknesses of men — that face so winsome in its mingled strength and sweetness.

Your father, one of those great men who in our century has helped to make our Empire and the Nation what it is, has left us after a long life that will ever be a great example to his descendants.

The finest old man it has ever been my good fortune to know. *Requiescat in pace*—honoured, esteemed, beloved by all who knew him.

One of the best of fathers, the noblest of citizens, and as pure, honourable, and saintly a man as ever lived. His life was spotless and his end peace. Memory is the only friend that grief can call its own, and the sweet memories of his career will be a boon to you and cast a lustre on the path of all descended from him.

For him it is far better. He had lived long and lived much; enjoyed largely God's goodness; served faithfully his blessed Master; and inspired many with the sense of a devotion saintly yet human, all thought pervaded by an unearthly beauty, yet seeking, in that which is, to realise the heavenly ideal. May we follow him who so closely followed Christ.

His death will make a blank in many homes and haunts, and I can imagine no greater joy to him than to meet the many and many in the land beyond who he has been the means of leading to the Saviour.

He was a wonderful epistle of Christ, and there was no doubt about the reading—it was always so open, so true, so expressive. You could not be with him without feeling the power of the Master in him.

What more complete an idyll or more absolutely splendid than that of your father's earthly career.

I have never had the privilege of knowing one with so many qualities of mind and heart and character, and in so high a degree and so beautiful a combination as there were in him. . . . His knowledge was extensive, his opinions were wisely formed and firmly held, and he was as ripe in Christian faith and experience as he was in years.

His presence was an inspiration and incentive to a good and holy life. He leaves a cherished memory which shall long shine bright for the encouragement of others.

THE END.

APPENDICES.

I.

SCOTCH EPISCOPAL COMMUNION.

THE following is the full text of the Case submitted to Counsel, and the Opinion thereon:—

CASE.

The attention of Counsel is directed to the following Acts of the Legislature of Scotland before the Union with England:—

1st. Act 1st William and Mary, dated 22nd July, 1689, Whereby the Legislature of Scotland abolished "Prelacy and Episcopal Jurisdiction."—[Scotch Acts of Parliament, vol. ix., page 104, intituled "An Act for abolishing 'Prelacie.'"]

2nd. An Act ratifying the Confession of Faith, dated 7th July, 1690.—[2nd Will. and Mary, 7th July, 1690, vol. ix., p. 117.]

3rd. An Act for settling the peace and quiet of the Church, and declaring the Presbyterian Church Government and Discipline "to be the only Government of Christ's Church within [that] kingdom."—[3rd Will. and Mary, 12th June, 1693, vol. ix., p. 303.]

Counsel's attention is also directed to the following Acts of the United Kingdom:—

1.

Act for an Union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, ratifying the before-mentioned Acts abolishing Prelacy and establishing the Presbyterian Government as the only Government of

the Church within the kingdom of Scotland in terms of the articles of Union between the two kingdoms.—[5 and 6 Anne, cap. 8 (1706).]

2.

Act 10 Anne, cap. 7, Whereby Toleration was granted to "congregations" to meet and assemble for the exercise of Divine worship to be performed after their own manner by Pastors ordained by a Protestant Bishop." And such Assemblies are designated as "Episcopal meetings and congregations."—[10 Anne, cap. 7 (1711).]

3.

Also, to the four following Penal Acts chiefly directed against the Non-juring Episcopal clergymen and congregations in Scotland:—

5 Geo. I. cap. 29 (1718).
19 Geo. II. cap. 38 (1746).
19 Geo. II. cap. 39 (1746).
21 Geo. II. cap. 34 (1748).

4.

Also, to the following Act partially repealing penalties, 32 Geo. III. cap. 63 (1792), intituled, "An Act for granting relief to Pastors, Ministers, and Lay Persons of the Episcopal Communion in Scotland."

5.

Also, to 3 and 4 Vict. cap. 33 (1840), commonly called Bishop Blomfield's Act.

14 and 15 Vict. cap. 60 (1851), Ecclesiastical Titles Act.

And, finally, 27 and 28 Vict. cap. 94 (1864).

And especially to sec. 2nd of the last-mentioned Act defining the words "Protestant Episcopal Church in Scotland" to mean "Episcopal Communion in Scotland" as in 32 Geo. III. cap. 63.

The attention of Counsel is also directed to a copy of the *London Gazette*, dated 13th November, 1866, in which is contained the order for a Public Thanksgiving addressed by Her Majesty in

Council "to all ministers and preachers as well of the Established Church in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, *as of the Episcopal Communion, protected and allowed by an Act passed in the tenth year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Anne, cap.* 7," being the Act before alluded to for tolerating "Episcopal meetings and congregations."

Dr. Stephens is requested to advise:—

1. Whether a Bishop who has held a See in England, Ireland, India, or the Colonies, will, in accepting the office of Bishop over the congregations of members of the Church of England, protected and allowed in Scotland, commit any Act of Secession or Disqualification in reference to the Church of England?
2. Would the congregations cease to be congregations of the Church of England, and their members to be members of the Church of England?
3. Would such action destroy the legal status of these congregations?

OPINION.

In 1689 the Legislature of Scotland abolished in that kingdom "Prelacy and Episcopal Jurisdiction;" and the same Legislature, shortly afterwards established the Presbyterian Church Government and Discipline "to be the only Government of Christ's Church within [that] kingdom."

The effect of these existing statutes is, that there is *now* NO Episcopal territorial Jurisdiction in Scotland:—from which it follows, that there can NOW be no legal Episcopal *Dioceses* in Scotland.

Under 10 Anne, cap. 7, Toleration was granted to "Congregations" to "meet and assemble for the exercise of Divine worship, *to be performed after their own manner* by Pastors ordained by a

Protestant Bishop" — and such assemblies were designated as "Episcopal Meetings and Congregations."—That Law is now in force.

The privileges thus given to "*Pastors*," arose, not from their being *under* a Bishop; but from their having been ordained *by* a Protestant Bishop.

The Toleration granted by this Statute was in derogation of the Jurisdiction of the Established Church of Scotland. Its object was to exempt Episcopal *congregations* meeting under "Pastors" ordained by a Protestant Bishop, from being interfered with, by such Established Church.

These *congregations* are dealt with, as independent of each other, and have the like rights and privileges.

Under 19 Geo. II. cap. 38, and 21 Geo. II. cap. 34, the right to minister in such Episcopal Meetings or Congregations was limited to "Pastors" who had been ordained by some Bishop of the Church of England or Ireland:—thus excluding from the Toleration given by 10 Anne, cap. 7, "Pastors" who had Letters of orders from a Scotch Bishop.

The Legislature treated these two bodies of Episcopalians as two distinct sects:—(1.) Under Pastors of English or Irish ordination, Episcopalians could assemble in any number for Public Religious worship; but, (2.) Under a Scotch Bishop, or a minister of Scotch ordination, Episcopalians could *not* assemble for Public Religious Worship.

These special restrictions placed upon "*Pastors*" of Scotch Episcopal ordination, were removed by 32 Geo. III. cap. 63, and have not since been re-enacted; at the same time, such Act (by section 2) requires, that every person who shall exercise the function of a Pastor or "Minister in any Episcopal Chapel, Meeting House, or Congregation in Scotland, should subscribe a Declaration of Assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England," and the 4th section provides for the punishment of ministers officiating, without having qualified according to the directions of the Act.

The effect of this Statute is, that Pastors of Scotch Episcopal ordination, on signing the Thirty-nine Articles, are *now* again able to avail themselves of the Toleration granted by 10 Anne, cap. 7, *equally* with "Pastors" ordained by a Bishop of the Church of England or Ireland.

All these Congregations were in 32 Geo. III. cap. 63, sect. 2, described "as Congregations of Persons in the Episcopal Communion in Scotland, meeting for Divine Worship."

By 27 and 28 Vict. cap. 91, the designation of "Protestant Episcopal Church in Scotland" was applied by direct reference to 32 Geo. III. cap. 63, to the Episcopal Communion in Scotland as mentioned in that Statute, thus including under the phrase "The Protestant Episcopal Church in Scotland," all the Congregations availing themselves of 10 Anne, cap. 7.

Under the order in Council of Nov. 10th, 1866, which directed a Public Prayer and Thanksgiving, the status of the Episcopalians in Scotland is defined as being "The Episcopal Communion protected and allowed by an Act passed in the tenth year of the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Anne, chapter seven."

These rights and privileges thus conferred are, in respect of the clergy, *cumulative* or *additional* to the rights and privileges previously possessed in England or Ireland by Bishops, Priests, or Deacons, ordained by a Protestant Bishop.

The like observation applies to the rights and privileges conferred upon the lay members of such congregations.

The exercise of these statutable, cumulative, or additional rights, will not constitute any act of "Secession" or "Disqualification" in reference to the Church of England, nor destroy the legal status of such congregations.

I am therefore of opinion, that all the questions which have now been submitted to me, must be answered in the negative.

(Signed)

A. J. Stephens, 61, Chancery-lane.

22nd February, 1871.

II.

WEMYSS BAY CHURCH.

The following are the names of the Clergymen who have officiated in the English Episcopal Church at Wemyss Bay since it was opened in 1860 until the end of the season of 1890:—

Rev. Thomas Tate, Rev. C. B. Gribble, Rev. Henry Bell, Rev. William Ackworth, Rev. James O'Hara, Rev. Canon Thorold (now The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Rochester), Rev. Dr. Foley, Rev. Canon Miles, Rev. G. Birch, Rev. Drummond Anderson, Rev. Dr. Nolan, Rev. C. G. Rankin, Rev. Marcus Rainsford, Rev. Canon Savage, Rev. Clarmont Skrine, Right Rev. Dr. Gobat (the Bishop of Jerusalem), Rev. James Consterdine, Rev. Prebendary Macdonald, Rev. Vincent Jackson, Rev. John Fawcett, The Venerable Archdeacon Taylor, Rev. Dr. Willis, Rev. Theodore Cavell, Rev. W. Champneys (afterwards Dean of Lichfield), Rev. E. F. Boyle, Rev. Thomas Tomlinson, Rev. Walter Turpin, Rev. W. F. Peacocke, Rev. John Maynard, Rev. W. Milton, The Right Rev. Dr. Smith, Lord Bishop of Victoria, Rev. Sholto D. C. Douglas, Rev. George Reid, The Venerable Archdeacon Philpot, Rev. W. S. Lewis, Rev. C. D. Marston, Rev. W. F. Bickmore, Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, Rev. G. P. Hathaway, Rev. Canon Forrest, Rev. John Lynch, Rev. Richard Irvine, D.D., Rev. Fielding Ould, Rev. G. G. Gubbins, Rev. John W. Bardsley (now The Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man), Rev. Thomas W. Powell, Rev. Canon Bardsley, of Manchester, Rev. A. Haworth, Rev. Richard Bardsley, Rev. Charles Bardsley, The Very Rev. Dr. Macneile, Dean of Ripon, Rev. Robert Arbuthnot, Rev. Dr. Boultbee, Principal of London College of Divinity, Rev. N. V. Fenn, Rev. J. C. Wright, Rev. Charles Bullock, Rev. T. Boultbee, Rev. Mowbray Trotter, Rev. E. Maguire, Rev. Dr. Rutledge, Rev. Canon Lefroy (now Dean of Norwich), Rev. E. Davies, Rev. Dyson Rycroft, The Venerable Archdeacon Prest, Rev. W. Scott Moncrieff, Rev. W. Jamieson, Rev. Alfred Daniel, Rev. John Bristow, Rev. Canon Bell, Rev. J. Barton, of Cambridge, Rev. Flavell Cooke, D.D., Rev. Thomas Good, Rev. Frederick Peake, LL.D., The Venerable Archdeacon Boutflower, Rev. A. N. Fawcett, Rev. W. B. Askin, Rev. W. Stuart Ross, Rev. J. H. Honeyborne, Rev. James E. Kelly, Rev. H. E. Noyes, Rev. C. H. Ramsden, Rev. L. Nicholson, The Venerable Archdeacon Richardson, Rev. Arthur Cornford, Rev. Wm. Richardson, Rev. J. Sutton Moxley, Rev. Edward Forbes, Rev. W. L. Rainsford, Rev. Henry Martin, Vicar of Newcastle, Right Rev. Bishop Beckles, Rev. Snowden Smith, Rev. G. R. Moncrieff, Rev. Webb-Peploe, Rev. E. G. H. Caswell, Rev. Canon Howell of Wrexham, Rev. J. Havart Prothero, Rev. Conrad Greene, Rev. John Mathews, Rev. Canon Greig, Rev. Archdeacon Whately, Rev. D. Cooper Hunt, Rev. Filmer Sulivan, Rev. George Tonge, Rev. David Reith, Rev. W. Seaver, Rev. A. G. Wilcox, Rev. Dr. Hannay, Vicar of Belfast, Rev. James Rowe Hannay, Rev. Dr. Latham, Rector of Wexford, Rev. Canon Tate, Vicar of Stradbroke.

III.

THE STEAM FLEET SINCE THE FIRM OF G. & J. BURNS WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1824, INCLUDING THE STEAM SHIPS OF THE CUNARD SERVICE SINCE ITS ORIGIN IN 1840

GLASGOW AND BELFAST, GLASGOW AND LONDONDERRY, AND GLASGOW AND LARNE.

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	Paddle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
1.	Fingal, ...	wood,	paddle,	1824	... 296	... 210
2.	Eclipse, ...	do.	do.	1825	... 168	... 150
3.	Belfast, ...	do.	do.	1825	... 181	... 150
4.	Rapid, ...	do.	do.	1825	... 389	... 350
5.	Toward Castle,...	do.	do.	1831	... 163	... 150
6.	Glenalbyn, ...	do.	do.	1831	... 200	... 165
7.	Antelope, ...	do.	do.	1833	... 273	... 230
8.	Arab, ...	do.	do.	1833	... 275	... 220
9.	Circassian, ...	do.	do.	1836	... 270	... 220
10.	Tartar, ...	do.	do.	1836	... 383	... 340
					2,598	2,185

GLASGOW AND BELFAST, GLASGOW AND LONDONDERRY, AND GLASGOW AND LARNE (*continued*).

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	Paddle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
	Brought forward...				2,598	2,185
11.	Foyle, ...	wood,	paddle,	1838	... 200	... 170
12.	Aurora, ...	do.	do.	1839	... 459	... 480
13.	Thetis, ...	iron,	do.	1845	... 345	... 430
14.	Laurel, ...	do.	do.	1850	... 428	... 500
15.	Stork, ...	do.	do.	1851	... 432	... 570
16.	Elk, ...	do.	do.	1853	... 499	... 700
17.	Stag, ...	do.	do.	1854	... 499	... 720
18.	Lynx, ...	do.	do.	1854	... 499	... 720
19.	Giraffe, ...	do.	do.	1860	... 677	... 960
20.	Wolf.	do.	do.	1863	... 670	... 1000
21.	Roe (No. 1), ...	do.	do.	1863	... 540	... 750
22.	Fox (No. 1), ...	do.	do.	1863	... 540	... 850
23.	Roe (No. 2), ...	do.	do.	1864	... 559	... 950
24.	Fox (No. 2), ...	do.	do.	1864	... 559	... 950
25.	Buffalo, ...	do.	do.	1865	... 686	... 1050
26.	Llama, ...	do.	do.	1865	... 686	... 1050
27.	Camel, ...	do.	do.	1866	... 691	... 1050
28.	Weasel, ...	do.	screw,	1866	... 488	... 500
29.	Racoon, ...	do.	paddle,	1868	... 831	... 1200
30.	Bear,...	do.	screw,	1870	... 691	... 840
31.	Ferret, ...	do.	do.	1872	... 344	... 460
32.	Hornet, ...	do.	do.	1874	... 548	... 600
33.	Wasp, ...	do.	do.	1874	... 550	... 600
34.	Grampus, ...	do.	do.	1877	... 686	... 900
35.	Seal, ...	do.	do.	1877	... 678	... 900
36.	Walrus, ...	do.	do.	1878	... 870	.. 1750
37.	Mastiff, ...	do.	do.	1878	... 872	... 1750
38.	Rook, ...	do.	do.	1878	... 430	... 400
39.	Alligator, ...	do.	do.	1881	... 932	... 1850
40.	Dromedary, ...	do.	do.	1881	... 922	... 1850
41.	Gorilla	do.	do.	1881	... 929	... 1850
42.	Lizard, ...	do.	do.	1881	... 411	... 650
43.	Locust, ...	do.	do.	1881	... 411	... 650
44.	Lamprey, ...	do.	do.	1881	... 311	... 600
45.	Limpet, ...	do.	do.	1882	... 475	... 562
46.	Buzzard, ...	steel,	twin screw,	1884	... 831	... 2300
47.	Hare,...	do.	screw,	1887	... 817	... 1340
48.	Adder, ...	do.	paddle,	1890	... 975	... 4500
					25,569	41,137

GLASGOW AND LIVERPOOL.

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	Paddle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
1.	Glasgow, ...	wood,	paddle,	1828	... 280	... 250
2.	Ailsa Craig, ...	do.	do.	1829	... 297	... 250
3.	Liverpool,... ...	do.	do.	1830	... 330	... 340
4.	City of Glasgow (1),	do.	do.	1830	... 300	... 300
5.	John Wood, ...	do.	do.	1832	... 370	... 340
6.	Clyde, ...	do.	do.	1832	... 342	... 360
7.	Manchester, ...	do.	do.	1832	... 385	... 400
8.	Gazelle, ...	do.	do.	1832	... 300	... 250
9.	Vulcan, ...	do.	do.	1834	... 450	... 450
10.	Colonsay, ...	do.	do.	1834	... 711	... 560
11.	Eagle, ...	do.	do.	1835	... 640	... 560
12.	City of Glasgow (2),	do.	do.	1835	... 650	... 560
13.	Unicorn, ...	do.	do	1836	... 649	... 560
14.	Actæon, ...	do.	do.	1837	... 685	... 640
15.	Fire King, ...	do.	do.	1838	... 564	... 570
16.	Commodore, ...	do.	do.	1838	... 705	... 820
17.	Achilles, ...	do.	do.	1839	... 992	... 1000
18.	Admiral, ...	do.	do.	1840	... 930	... 900
19.	Orion, ...	iron,	do.	1847	... 899	... 1120
20.	Lyra,...	do.	do.	1849	... 592	... 620
21.	Camilla, ...	do.	do.	1849	... 529	... 560
22.	Beaver, ...	do.	screw,	1854	... 365	... 320
23.	Zebra, ...	do.	do.	1855	... 792	... 1020
24.	Otter, ...	do.	do.	1855	... 473	... 470
25.	Panther, ...	do.	paddle,	1856	... 702	... 930
26.	Leopard, ...	do.	do.	1858	... 691	... 930
27.	Harrier, ...	do.	screw,	1858	... 384	... 300
28.	Heron, ...	do.	do.	1860	... 624	... 600
29.	Ostrich, ...	do.	do.	1860	... 624	... 600
30.	Penguin, ...	do.	do.	1864	... 680	... 720
31.	Beagle, ...	do.	do.	1864	... 454	... 400
32.	Snipe, ...	do.	do.	1866	... 638	... 650
33.	Raven, ...	do.	do.	1869	... 778	... 650
34.	Bison, ...	do.	do.	1871	... 1015	... 700
35.	Owl, ...	do.	do.	1872	... 914	... 1335
					20,734	21,035

Glasgow and Highlands.

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	Paddle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
1.	Staffa,	wood,	paddle,	1832	60	95
2.	Inverness,	do.	do.	1832	70	87
3.	Rob Roy,	do.	do.	1834	70	95
4.	Helen M'Gregor,	do.	do.	1835	70	95
5.	Maid of Morven,	do.	do.	1835	65	90
6.	Brenda,	do.	do.	1836	160	130
7.	Shandon,	do.	do.	1838	165	170
8.	Dolphin,	iron,	do.	1844	249	285
9.	Culloden,	do.	do.	1846	150	180
10.	Loch Fyne,	do.	screw,	1847	85	60
11.	Plover,	do.	paddle,	1848	150	200
12.	Cygnet,	do.	do.	1848	70	170
13.	Lapwing,	do.	do.	1848	70	140
14.	Curlew,	do.	do.	1849	77	135
15.	Merlin,	do.	do.	1850	140	240
					1,651	2,172

Glasgow and Firth of Clyde.

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	Paddle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
1.	Dunoon Castle,	wood,	paddle,	1846	190	180
2.	Rothesay Castle,	iron,	do.	1846	180	300
3.	Edinburgh Castle,	do.	do.	1846	114	175
4.	Inveraray Castle,	do.	do.	1846	211	370
5.	Duntroon Castle,	do.	do.	1846	247	395
6.	Cardiff Castle,	do.	do.	1846	207	260
7.	Craignish Castle,	do.	do.	1846	207	260
8.	Dunrobin Castle,	do.	do.	1846	207	450
9.	Pioneer,	do.	do.	1846	197	300
10.	Pilot,	do.	do.	1846	133	210
11.	Petrel,	do.	do.	1846	192	320
					2,085	3,220

Liverpool and America.

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	Paddle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
1.	Britannia,	wood,	paddle,	1840	1154	1350
2.	Acadia,	do.	do.	1840	1135	1350
3.	Caledonia,	do.	do.	1840	1138	1350
4.	Columbia	do.	do.	1840	1175	1350
5.	Margaret (Halifax and Pictou),	do.	do.	1842	685	750
6.	Hibernia,	do.	do.	1843	1421	1570
7.	Cambria,	do.	do.	1845	1424	1570
8.	America,	do.	do.	1848	1826	1800
9.	Niagara,	do.	do.	1848	1825	1800
10.	Canada,	do.	do.	1848	1831	1950
11.	Europa,	do.	do.	1848	1918	2070
12.	Satellite (*Tender*),	iron,	do.	1848	157	200
13.	Asia,	wood,	do.	1850	2227	2350
14.	Africa,	do.	do.	1850	2226	2350
15.	Arabia,	do.	do.	1852	2393	3000
16.	Australian,	iron,	screw,	1852	1402	1720
17.	Sydney,	do.	do.	1852	1402	1720
18.	Andes,	do.	do.	1852	1440	1720
19.	Alps,	do.	do.	1852	1440	1720
20.	Jackal (*Tender*),	do.	paddle,	1853	180	300
21.	Emeu,	do.	screw,	1854	1538	1860
22.	Jura,	do.	do.	1854	2241	2000
23.	Etna,	do.	do.	1855	2215	2000
24.	Persia,	do.	paddle,	1856	3300	3500
25.	Calabria,	do.	screw,	1860	2901	2000
26.	Olympus,	do.	do.	1860	2415	1040
27.	Marathon,	do.	do.	1860	2403	1040
28.	Hecla,	do.	do.	1860	2421	1060
29.	Atlas,	do.	do.	1860	2393	1060
30.	Scotia,	do.	paddle,	1862	3871	5000
31.	China,	do.	screw,	1862	2638	2000
32.	Tripoli,	do.	do.	1863	2061	1046
33.	Cuba,	do.	do.	1864	2668	2200
34.	Java,	do.	do.	1865	2696	2200
35.	Aleppo,	do.	do.	1865	2143	1040
36.	Tarifa,	do.	do.	1865	2146	1040
37.	Malta,	do.	do.	1865	2243	1040
38.	Palmyra,	do.	do.	1866	2144	1040
39.	Russia,	do.	do.	1867	2960	3200
40.	Siberia,	do.	do.	1867	2497	1200
					78,293	68,556

LIVERPOOL AND AMERICA (*continued*).

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	Paddle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
	Brought forward				78,293	68,556
41.	Samaria, ...	iron,	screw,	1868	2574	1200
42.	Batavia, ...	do.	do.	1870	2553	1500
43.	Abyssinia, ...	do.	do.	1870	3253	2100
44.	Algeria, ...	do.	do.	1870	3297	2100
45.	Parthia, ...	do.	do.	1870	3166	1820
46.	Bothnia	do.	do.	1874	4535	3000
47.	Saragossa, ...	do.	do.	1874	2166	1100
48.	Scythia, ...	do.	do.	1875	4556	3000
49.	Gallia, ...	do.	do.	1879	4809	5000
50.	Otter (*Barge*), ...	do.	do.	1880	287	200
51.	Catalonia, ...	do.	do.	1881	4841	2700
52.	Servia, ...	steel,	do.	1881	7392	9500
53.	Cephalonia, ...	iron,	do.	1882	5517	3100
54.	Pavonia, ...	do.	do.	1882	5587	3100
55.	Aurania, ...	steel,	do.	1883	7269	9600
56.	Oregon, ...	iron,	do.	1883	7375	12500
57.	Skirmisher (*Tender*)	steel,	twin screw,	1884	607	9000
58.	Umbria, ...	do.	screw,	1884	7718	15000
59.	Etruria, ...	do.	do.	1885	(say) 7718	15000
					163,513	169,076

LIVERPOOL AND MEDITERRANEAN, AND LIVERPOOL AND HAVRE.

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	addle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
1.	Taurus, ...	iron,	screw,	1853	1126	750
2.	Teneriffe, ...	do.	do.	1853	1126	750
3.	Balbec, ...	do.	do.	1853	774	600
4.	Melita, ...	do.	do.	1853	1060	750
5.	Karnak, ...	do.	do.	1853	1126	750
6.	British Queen,	do.	do.	1853	771	600
7.	Lebanon, ...	do.	do.	1855	1383	700
8.	Damascus, ...	do.	do.	1856	1214	700
9.	Stromboli, ...	do.	do.	1856	734	600
10.	Palestine,... ...	do.	do.	1858	1377	860
11.	Kedar, ...	do.	do.	1860	1875	900
12.	Sidon, ...	do.	do.	1861	1853	900
13.	Morocco	do.	do.	1861	1855	900
					16,274	9,760

LIVERPOOL AND MEDITERRANEAN, AND LIVERPOOL AND HAVRE (*continued*).

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	Paddle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
	Brought forward				16,274	9,760
14.	Corsica, ...	iron,	screw,	1863	1134	750
15.	Demerara, ...	do.	do.	1872	1904	1000
16.	Trinidad, ...	do.	do.	1872	1899	1000
17.	Nantes, ...	do.	do.	1873	1472	750
18.	Brest, ...	do.	do.	1874	1472	750
19.	Cherbourg, ...	do.	do.	1875	1614	830
					25,769	14,840

STEAM YACHTS OWNED BY SIR JOHN BURNS, BART.

No.	Name.	Wood or Iron.	Paddle or Screw.	Year.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
1.	Matador, ...	iron,	screw,	1879	233	260
2.	Jacamar, ...	do.	do.	1882	446	420
3.	Capercailzie, ...	do.	do.	1883	526	600
					1,205	1,280

SUMMARY.

No. of Vessels.	Trade.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.
48 ...	Glasgow and Belfast, Glasgow and Londonderry, Glasgow and Larne,	25,569	41,227
35 ...	Glasgow and Liverpool, ...	20,734	21,035
15 ...	Glasgow and Highlands, ...	1,651	2,172
11 ...	Glasgow and Firth of Clyde,	2,085	3,220
59 ...	American, ...	163,513	169,076
19 ...	Mediterranean and Havre, ...	25,769	14,840
3 ...	Steam Yachts owned by Sir John Burns,	1,205	1,280
190		240,526	252,850

On the 4th of July, 1890, a few weeks after the death of Sir George Burns, the Jubilee of the Cunard Company was celebrated.

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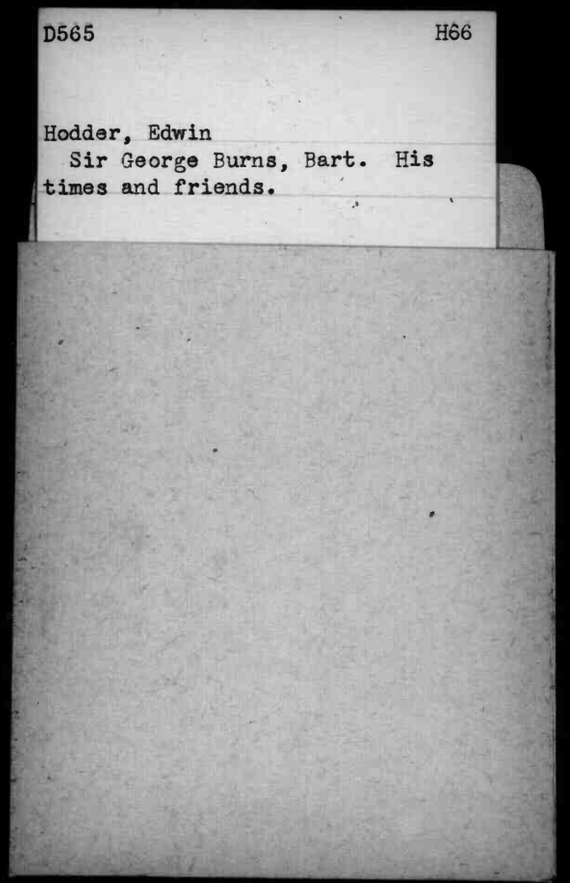

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